CHAPTER XXVIII.

BALE—SOLEURE—AARAU—THE TOWN AND FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

EARLY in the morning we mounted the "belvedere" at the top of our hotel, and caught a glimpse of the snowy Alps, bathed in the roseate brilliancy of the rising sun. But soon, too soon, the diligence was waiting, and we were speedily mounting the rising ground beyond the city; the greater part of the mighty range of mountains being visible, as the sky was pierced with many a rugged and towering peak. The road lay amidst a well-cultivated country, with its corn-fields nearly "white unto the harvest," and its fruit-trees laden with their produce. As the Alps were behind, the Jura mountains were in front, the eminences of which we were soon to cross, while through some of their valleys we were about to wend our way.

Bienne, the only town of any note on the road, is situated at the head of the lake of the same name at the foot of the Jura range, and at the mouth of the valley of the Suze. It is of great antiquity; prior to 1798 it was an independent city, but in that year it was united to France, and in 1815 to the canton of Berne. It has a public library, which was plundered at the revolution. It has a good gymnasium, with several professors. The lake is about ten miles long and three broad, and though its banks exhibit much quiet beauty, they have no characteristics that awaken strong emotion. Near the end of the lake of Bienne, and only separated from it by a narrow strip of land, is the far more celebrated lake of Neuchâtel. Soon after quitting Bienne the road begins very rapidly to ascend the sides of the mountain, which are here covered with vines.

The range of the Jura consists almost entirely of limestone rocks, but on the summits are to be found, especially in the parts where we were now travelling, masses or boulders of granite on the summits and slopes, some of them larger than ordinarily sized houses. How came they here, for they form no part of the mountain mass? This question is still a puzzle to geologists.

Arrived at the summit, a very extensive view is obtained of the country which we have just quitted. At your feet lie the placid lakes of Bienne and Neuchâtel, and stretching out on either hand a beautifully undulating country. But grander scenes are yet in store. As the Jura range consists of several parallel chains of mountains, you no sooner have crossed one chain than you find another before you. This was the case here; but the road is so managed as to cross the mountains only once, and then to wind amid the valleys through openings that occur here and there. Hence the scene is very varied. Now you are passing through some verdant valley with its watch-movement factories and cheerful unsophisticated villages, now climbing some steep ascent, and then threading your way between overhanging well-wooded cliffs, and beside a roaring torrent. The most beautiful part of the route, near the town of Delemont, is called the Münsterthal, and it was for the sake of it that we chose this road, which is not the most direct one to Bâle. Near to Münster is a natural archway, some forty feet high, reaching across the

road. It bears a Latin inscription, supposed to have been given in the time of the Romans. Not far off are some iron furnaces and forges, the iron being found in little red granules.

The country which forms the canton of Bâle, belonged in the times of the Romans to the territory of the *Rauraci.* In the middle ages it formed part of the Burgundian empire, till 1026, when it came into possession of the German emperor, Conrad II. Bâle was subsequently governed by an imperial bailiff, but the bishop of Bâle shared with the citizens in the government. In 1501 it was admitted into the Swiss confederation, and it was a republic, managed by an aristocracy of citizens, until a change was produced by the invasion of the French.

The canton of Bâle extends about twenty miles in length from north to south, and about eighteen in its greatest breadth from west to east. Its climate is temperate and salubrious, and the country is delightful. Though mountainous, it has many valleys and plains extremely fertile and well cultivated, while the varied aspects of the mountains render the scenery at once grand and beautiful. Many of the smaller hills are covered with vineyards, or clothed to the summits with luxuriant herbage; beyond which its mountains, forming part of the Jura chain, tower aloft in Alpine majesty, and seem to form an inseparable barrier around the country. The Rhine, too, which flows through this canton, greatly heightens the sublimity of the scenery. In no part does its course fill an ampler channel, or roll its mighty stream with so impetuous a rapidity. The canton of Bâle has a great profusion of comforts, and even of delicacies. Plentiful crops of grain, fruits, and grapes, are the products of its genial soil; a great variety of game is found in its forests; while the noble river, which enriches its fields, teems with different species of excellent fish.

A front view of the capital, sloping down the steep bank to the Rhine, which comes as a light green flood, rolling from the upper country, may be obtained from the bridge across the river. The white houses, with green jalousies, and the spires and singularly-shaped edifices in the higher parts of the town, present to the eye a lively and varied scene. The bridge is merely of wood, supported on stone piers; but though it has sustained many severe shocks from the accumulated and rushing waters of spring, yet there it still stands, apparently unharmed. At the further end of the bridge is Little Bâle, which presents a scene of a far lighter character than the capital of the canton.

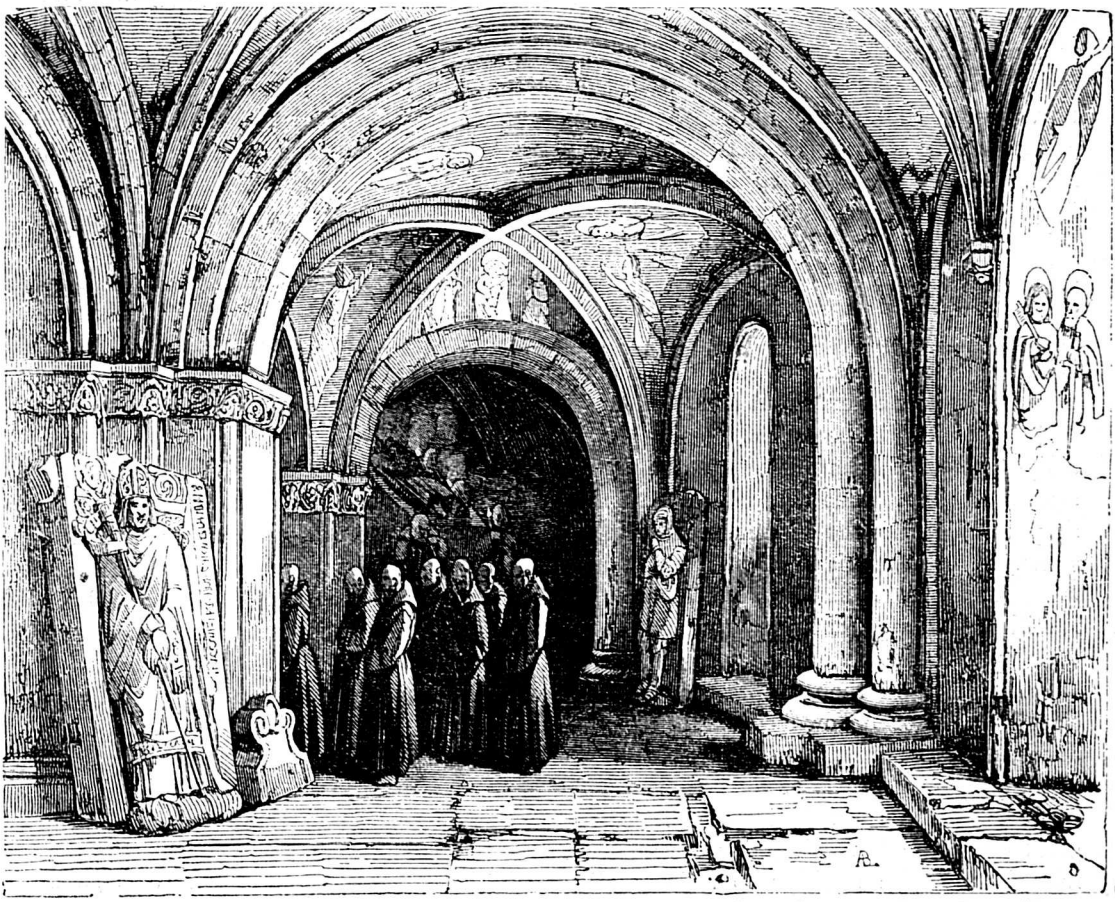
The valley and the plain near the city are well cultivated, and the country produces corn enough for its own consumption. The best wine that is produced is that of St. Jacob, called *Schweitzerblut,* Swiss blood. Manufactures form the principal employment of the people. So early as the commencement of the seventeenth century, ribbon-making became an important business in Bâle. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes, great numbers of French emigrants settled in the town, who gave a fresh impulse to the manufacture. In addition to ribbons, silk thread, taffetas, and satins, are made on a small scale. Pattern-draughtsmen now produce the designs, which were formerly brought into Switzerland from France.

This city presents to the visitor a peculiar mixture of the gaiety of a French, with the sombre air of a German town. "It looks," says Beattie, "like a stranger lately arrived in a new colony, who, although he may have copied the dress and manner of those with whom he has come to reside, wears still too much of his old costume to pass for a native, and too little to be received as a stranger." It is surrounded by some important fortifications, and is tolerably well built.

The great and the little council long exercised the supreme power. Once a year the people assembled to receive publicly an oath made by the magistrates, that they would maintain the laws in their integrity, and preserve the public rights and immunities inviolate. A reciprocal oath of allegiance to the magistrates was taken by the people in

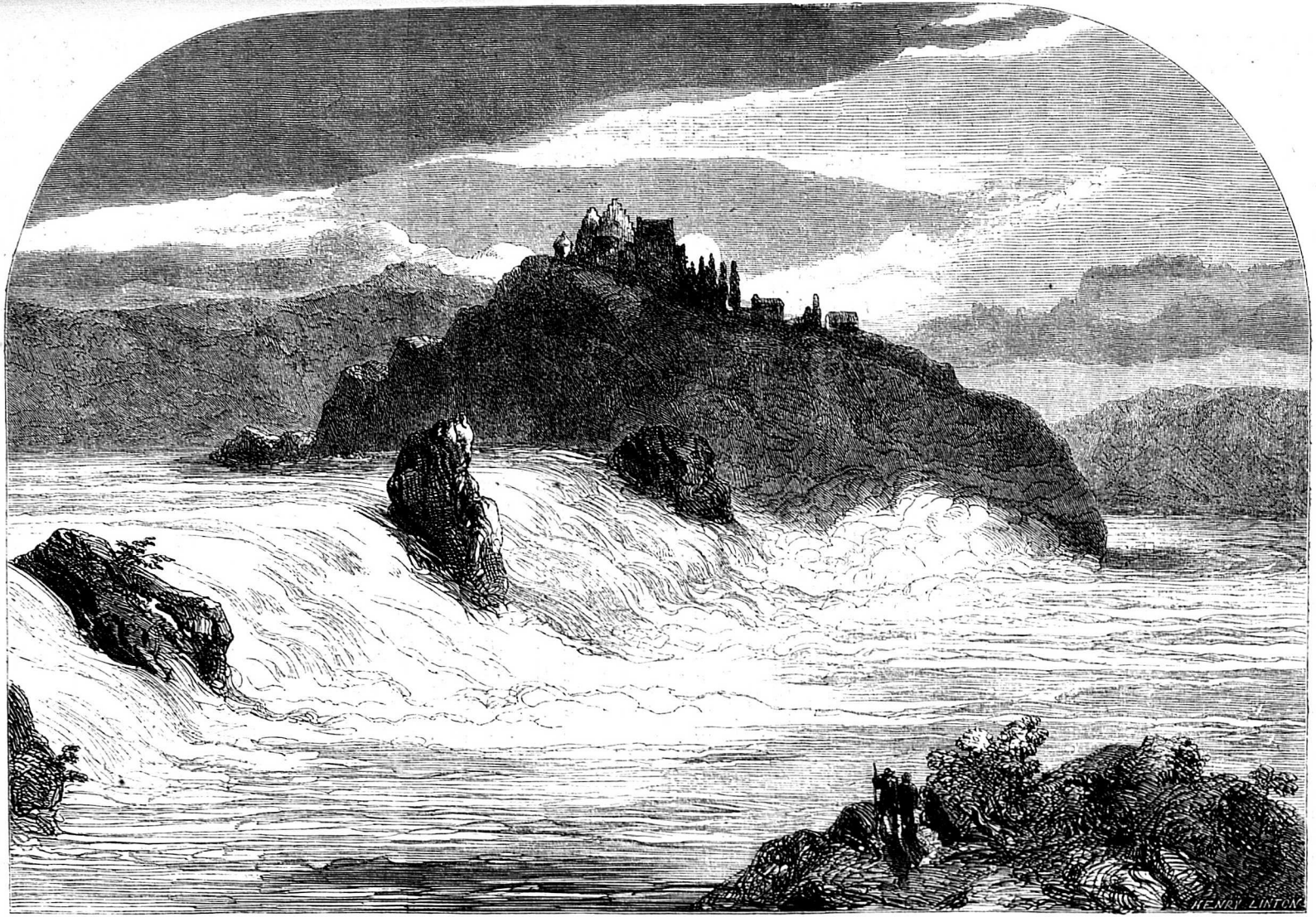
their respective tribes. Nowhere was the conduct of the authorities more strictly scrutinised, or more freely censured, than at Bâle. In the exercise of their right of scrutiny, the people have frequently become disorderly and tumultuous, yet the effects of this privilege were, in general, salutary. While it deterred the magistrates from acts of injustice, it enlightened the other members of the community as to the laws of which they were the vigilant guardians, and fostered in them a spirit of independence which was the best security for the integrity of their constitution.

The mode of electing magistrates and members of the council was sufficiently singular. At first the choice was made by a plurality of voices; but as the intrigues and influence



CRYPT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BALE.

of the more opulent and powerful gave them the ascendancy in every election, it became necessary to adopt some other expedient. Three citizens were therefore selected, one of whom was chosen by lot to the vacant office. This was called the *ternaire*. But as even this method was not sufficient to counteract the influence of the wealthy, six candidates were selected instead of three. Their names, inclosed in silver eggs, were placed in one bag, and six cards, on one of which was inscribed the vacant employment, were put into another. The reigning burgomaster and the great tribune drew at once from these two bags; and he was the successful competitor whose name was brought out at the same time with the ticket on which the vacant office was inscribed.



THE FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

It is natural to suppose that many inconveniences must have resulted from the strange practice of supplying the vacant posts in the government by lot. Candidates, whose talents and integrity would have secured the decided preference of their countrymen, might constantly fail to obtain the successful ticket, which might also, under such circumstances, be bestowed on those little qualified for the office to which they aspired. Yet, notwithstanding these inconveniences, the government appears generally to have been well conducted; and very few instances occurred of the abuse of civil justice, or of innocence being sacrificed to the powerful or the opulent.

As if genius and intelligence were equally diffused among the literati of Bâle, and selection were a matter of perfect indifference, the same mode of election was employed in supplying the vacant chairs in the University. The professors were, however, extremely accommodating to one another, and the reason for their being so is no enigma. As it frequently happened that the successful candidates were but little acquainted with the sciences they were appointed to teach, they merely exchanged chairs, and thus, so far as possible, matters were set to rights. In this case, the *ternaire* was employed, and the three candidates were nominated from those who had taken a doctor's degree.

The cathedral at Bâle was built on the spot where the Roman emperor Valentinian originally erected the strong fortress called *Basilia*. It was begun in 1616, by the emperor Henri, consecrated in 1619, and reconstructed in 1636. From the choir a staircase leads to the council-chamber, a small room with four gothic windows, perfectly preserved as it was when the council was held. A wooden bench, attached to the wall and covered with a tick cushion, surrounds it. Two water-clocks, which served the prelates at their various sittings as time-pieces, are still fastened to the wall. A strange practice once prevailed in regulating the clocks of Bâle, which were always exactly an hour faster than the real time of the day. The origin of this peculiarity was even unknown to the natives, yet they seemed to think that, in some manner, it reflected upon them a peculiar honour, for every proposal to regulate the clocks by a sun-dial was long opposed with the utmost violence. At length, however, this singular feeling subsided, and their consent was obtained to a change by which the clocks no longer outstripped the sun.

On the outside may be noticed the portal of St. Gallus, decorated with statues of Christ and St. Peter, and those of the wise and foolish virgins. The front, also, has some singular sculptures. But the real riches of the church, its finest ornament, its chief historical title, are the tombs, epitaphs, and inscriptions of all sorts which fill the choir and other parts of the edifice.

Among the tombs may be seen those of the Empress Anne, wife of the Emperor Rodolph of Hapsburg; of Prince Charles, one of her sons; of Arnold of Rothby, bishop of Bâle; and of several *savants* of the sixteenth century. Near the choir, against a pillar, is the epitaph of Erasmus on a red marble tablet, on the frieze of which is a *Deus Terminus*, with the words, "Cedo nulli," which Erasmus had selected in his device. Erasmus was exceedingly fond of the city of Bâle; most of his works were printed there, and though he was obliged to leave it on account of religious differences, he returned and died there in 1536. There is a terrace behind the minster, at a considerable elevation above the river, planted with chestnut trees. Here a delightful view may be enjoyed of the Rhine, while the city and the hills of the Black Forest are important objects in the scene.

The university of Bâle once enjoyed the services of eminent men, natives of the city. The Public Library contains the "Acts of the Council of Bâle," various autographs of the Swiss Reformers, and no fewer, it is said, than 50,000 names. A number of antiquities are open to inspection in the lower library.

The inhabitants of Bâle fall very far short of the capacities of the capital, a fact which has been accounted for in two ways. On the one hand, its people, like the rest of the Swiss, have always been fond of emigration, and here the number of births has been inferior to that of burials. It is evident, therefore, that if the loss of numbers thus occasioned be not supplied by a regular succession of new inhabitants, the population must rapidly decrease. But this increase has not arisen. For, on the other hand, the people are strongly attached to their own country, and seem to regard it as a terrestrial paradise; and jealous of their rights and privileges as burghers, they very rarely deigned to confer them on strangers. Thus others have had no inducement to engage in commerce, or to practise any trade in a city where their so doing would have supplied the vacancies caused in the population by the death or emigration of the citizens. An enlightened and liberal policy might have rendered Bâle exceedingly populous and flourishing; most favourably situated as it is for commerce, and enjoying besides many internal advantages peculiar to itself. Few places, if any, can boast of a greater number of fountains, some of which have their sources within the city, besides the Birs, a stream which falls into the Rhine a little above it, and which supplies it by means of a canal, particularly well adapted to various purposes of trade.

The business of Bâle appears to be conducted with discretion. While much energy is displayed, there is also a careful avoidance of risk. The artisans appear generally in comfortable circumstances, as their cottages show, of which they are commonly proprietors, while the Saving's Bank contains a large amount of their carefully saved and well-stored deposits. Here education is rendered compulsory: the government requiring parents, on pain of imprisonment, to send their children, till ten or twelve years old, to school, and providing education gratuitously when payment is out of the question. Special instruction is given in the arts of design, while there are several academies of a superior grade.

At some of the eminent men of which Bâle was the birthplace, we can only hastily glance. One of them was Leonard Euler, who died suddenly in 1783. In addition to the splendid mathematical acquirements for which he was distinguished, he possessed a vast mass of miscellaneous learning. He was a strict member of the church of Calvin, and filled with great amenity and fidelity every relation of public and private life. Living in what may be called a transition epoch of mathematical science, no man contributed more than Euler to bring to perfection the new methods of analysis, and to apply them successfully to the various departments of mixed theory and practice. The modern mechanics of fluids were almost entirely created by his vigorous and opulent intellect.

James Bernoulli was born at Bâle. His name is radiant in the annals of science. His works are many, but by far the greater part consists of pieces, dissertations, and treatises on all branches of mathematics, on the promotion of the new analysis, infinite series, the quadration of the parabola, the geometry of curve lines, of spirals, cycloids, and epicycloids. His second brother, John, was a native of the same city, who worked with him to discover the method used by Leibnitz in his essays on the differential calculus, gave the first principles of the differential calculus, and, with Huyghens and Leibnitz, was the first to give the solution of the problem proposed by his brother, of the catenary—the curve formed by a chain, supposing it perfectly flexible everywhere, and suspended by both its extremities. John was the father of two sons, Nicholas and Daniel, born at Groningen, who rendered great services to various branches of science; and of two others, born in Bâle, equally worthy of so eminent a parentage.

Another family is associated with Bâle, very remarkable, but in a totally different sphere—this was the family of the Buxtorfs. John Buxtorf, its father, was born at Camen, in Westphalia, of which place his father was a Calvinistic minister. He was

educated at Marburg and Herborn, under Piscator, and afterwards received instructions at Bâle and Geneva from Grynæus and Theodore Beza. He occupied the Hebrew chair at Bâle for thirty-eight years of his life, and so attached was he to its university, that he declined many advantageous offers of a similar rank, both at Saumur and at Leyden. He maintained a large correspondence with all who were distinguished for their attainments in Hebrew literature, and lodged and supported in his house many learned Jews, with whom he familiarly conversed respecting their language, during his leisure hours. Among his valuable works was his Hebrew Bible, in four folio volumes, accompanied by the remarks of Rabbinical interpreters, Chaldaic paraphrases, and the Massorah. To this is generally added the Tiberias, published by his grandson at Bâle, in 1665, which is a commentary on the Massorah, and contains an explanation of the terms used in it according to the interpretations of Elias, the Levite. After his death was likewise published his Chaldee Lexicon; and in the very year of his decease, his Hebrew Concordance. Of the high character which he gained among his contemporaries, the best proof is afforded by the testimony of Scaliger, who said that Buxtorf was the only person who understood Hebrew thoroughly, and that, despite his own gray beard, he would gladly be his scholar.

John, the son of this justly-celebrated man, was, like his father, famed for his knowledge of Hebrew and other Oriental languages. He was born at Bâle. He is best known, however, for his defence of his father's notions as to the antiquity of the vowel points, which appeared in a treatise in reply to another which had taken the contrary side of that question. He published, likewise, a Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syriac Lexicon and Grammar. Other works are alike honourable to his talents and learning; and he had partly prepared for the press a collection of the passages in which the Greek Septuagint differs from the Hebrew; but he died before he could bring it out.

John James Buxtorf, the son of the preceding, also a native of Bâle, made such progress in his studies, that when he was only eight years old, persons used to visit him as an object of wonder. After being a pupil of Hoffman, Wetstein, and Gernler, he was taught Hebrew by his father and the Rabbi Abraham; and then travelled through various parts of the continent, and even to England, where he took lessons in Arabic. On his way home he passed through Leyden, and gave some lectures on Hebrew, which were well attended; and afterwards returned to Bâle, where he succeeded his father as professor of Hebrew. Even with him the current of Oriental literature, which had flowed onwards during two generations, did not absolutely cease. His nephew became his successor in the Hebrew chair, and unlike himself, whose modesty appears to have been extreme, was the author of several treatises.

To allude to only one more eminent man in this connexion, John, or as he was better known by the German name of Hans, Holbein was born at Bâle. He studied when young under his father, who was a painter, but soon entirely eclipsed the productions of his parent. He was certainly a man of rare talent; for he painted equally well in oil, in water-colours, and in distemper, and not only on a large scale, but in miniature, and was, besides, well skilled in architecture. His earlier works obtained for him the friendship of Erasmus, who endeavoured, but in vain, to reform his rude manners, his culpable partiality for low company, and his habit of drinking to excess.

It was by the advice of that eminent man that he visited England in 1526, and was received with great friendship by Sir Thomas More, in whose house he resided nearly three years, while employing his pencil in drawing the portraits of his patron and his friends. Some time after, Sir Thomas exhibited the productions of Holbein accidentally to Henry VIII., who was so pleased with them, that he took the painter under his immediate patronage, and sent him to draw the picture of the duchess dowager of Milan, whom he designed for his fourth wife after the death of Jane Seymour. He was

afterwards employed to paint the portrait of Anne of Cleves, which proved too flattering; for the fastidious tastes of Henry were not gratified when he saw the original. So sensible was Henry of his merit, that, in defending him from the vengeance of an offended nobleman, he said to the artist's persecutor, "I can, when I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen; but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords." The favour of the king, and his own extraordinary merit, concurred to bring him into such request, that, notwithstanding his indefatigable diligence and rapid execution, he was so fully engaged in painting portraits of the nobility and eminent public characters while in England, that he had no leisure for historical works.

It appears, however, that he adorned the walls of a saloon in the palace of Whitehall with two great historical compositions, representing, after the fashion of the age, the triumphs of riches and poverty. He likewise executed large pictures of various public transactions, such as Henry VIII. giving a charter to the barber-surgeons, and Edward VI. granting a charter for the foundation of Bridewell Hospital. Holbein was equally remarkable for the freedom and spirit of his pencil, the lightness of his touch, the clearness and brilliancy of his tone, and the exquisite finish of his works. It is a singular circumstance, that he always painted with his left hand.

Many of the productions of his genius exist in England; and there are, doubtless, numerous copies of some of his works. In the Florentine collection were the portraits of Luther, Sir Thomas More, Richard Southwell, and of Holbein, all painted by this artist. The cabinets of the kings of France contained others which were highly valued. In the library of the University of Bâle there are several of Holbein's works in the highest preservation. A few are preserved which were painted before he was fifteen years old; one of which he drew upon a sign for a writing-master. The portraits of himself, his wife, and his childern, in one group, are greatly esteemed. Other pictures of his remain in this collection. Erasmus is portrayed by the artist as writing his Commentary on Matthew. In the same library is preserved a copy of Erasmus's *Eloge de la Folie*, which he had presented to Holbein, who ornamented the margin of it with very interesting sketches, executed with a pen.

The Dance of Death, on the walls of the cemetery of the Dominicans at Bâle, were not, it is said, painted, as some have supposed them to be, by Holbein. This work is ascribed to John Klauber, and was executed at the desire of the council, when the plague ravaged that city. These walls were pulled down in 1805. It is probable that Holbein took the idea of executing his celebrated pictures of the Dance of Death from those paintings. So much judgment and imagination did he discover in them, that Rubens condescended to study and copy them. Holbein died in the year 1554, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

The year 1794 was memorable in the annals, not only of the French Republic, but of Switzerland. The conquest of Holland determined the wavering policy of Prussia. Early in January conferences were publicly opened at Bâle, and before the end of the month the preliminaries were signed. The king of Prussia was bound by this treaty to live on friendly terms with the Republic, and not to furnish succour to its enemies. It also led him to concede to France the undisturbed enjoyment of its conquests on the left bank of the Rhine, leaving the equivalent to be given by Prussia to ulterior arrangement. On the other hand, the French government engaged to withdraw its troops from the Prussian possessions on the right bank of the Rhine, and not to treat as enemies the states of the empire in which Prussia took an interest. By the secret articles the king of Prussia engaged not to undertake any hostile enterprise against Holland, or any country occupied by the French troops; an indemnity was stipulated for Prussia, in the event of France extending her borders to the Rhine; the Republic promised not to carry hostilities in the empire beyond a fixed line; and in case of the

Rhine being permanently fixed on as the boundary of France, and including the state of Deux-Ponts, the Republic engaged to undertake a debt of 1,500,000 rix-dollars, due to Prussia by their potentate.*

This step on the part of Frederick-William was most perilous. "The king of Prussia," says Prince Hardenberg, "tired of military operations, rudely awakened from his dreams on the plains of Champagne, and deeming a counter-revolution in France impossible, said to his ministers:—'Arrange matters as you like, provided you extricate me from the war with France.' By signing the treaty of Bâle, he abandoned the house of Orange, sacrificed Holland, laid open the empire to French invasion, and prepared the ruin of the ancient Germanic constitution. Despising the lessons of history, that prince forgot that no sooner was the independence of Holland menaced, in the end of the seventeenth century, than a league of all the sovereigns of Europe was formed to restrain the ambition of Louis XIV.; while at this time the invasion of the same country, effected under the republican banners, led to a dissolution of the coalition of kings against the French revolution. From that moment every throne was stript of the magic halo which heretofore had surrounded it. Accident merely prevented the treaty of Bâle from being followed by a general revolution in Europe. Had Frederick-William been animated with the spirit of Frederick the Great, he would have negotiated with the olive branch in one hand and the sword in the other; and, supporting Holland, he would even have included it in the line of his military protection. By so doing, he would have risen to the rank, not only of the mediator, but the arbiter of Europe, and been enabled to aspire to the glorious mission of balancing the dominion of the seas against continental despotism. Whereas, the peace of Bâle, concluded in narrow views, and without any regard to the common cause, destroyed the personal character of Frederick-William, and stript the Prussian monarchy of its glorious reputation. We may add, that if, ten years afterwards, Prussia was precipitated in the abyss, it is to be imputed to its blind and obstinate adherence to the system of neutrality, which commenced with the treaty of Bâle. No one felt this more deeply, or expressed it more loudly, than the Prussian diplomatist who concluded that pacification."

The canton called Solothurn, but in French Soleure, is bounded on the north by Bâle, on the east by Aargau, on the south by Berne, and on the west partly by Berne and partly by France. Its shape is extremely irregular, the boundaries not being marked by natural limits; the area is about 270 square miles. It is crossed in the direction from south-west to north-east by the Jura, which forms several parallel ridges, and covers the greater part of the canton.

In the thirteenth century Soleure had obtained, under the last king of Burgundy, the right of electing its own magistrates, which was confirmed by the emperor, in whose hands remained, among other things, the appointment of the avoyér. The last rights of supremacy were mortgaged by Henry VII. to the counts of Bucheck, who held an important office under the chapter of St. Urs, and who ultimately ceded them to the town itself. The neighbourhood of Soleure and Berne, and their common interests, united them in close alliance, and the freedom of both was enjoyed in common by the burghers of each.

In the wars of the fifteenth century, Soleure, like Freyberg, had fought faithfully and valiantly for the confederates, and they requested, in 1481, to be admitted as cantons in the confederation. Their request was warmly supported by Berne. But it was objected to by the mountaineers of the forest cantons. Jealous of the growing wealth and power of the town cantons, they dreaded an increase of their number, lest they should, at last, gain the ascendancy over the whole confederation. On their side, the town cantons,

* Alison.

whose form of government was aristocratic, and who held numerous dependent districts in the country, which they had either conquered or purchased, supported each other in their policy, fearing that the example of the democratic institutions of the small cantons might some day induce their own subjects to revolt. A conspiracy, which was discovered at Lucerne, confirmed the fears of the town cantons. Peter Amstalden, a warrior peasant of Entlibuch, a district subject to Lucerne, had suffered grievances from the bailiff sent by that state, and he resolved, with his friends, and some men from Unterwalden, to destroy the government of Lucerne itself. On the day of St. Leodegar, the conspirators were to seize and kill the avoyér, the members of the council, and a hundred more of the principal families; the walls and towns of Lucerne were to be rased, so as to leave it an open town, and the Entilbuch was to become an independent republic. Some incautious expressions of Amstalden disclosed the plot. He was tried, confessed all, and was beheaded.

A general congress was convoked at Stanz, in the Unterwalden, in 1481, to regulate, among other things, the fair distribution of the Burgundian plunder, and to decide on the admission of Soleure and Freyberg. The deputies of the forest cantons broke out in violent upbraidings and threatening against the towns; the latter, and Lucerne in particular, complained bitterly of the encouragement given by the forest cantons to the dissatisfied peasantry. From recriminations the deputies were on the point of coming to blows. The confederation was threatened with dissolution. But this was averted by a remarkable incident.

At that time, there lived in the solitudes of Obwalden a hermit, known by the name of Nicholas Von Flue, from a rock which stood near his dwelling. He had fought in his youth, and had become conspicuous alike for bravery and humanity. Returning home, disgusted with worldly things, he determined on a different course. Taking leave one day of his assembled relations, and embracing his wife, by whom he had had ten children, he left her the whole of the patrimonial estate, and assuming the coarse garb of a hermit, he took up his lonely abode in a mountain cell. Once a month only was he seen, when he went to receive the sacrament at church. In this way he lived for many years, and attained, among the forest cantons, a high reuptation for sanctity.

On hearing the report of the fatal discord that had arisen among the confederations, and with the heart of a citizen once more throbbing in his bosom, he quitted his solitude, and, repairing to Stanz, suddenly appeared in the hall where the angry confederates were assembled. His tall, emaciated frame, his wild and pale, yet handsome countenance, beaming with benevolence, struck them with awe. All instinctively rose at his entrance. On his lips were words of amity; and with great energy and ardour did he entreat them, in the name of God, who had so often granted victory to the generous efforts of their fathers and forefathers, when fighting in a just cause, and who had blessed their independence, not to incur the Divine displeasure. He conjured them not now to risk all the blessings they enjoyed by a vile covetousness, or a mad ambition, nor to let the report of intestine broils stain the fair fame of the confederation. "You towns," he added, "renounce partial alliances among yourselves, which excite the suspicion and jealousy of your elder confederates; and you people of the Waldstalten, remember the days in which Soleure and Freyberg fought by your side, and receive them into your common band of alliance. Confederates all, do not widen too much the hedge that encloses you; do not mix in foreign quarrels; do not listen to intrigues, or accept the price of bribery and treachery against your common land." This simple and powerful appeal made a deep impression on the assembly; in one hour all their differences were settled, and Soleure and Freyberg were received into the Swiss confederation.

The principal valley of the canton is that of Aar, which flows eastward of the Jura. The highest summits of the Jura in the canton are the Weissenstein and the Hasenmath,

which latter is about 4,400 feet above the sea. The canton of Soleure is one of the most productive in Switzerland, especially in corn, fruit, and vegetables. The vine thrives only in certain localities. The mulberry-tree is cultivated, and some silk is made. The horse-fair of Soleure is one of the principal in Switzerland. A considerable quantity of cheese is made, both from cows' milk and goats' milk, and part of it is exported. A part of the mountains is covered with timber-trees, particularly fir and beech. Iron mines abound in the canton, and the ore is melted in the furnaces of St. Joseph, and worked at the iron-works of Klus. The other manufactures consist of leather, paper, woollens, and kinchwasser. Quarries also are worked of marble and gypsum.

The constitution of the canton was for a long time aristocratical, as in most of the Swiss cantons, but a new one was formed in January, 1831, on a more popular system. The canton is divided into ten electoral circles, each having its electoral college, which names a certain proportion of members to the great council of legislation. The town of Soleure returns thirty-four out of the hundred and nine members who compose the great council, which is renewed every six years. A little council, chosen from among the members of the great council, forms the executive.

A dialect of the Swiss-German is the language of the country. The inhabitants are Roman Catholics, with the exception of those of the district of Bucheggberg, and a small congregation in the town of Soleure, which profess the Helvetic reformed communion. Most families are possessed of landed property. Every commune has now an elementary school, and a normal school has been established at Soleure. Most of the communes have a fund for the relief of their own poor.

Soleure, the capital, a bishop's see, is nineteen miles north of Berne, and twenty-six south of Bâle. It is built on both banks of the Aar, 1,320 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by walls. The cathedral is considered the first church in Switzerland; the tower is 190 feet high. The canons of Soleure receive about 2,600 francs a year, and the emoluments of the bishops are 10,000 francs. The other remarkable buildings of Soleure are the town-house, which is very old, the arsenal, the theatre, the hospital, the former church of the Jesuits, and several convents. There is a remarkable fountain in the market-place. Soleure has a gymnasium with six professors, a lyceum with three professors, and a faculty of theology divided into three classes. The town library contains about 15,000 volumes. Another library belongs to the cathedral, which is said to contain many valuable manuscripts; and there are several others in the town. Soleure has a cabinet of natural history, a botanical garden, a society for the natural sciences, a medical society, a literary society, a dramatic society, and a military society.

The Swiss canton Aargau, or Argovia, has Soleure and Bâle on the west. It possesses a very considerable extent of fertile land. It is traversed by the Aar, from whence it derives its name, and by its important tributaries, the Reuss and the Limmat. Its mountains do not attain any very great height. The country is well cultivated; the produce of wheat and other grain exceeds the consumption; the vineyards are numerous, but the wine is inferior, and there is an abundance of garden and orchard fruit. Manufactures have made in this canton considerable progress. Cottons are woven mostly in the cottages of the peasants, or small labouring farmers, and to these may be added silk, linen, and straw platting. Especial attention has been paid here to education, as every district of one hundred and twenty children must have, at least, one primary and one superior school.

The capital bears the same name: it is well built, has a gymnasium, a school of art, and another for the instruction of teachers, with other institutions. Here, too, manufactures are carried on.

Schaffhausen is one of the small cantons of Switzerland. The people profess the reformed religion. The language of the country is a dialect of the German, resembling

that of Suabia. The surface of the canton is hilly, and the soil mostly calcarinous. The general slope of the valleys is southwards towards the Rhine, which drains the whole country. This canton produces corn, wine, flax, hemp, and fruits, especially cherries. Agriculture forms the chief occupation of the people. The climate, compared with other parts of Switzerland, is mild. The canton has iron-mines, from which about 30,000 hundredweight of iron is annually obtained. Most of the ore is smelted in the furnaces of Laufen, near the fall of the Rhine.

The government was formerly like that of the Swiss cantons; the citizens of the head town being the legislators, and the country population subject to them, but the democratic principle became established by the new constitution of 1831. By this arrangement all citizens of twenty years of age became electors. Paupers, bankrupts, and criminals were deprived of the franchise. Foreigners purchasing the bourgeoisie, or freedom of one of the communes of the canton, became entitled, after five years, to the elective franchise. The legislative body, called the great council, consists of seventy-eight members. The little council, like it, is renewed every four years.

Schaffhausen was originally a hamlet for boatmen and a place for unlading goods from the lake of Constance by the Rhine, the boats being obliged to stop here on account of the falls in the river below the town. Hence its name Scapha. In the eleventh century a large monastery being built in the neighbourhood, a town afterwards grew around it, and in the thirteenth century it was walled, and obtained the rank of an imperial town. It was long in the possession of the house of Austria, but subsequently recovered its independence, allied itself to the Swiss cantons, and was received as a member of the confederation.

For a long period all attempts to build a bridge at Schaffhausen utterly failed. They were either constructed on wrong principles, or, apparently right, were too fragile to sustain the impetuous rush of the waters. At length, Grubenmann, a common carpenter, a native of Appenzell, an ingenious but self-taught man, contemplated the construction of a new bridge, which was now of great importance. He succeeded in his object, and the single arch, having a span of three hundred and forty-two feet, roofed in at top, and with a carriage-way let into the middle, which he threw across the waters of the Rhine, remained for forty years a witness to his skill. And so it would have continued, but it was burned down by the French army under Oudinot, in the year 1799, at the instant the Austrians took possession of Schaffhausen. Three other bridges were constructed in Switzerland by this remarkable man and his brother, which have escaped so disastrous a fate.

Schaffhausen now meets the view as built on the side of a hill which slopes to the bank of the Rhine, and is about 1,200 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by walls, flanked with houses, and has a fort, the vaults of which are bomb-proof. The streets are very low, and most of the houses have an aged appearance, but many are modern and handsome. The most remarkable buildings are the cathedral, the church of St. John, the town-house, and the arsenal. There is a college, with two professors, a gymnasium, several elementary schools, and an orphan asylum. The town library has come into possession of the library of John Müller, the historian of Switzerland. A bridge has re-placed that of Grubenmann.

The small town of Stein, which is situated at the outlet of the Rhine from the Untersee, or lower Lake of Constance, has a handsome bridge over the Rhine and some remarkable old buildings.

The cataract begins about a league above Laufen, where the river, passing over a rocky channel, forms a succession of rapids. With a force gradually acquired from its speed, it falls first in a broad verdant sheet, and then, "whitening by degrees into foaming impetuosity, it bursts at last in three distinct branches over a precipice, upwards of eighty

feet in height, and presents the most sublime spectacle in Switzerland. The best moment for witnessing this phenomenon in all its grandeur is about sunset in the month of July. The volume of water is then at the highest; and the usual stillness of the hour, and deepening hue of twilight, conspire in a wonderful degree to heighten the effect. Then the cataract seems to rush from the sky like an avalanche—filling the air with whirlwinds of vapour, and stunning the ear with the thunder of its fall. At that hour the foam is of dazzling whiteness; clouds of drizzling vapour incessantly form and vanish away; the ever-boiling vortex of the basin, into which the vast body of water is precipitated, represents a storm in miniature; the trees, and rocks, and precipices, agitated by the continual shock imparted to the atmosphere, and that deep unslacking roar in which the voice of a Stentor seems hushed into a whisper, impart sensations which it is difficult to explain, and impossible for any spectator to forget. Should the full moon rise as an accompaniment upon the scene, the whole becomes changed, magnified and improved, under its magic influence; and every succeeding hour presents the sublime spectacle under some new and more imposing aspect. The moment at which, perhaps, the greatest number of circumstances combine to exhibit the cataract in its unrivalled magnificence, is a little after midnight. Then nature seems to have but one voice, to which the hushed and solitary ear of man listens in profound awe, while the flashing of the foam clothes every surrounding object with meteoric lustre.

"At sunrise, also, the scene is different, but only in the hues, not in the degree, of its magnificence. There—

> ———— before the verge,
> From side to side beneath the glittering moon,
> An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
> Like Hope upon a death-bed!

The isolated rocky pillars, by which the river is divided into a triple fall, seem as entirely cut off from all social intercourse with the shores opposite, as if the latter were some inaccessible point in the Alps. They are covered with green bushes, and have been for some time, colonised with rabbits, which certainly have nothing to fear, *ab externo*, provided supplies last, and population does not exceed the territory. These rocks rise to a considerable height, and present, severally, the appearance of a bold flood-gate, through which the river, split into three branches, rushes with inconceivable impetuosity. The contrast also is striking; and, with the shrubs, and plants, and flowers, and the colouring already mentioned, they look like arks in the deluge, charged with the preservation of animal and vegetable life—but a deluge whose waters never subside."*

* Beattie.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONSTANCE AND ITS LAKE—ST. GALL—APPENZELL.

Most delightful is the situation of Constance on the banks of the Rhine, at the point where it emerges from the Lake of Constance. This is the largest lake belonging to Germany. Its length is about thirty-four miles, its greatest breadth about eight miles and a half, its area is about two hundred square miles, and its greatest depth nine hundred and sixty-four feet. The Rhine enters the Lake of Constance on the south-east, and issues from its north-west extremity at the city of Constance, connecting it with the lake called the Unter, or Zeller-see, which contains the fertile island of Reichenau, and is sometimes considered part of the Lake of Constance. The banks of the latter are mostly flat, or greatly undulating, but distinguished for their fertility. They abound with corn-fields and orchards, and yield a tolerable wine. The south shore especially is studded with a picturesque line of ruined castles, and other remains of the middle ages; and both sides are crowded with numerous towns and villages, the principal of which are Landau in Bavaria, Miersburg and Neberling in Baden, Arbon in Switzerland, and Bregenz in the Austrian dominions. The waters of this lake are green, clear, and subject to sudden risings, the cause of which has not been satisfactorily explained.

Coxe says in one of his letters, "I am writing on board the vessel; and I have been for some time in vain attempting to distinguish, what some travellers have affirmed to be discernible, the waters of the Rhine from those of the lake; though, indeed, I was before almost convinced of the impossibility. For the river in its course from the superior lake, being exactly of the same beautiful greenish colour as the inferior lake into which it flows, it is evident that the one can never be distinguished from the other. Probably upon its first entrance into the superior lake it is troubled, and, consequently, for some way its current may easily be traced; but it purifies by degrees, and becomes an indistinct part of the great body of water.

"This lake, like all the other lakes of Switzerland, is considerably deeper in summer than in winter—a circumstance owing to the first melting of the snow from the neighbouring mountains. Yesterday evening, in an expedition to Meinau, there was scarcely a breeze stirring, and the lake was as smooth as crystal; a brisk gale has now raised a fine curl upon the surface, and the surrounding landscape forms an assemblage of the most beautiful objects. In short, the several views which present themselves are so truly enchanting, as to make me regret every moment that my eyes are called off from the delightful scene."

The great trout which abounds in the Lake of Constance, and generally in the Swiss lakes, is the one called in the neighbourhood *Illankin*, and by Linnæus *Salmo lacustris*. The head is conical, and larger in proportion than that of a salmon. The dorsal fin has twelve rays, the pectoral fourteen, and the other two, twelve each. The under jaw in full-grown fish ends in a blunt hook. The colour, as low as the lateral line, is of a deep blue, brightening as it approaches the line; beneath that of a silvery-white; all

the upper part is spotted irregularly with black. This kind grows to the weight of forty or forty-five pounds.

These fishes quit the deeps of the lake in April, and go up the Rhine to deposit their spawn. The inhabitants of the shores form *weirs* across the river, in which they take them in their passage. They are also caught in nets. The fishing lasts from May to September; the fishermen avoid taking any on their return, as they are then very lean and quite exhausted. In spring and summer their flesh is of a fine red, and very delicate; but after they have spawned, it turns white and becomes very indifferent. They feed on fish, worms, and insects, and are particularly destructive to the gray lings. Their great enemy is the pike, which will attack an illankin four times as large as itself.

Constance is one of the oldest cities in Germany, and highly interesting from its historical associations. When formerly in alliance with Zurich and Bâle, and supported by those cantons, it expelled its bishop, and embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. But the Protestant cantons being worsted in 1351, and the league of Smalcalde, of which Constance was a member, being defeated by Charles V., the city was obliged to submit to the emperor. It was afterwards attached to the Austrian dominions, and in 1805 to those of the grand duchy of Baden.

Constance is fortified by a wall flanked with towers, and surrounded by a ditch. The cathedral, begun in 1052, is a handsome Gothic structure, with a lofty steeple, commanding an extensive view of the lake and country as far as the mountains of Voralberg and the Grisons. The doors of the main portal are curiously carved; and the choir is supported by sixteen pillars, each formed of a single block. The splendour of the high altar, and several of the tombs, attest the ancient wealth and grandeur of the see, which was formerly the most considerable in Germany, and had large possessions in, and jurisdiction over, Switzerland.

The *kaufhaus*, or market-hall, erected in 1388, is interesting as being the place of meeting of the Council of Constance, held from 1414 to 1418, to which an allusion has already been made. So great was the concourse of ecclesiastics and others from all parts of Christendom on this occasion, that not only the houses in the city were crowded, but booths were erected in the streets, while thousands of pilgrims were encamped in the adjacent fields. Religious processions, dramatic representations, and entertainments of every description, hourly succeeded each other; and thousands of individuals were employed solely in transporting thither the choicest delicacies of Europe.

To some of its proceedings we must now refer more particularly. It is stated by Fox, the martyrologist, that two Bohemians, who attended Queen Anne, first introduced the works of Wycliffe to some of their countrymen. Count Valerian Krasinski confirms this assertion from the History of Poland. One result was very remarkable. A native of Bohemia, named John Huss, secured for himself distinction in the University of Prague, to which the learned resorted from all parts of Europe. It acknowledged that "from his infancy he was of such excellent morals, that during his stay here we may venture to challenge any one to produce a single fault against him." Subsequently appointed minister of the chapel in that city, he entered on his work with zeal, but the opportunity he now obtained of perusing the writings of Wycliffe he was accustomed to describe as the happiest circumstance of his life. Not only in the pulpit, but in the schools, he inveighed against the enormous evils that prevailed, and, in consequence of the notorious corruption of the clergy, excited considerable attention. His disciples soon became numerous, and he was followed by many members of the university.

In 1398, he was selected by Queen Sophia, of Bavaria, the wife of King Wenceslaus, as her confessor. As the monarch had been degraded from the imperial dignity, he tolerated the movement that now arose, as distasteful to his enemies, while his queen

gave it all the aid she could render. As the mind of Huss obtained increased light, he exposed existing evils more boldly and zealously; and not only were the students and citizens eager to listen to his voice, but the nobility and the court crowded to hear a man whose name resounded throughout the German empire.

A new impulse was thus given to the moral power already in operation. The works of Wycliffe were translated into the Sclavonian tongue, and read attentively throughout Bohemia. Aware of this, Alexander V., as soon as he was seated on the papal chair, issued a bull, commanding the archbishop of Prague to collect the writings of the reformer, and seize and imprison his adherents. The same spirit was displayed by the succeeding pope, John XXIII.; and after various appeals, Huss was excommunicated. with all his friends and followers.

The persecution he endured increased his popularity, and multitudes of all ranks espoused his cause. Prohibited, therefore, from preaching, he laboured assiduously in private instruction, and thus cast around with a liberal hand the vital seeds of Divine truth. Other means against him were now tried, but they could neither impair his energy nor chill his ardour, and his own writings, like those of his father in the faith, became numerous, both as letters and discourses.

At length some restrictions were removed, the Hussites were permitted to continue their sermons, and the reformer left his retirement and returned to Prague. He now declaimed against the bulls of the pope, who directed a crusade against the king of Naples, and offered certain benefits to all who engaged in the enterprise. As the people favoured the opinions of Huss, they were imprisoned and persecuted; a massacre also ensued, but through the whole Huss exhibited a spirit truly Christian.

Returning to his native place, he was protected by the principal persons of the country. Some of the most distressed repaired to him to obtain his advice. In his retreat he published several of his treatises, which, exciting much opposition, he promptly and vigorously defended. On his subsequent removal to Prague, he engaged in other labours. Fully did he obey the charge, "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

The ecclesiastical assembly at Constance engaged in various acts. Thus they ordered the remains of Wycliffe to be dug up, and cast forth from consecrated ground. Some years, however, elapsed before this was done. At length, by the command of the pope, his bones were burned to ashes, and these were scattered in the neighbouring stream. But, though Wycliffe was dead, truth retained its vitality, and was afterwards widely diffused. As Fuller says, "The Swift conveyed his ashes to the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they wafted them into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now being diffused throughout the earth."

As, too, the rage of the council was hurled against Huss and his followers, he travelled to Constance, resolving to defend the principles he had avowed. During a journey of three weeks, he was received by the people with warm acclamations. On his arrival, he was immediately examined before the pope and the cardinals, and though assured by the pope of his liberty, he was suddenly seized by a party of guards in the gallery of the council. The pontiff, on witnessing so perfidious an act, could only say, "It was that of the cardinals."

A prison was now found for Huss in a lonely Franciscan monastery on the banks of the Rhine. During his long confinement, he composed some interesting tracts. Even members of the Romish church generously interceded for his acquittal, but in vain. At length his trial took place; he was advised to abjure his books and recant, and on his steadfast refusal, the order was issued that he should be degraded from the priesthood, that his books should be publicly burned, and that he should be delivered over to the

secular power. With perfect serenity he heard the sentence. One petition that he immediately presented was a supplication for his enemies.

They proceeded then to the execution of the sentence; and first they degraded him from his office as a priest. For this purpose, the archbishop of Milan, and six other bishops, led him to a table, on which lay the priestly habits, with which they invested him, as if he were about to perform mass. When the *alb*, the white surplice, was put on him, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ was also clothed in a white robe by Herod, and sent by him to Pilate." As soon as he was fully clad in the priestly vestments, the bishops once more exhorted him to save his life by recanting his errors, while yet an opportunity was afforded him; but Huss, addressing the people from the scaffold to which he had been conducted, cried out, with great emotion, the tears flowing from his eyes, "These bishops are exhorting me to retract my errors! If the only consequence were the reproach of man, I might easily be persuaded; but I am now in the presence of my God, and I cannot yield to them without wounding my conscience, and blaspheming my Lord, who is in heaven; for I have always taught, written, and preached the doctrines of which they now accuse me. How could I dare to lift my eyes in heaven, if I were to make such a recantation? How could I ever meet the multitude of persons I have instructed, if I should now impeach those doctrines which I have taught them, and which they have received as eternal truths? Shall I cause them to stumble by an example so base? No, I will not do it; I will not value my body, which must at all events die, more than the everlasting salvation of those whom I have instructed." On this the bishops and all the clergy exclaimed, "Now we see his obstinacy and malice in his heresy;" and he was ordered immediately to descend from the scaffold.

When he had come down, the bishops commenced the ceremonies of degradation. The archbishop of Milan and the bishop of Besançon approached him, and took the cup from his hands, saying, "Accursed Judas, who has forsaken the council of peace, and allied thyself with the Jews. Behold, we take from thee the cup in which the blood of Christ is offered for the salvation of the world; thou art no longer worthy of it." Huss replied with a loud voice, "I place all my hope and confidence in God my Saviour. I know he will never take from me the cup of salvation, but that by his grace I shall drink it to-day in his kingdom." The other bishops then came forward, and taking from him, one after another, some part of the sacerdotal vestments, they each pronounced a different malediction. Huss answered, "Most gladly do I endure all this reproach for the love of the truth, and the name of my Lord Jesus Christ."

It only now remained to deprive him of the tonsure—a circle from which the hair is cut from the crown of the head, and enlarged in size as the person rises in ecclesiastical dignity. Here a violent dispute arose among the bishops, whether they should use the razor or the scissors for this purpose. Huss could not refrain from turning to the emperor, and saying, "Is it not strange, that, cruel as they all are, they cannot agree as to the mode of exercising their cruelty?" After a long debate, they declared for the scissors, and with them they cut off the hair in the form of a cross. They also scraped the nails of his fingers with a knife, to take from him the holy oil, and to erase the pretended characters of the priesthood.

When the ceremony of degradation was finished, the bishops cried out, "The holy council of Constance expels John Huss from the priesthood, and the sacred office with which he was invested, and thus declares that the holy church of God separates herself from this man, and delivers him over to the secular power." Before proceeding further, however, they put on his head a paper mitre, about two feet high, on which were painted three devils, and an inscription in large characters, *Heresiarch*, "Arch-heretic." Huss, on seeing it, comforted himself with these words, "My Lord Jesus bore for me, a poor sinner, a much more painful crown of thorns, and even the ignominious death of

the cross. Therefore, for his sake, I shall most cheerfully bear this, which is much easier." Then the bishops cried aloud, "Now we deliver up your soul to Satan, and to hell." "But I," said Huss, "commit my soul to my gracious Lord Jesus Christ." The bishops then turning to the emperor, said, "The holy council of Constance now delivers up to judgment, and to the secular arm, John Huss, who no longer sustains any office in the church."

When he arrived at the place of execution, he fell on his knees, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and prayed aloud, in language taken from the 31st and 51st Psalms, repeating with great emphasis this verse, "Into thine hand I commend my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." While he was at prayer, the paper mitre having fallen from his head, he looked at it smiling, on which some of the guards around him said, "Put it on again; let him be burned with the devils, the masters he has served." Huss began to pray again, "Lord Jesus, I cheerfully suffer this terrible and cruel death, for the sake of thy holy gospel, and the preaching of thy sacred word; do thou forgive my enemies the crime they are committing." On this the executioners, by order of the count palatine, made him cease, and compelled him to walk three times round the pile. He then requested permission to speak with his jailers; and when they were come, he said, "I thank you, most heartily, my friends, for all the kindness you have shown me, for you have behaved to me more as brethren than as keepers. Know also, that my trust in my Saviour is unshaken, for whose name I willingly suffer this death, being assured that I shall be with him to-day in paradise."

The executioners then took him, and bound him to a stake with wet ropes. But as his face happened to be turned to the east, an honour of which some thought the heretic was unworthy, they unbound him, and turned his face towards the west. They afterwards fixed round his neck a black, rusty chain, on which he said, smiling, "My dear Master and Saviour was bound for my sake, with a harder and heavier chain than this. Why should I, a poor sinful creature, be ashamed of thus being bound for him?" The executioners then began to put the wood in order. They placed some bundles of light wood under his feet, and heaped straw and large wood around him up to his neck. Before they set fire to the pile, the count palatine and the marshal of the empire, De Pappenheim, exhorted him to recant his doctrines in order to save his life. Huss cried aloud from the pile, "I call God to witness, that I have never taught the errors which my enemies falsely lay to my charge; I have, in all my discourses, aimed at nothing but to deliver men from the bondage of sin: therefore I joyfully confirm, this day, by my death, the truth which I have taught and preached."

The pile was then lighted, but Huss began to sing and to pray aloud several times, in these words, "O Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me!" When he afterwards endeavoured to speak again, the wind drove the flames into his face, and stopped his utterance; still, however, his head and his lips were observed to move, as if in prayer for a short time, when the sufferings of this faithful servant were ended, and the Lord called his soul to his eternal rest. The count palatine being informed that one of the executioner's servants had preserved Huss's cloak and girdle, ordered them to be burned, with everything belonging to him, fearing lest the Bohemians should venerate them as sacred relics. When all was consumed, the executioner put the ashes of Huss into a cart, with the earth on which he had been executed, and threw the whole into the Rhine, which flows near, that every possible trace of this holy witness for the truth might be obliterated. But it was said in an elegy, composed at the time, "His ashes will be scattered over every country; no river, no banks will be able to retain them; and those whom the enemy thought to silence by death, sing and publish in every place that gospel which their persecutors thought to suppress."

A sketch of a distinguished lay-reformer, Jerome of Prague, will be found strongly to

resemble that just given of his eminent contemporary. After visiting the university of that city, as well as those of England, Paris, Heidelberg, and Cologne, he became acquainted, during his residence at Oxford, with the works of Wycliffe. These he translated into his own language, and on his return to Prague avowed the same principles, and joined the followers of Huss. During the confinement of the latter, Jerome was cited before the council. Finding on his arrival that he could offer Huss no assistance, he deemed it prudent to retire, and wrote on behalf of his friend to the emperor. He was seized at Kirsan by an officer, who apprised the council of his capture, and the prisoner was ordered to be sent to Couste. Accused before the assembly, he was conveyed to a dungeon, and was afterwards exposed to want and torture.

A dangerous illness now ensued; attempts were made to induce him to recant, but for a time he was not to be moved. Suffering at length unhappily prevailed; he acknowledged the errors of Waldo and Huss, and avowed his adherence to the church of Rome. But his backward course allowed him no repose, and as his own reproaches became intolerable, he renounced his retraction, and demanded a second trial. Again brought before the council, he valiantly maintained the truth.

Powerful was his defence, but it failed to affect those to whom it was addressed. Not more impervious is the rock to the sunbeams, than were their hearts to the dictates of truth and compassion. His martyrdom quickly followed. When surrounded by blazing fagots, he cried out, "O Lord God, have mercy upon me!" and a little afterwards, "Thou knowest that I have loved thy truth." With a cheerful countenance, observing the executioner about to set fire to the wood behind his back, he cried out, "Bring thy torch hither: perform thy office before my face; had I feared death, I might have avoided it." As the wood began to blaze, he sang a hymn, which the violence of the flames did not interrupt.

The people of Bohemia, not only of humble but of high rank, who had espoused the doctrines of Huss, were greatly excited by his cruel martyrdom. A long memorial against it was signed by upwards of a hundred noblemen, and more than a thousand of the gentry. The whole nation openly declared his innocence; while such was the attachment of his numerous friends, that they carried earth from the place of his execution into Bohemia. They also commemorated his martyrdom by elegies, medals, and pictures, and by the observance of a service on the anniversary of his death.

In vain were protestations made to the council; its persecutions were unrelentingly continued. The followers of Huss were excommunicated; they were deprived of their churches, and money was offered to any who would apprehend them. Hundreds were in consequence shut up in deep mines; some were drowned; others were burned; but, like their leader, they were faithful unto death.

"The hall," says Simond, alluding to the *kaufhaus*, "measured by my steps, appeared to be about sixty feet wide and one hundred and fifty-three feet long; the ceiling, about seventeen feet high, is supported by two rows of wooden pillars, to which leathern shields, measuring three feet and a half by eighteen inches, are suspended. If the red cross upon them indicates that they belonged to crusaders, they would be of greater antiquity still than the council, since the last crusade preceded it one hundred and fifty years. The thick walls bear marks of partitions between each window, indicating the cells where the fathers of the council were shut up while forming those solemn decisions which ultimately decided nothing. A hole in the gate is still seen, through which provisions and other necessaries used to be introduced; and near that entrance the places where a count and a bishop stood sentry night and day. The dusty seats of the Emperor Sigismund and Pope Martin V. are there unceremoniously filled on market days by old women selling yarn, wholly unconscious of the awe those who filled these seats inspired four hundred years ago, and ignorant even of their names."

The chairs occupied by the emperor and the pope, the Bible of Huss, and some other relics of the council, still remain in the hall of the *kaufhaus*, besides a collection of antiquities dug up in the neighbourhood.

Coxe says:—"I did not omit visiting a small dungeon, about eight feet long, six broad, and seven high, in which John Huss was confined, and wherein I observed the very stone to which he had been chained. I entered it, however, with very different feelings from those which I experienced in 1776, when this convent was the asylum of monkish superstition. It is now the seat of trade and industry; and it must suggest a pleasing reflection to a philosophic mind, that a successor of Sigismund, who violated his word, should have consigned to a reformed establishment that very convent in which the Bohemian divine was imprisoned, and from which he was triumphantly led to the stake; and that the most enlarged principles of toleration should be manifested in the same place, where persecution was inculcated by precept and example. It is the triumph of reason and religion over bigotry and intolerance."

A plate of metal let into the floor of the cathedral, near the entrance, shows the spot where John Huss stood when he was condemned.

One incident in the history of Constance must not be omitted. Messrs. Roberts and Meilly, watchmakers of Geneva, were the first persons whom the troubles of their native republic drove to Constance. They received from the emperor the following immunities for themselves and their countrymen:—The right of purchasing or building houses; the free exercise of their religion in entire independence of the catholic clergy; the power of erecting a tribunal for the purpose of deciding all affairs in reference to their manufactures and commerce; exemption from serving in the militia and quartering soldiers; from all contributions during the space of twenty years; from duties on their tools and utensils; and, further, the standard of their gold was to be invariably fixed. These favourable terms, signed on the 30th of June, 1785, attracted many settlers to Constance. The emperor also granted to Mr. Macaire the Convent of the Dominicans, which had lately been secularised, for establishing a manufacture of printed linens and cottons.

Constance contains now an ancient palace, a lyceum, an hospital, a conventual school for females, a theatre, and several collections of art and science. It is the seat of the circle and district government. The chief resources of the inhabitants are derived from the culture of fruit and vegetables, some trade, the navigation of the lake, and a few manufactures.

On the opposite bank of the Rhine is Peterhausen. Here there was a Benedictine monastery, but it is now one of the Grand Duke's chateaux. Its ancient ramparts and fosse may still be observed. Near to Constance is also the Island of Meinau, a pleasant residence situated in the midst of a well-cultivated estate, now the property of the Countess of Langenstein.

The road from Constance to St. Gall runs through Thurgau, one of the cantons of Switzerland, bounded on the north partly by the Lake of Constance, and partly by the Rhine, which divides it from the canton of Schaffhausen; on the east and south by the canton of St. Gall; and on the west, by that of Zurich. Its name meaning "district of the Thur," arises from that river which comes from the canton of St. Gall, and is joined by the Sitter from Appenzell, the river crossing the middle part of it from west to east. The valley of the Thur is separated from the basin of the Lake of Constance by a succession of hills, which rise in terraces on both sides, and are intersected by several valleys. On the south and west sides other hills divide the Thurgau from the valley of the Toss, in the canton of Zurich. The whole country belongs to the plateau, or table-land of Switzerland, and is a considerable distance from the Alpine region.

A remarkable fact in the history of Duke Sigismund of Austria, is connected with this canton. On his being excommunicated by the pope, he called on the Swiss to seize the

duke's domains. The forest cantons were not slow in obeying the command. In 1460, they entered the fine province of Thurgau, encountering no opposition; the town of Diessenhofen alone defended its allegiance to Austria, but was obliged to capitulate, retaining its privileges as a little republic, under the protection of the cantons. All the rest of Thurgau was taken possession of as a conquered country, the cantons assuming the rights which the house of Austria had till then exercised over it, as they had done with the Aargau, about half a century before. Each of the old eight cantons by turns appointed the bailiff, who resided at Frauenfeld, and who was changed every two years. This state of things continued till the end of the eighteenth century.

In 1803, Thurgau was one of the cantons which became representative republics on a democratic principle, by what is called the "Act of Mediation;" the others being Aargau, Vaud, Ticino, and St. Gall. It was solemnly delivered by the first consul of France, at a public audience, to citizen Barthélemy, who gave it afterwards to citizen D'Affry, who was named landamman of Switzerland for that year. The Swiss deputies, it may be remarked, soon afterwards returned home, when all the cantons sent addresses of thanks to the first consul, and the new constitution being put in force, the few French troops, which had entered Switzerland, finally evacuated the country.

The constitutions of this canton, and others in similar circumstances, were popular, and framed on the principle of equality of rights among all classes of the citizens of each canton. The canton was divided into circles, and the electors of each circle sent three members, having certain moderate qualifications, to the legislative council. The duration of their functions was limited. The distinction between the three powers, legislative, executive, and judicial, was strictly defined. These constitutions were remodelled in 1814, and a curious system of elections was then established, contrived, as it was said, to give to property a greater influence in the state. The great, or legislative council, were removed one-third at a time, and at fixed periods. The mode of election was triple: one-third of the new members was elected directly by the assemblies of the circles heretofore. These assemblies furnished besides, a list of fair candidates for each circle, possessed of a higher qualification than the directly chosen members, and out of these lists the great council itself chose one member for each circle; and thus another third of the vacant seats was filled. Lastly, an electoral commission, composed of the council of state, or executive, of the judges of the high court of appeal, and of a certain number of other members of the great council, chose the remaining third chiefly from among the wealthier landed proprietors. The duration of the functions of each member was, in some cantons, of twelve years; in some, of eight; in others, of six; but in all, the members could be re-elected. The great council chose the members of the executive and of the higher court of appeal out of its own body, and the members thus chosen, continued to sit as legislators. The right of proposing measures belonged exclusively to the council of state, or executive, whose projects of law could only be either accepted or rejected by the great council, but not amended. The consequence of this system was, that the new cantons, while professing to be popular, in opposition to the old aristocratians, were ruled, in fact, by a certain junto of individuals, who having once secured their seats, elected, or re-elected their friends as their colleagues, who, in their turn, re-elected them, and thus a self-electing majority was perpetuated.

In the old aristocratic cantons considerable concessions had, at least, been made to the classes previously excluded from all share in the government; while the new cantons, creations of yesterday, in the name of the people, were now retrograding into a state for which no precedent or presumption could be alleged.

Such an order of things, however, did not long continue. Towards the end of 1830, the councils of Aargau and Vaud, after some popular tumults, happily unattended with bloodshed, were obliged by the public voice to appoint commissioners in order to frame

a new constitution. Thurgau and St. Gall did the same, but in a more quiet and conciliatory spirit.

The climate of Thurgau is comparatively mild; a great part of the country is planted with fruit trees, especially the apple, the pear, and the cherry; the vine also thrives in several localities. The produce of corn is not sufficient for the consumption. The rivers and the lake abound with fish. About two-thirds of the people are said to be protestants, and the rest Roman catholics. German is the language of the country. About one-third of the people is employed in trade and manufactures; the latter consisting principally of cotton goods.

It is worth observing that the Lake of Constance, bounded by this rich flat country, is three times deeper than any of the mountain-girt lakes of Switzerland. A name remarkable for its antiquity, and for the moral worth of its possessor, is that of Gall, one of the associates of Columba, who has become familiar to the reader of history from his labours in Ireland, and particularly at Iona or Icolmkill, in the Hebrides. Gall being told by one of his Swiss disciples, a hunter, of a delicious valley watered by a river, where bears and boars repaired to quench their thirst, and which was surrounded by mountains covered with eternal snows, repaired to this wilderness with some of his friends.

They built for themselves dwellings, of a very humble kind, near the falls of the river Steinach, subsisting only by the labours of their hands, and civilising those who gathered around them, attracted by the rumours of their benevolence. So high was the reputation of Gall, that the bishopric of Constance was offered him, which he at once declined, and persisted in his usual mode of life until the advanced age of ninety-six.

The abbey of St. Gall was founded fifty or sixty years after his death near his lonely abode, and the sciences were so successfully cultivated in that seminary that it became one of the most celebrated schools in Europe, between the eighth and tenth centuries, when schools indeed were not numerous. A manuscript of Quintillian, as well as that of Ammianus Marcellinus, was said to be preserved there; although giving of the country a frightful description. In after times the abbots departed from the course of their predecessors, and yielding themselves up to politics and war, they lost, in the end, their power, with the qualities by which it was originally obtained.

The abbot of St. Gall established a market at Roschach, near the limits between Helvetia and Rhœtia. Athelstan, king of England, sent an embassy to St. Gall, and concluded an alliance with the abbey by means of Bishop Keonwald. The abbey was then at the height of its splendour; and its friendship was sought by lords and sovereigns. In the school singing, writing, and versification were particularly attended to, and its reputation for music has continued till later days. Ekkard, who died in 996, was one of the most learned men the abbey produced. He was a great favourite with Hedwige, duchess of Suabia, a lady conversant with classical literature. After her death, the emperor, Henry II., bestowed her abbey of Hohenwell and Stein on the Bishop of Bamberg. He granted to the serfs of the bishop and the abbot the right of marrying and living together in families; for before that, as in the former ages of Rome, that degraded race lived, like the animals of the field, in promiscuous intercourse. This was the first great step towards emancipation. Seven other abbeys of Thurgau, among which were the chapter of Zurich, St. Gall, Einsiedlin, Seckingen, and Reichenau, granted to their serfs connubial rights, as well as the rights of inheriting property; but others refused to follow the example.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century, misunderstandings arose between the mountaineers of Appenzell and their lord, the abbot of St. Gall. The agents of the abbot encroached on the privileges of the people, and levied taxes in a harsh and oppressive manner. One of them, the bailiff of Schwendi, exacted a duty on the cheese

and butter which were carried to market; and he kept two fierce mastiffs to fly at any one who attempted to pass the toll-house without having paid the duty. The bailiff of the town of Appenzell had the right of *catel* or "chattel," in virtue of which the best garment of every man who died became his perquisite. He one day caused the grave of a man lately buried to be reopened, in order to seize the clothes in which the children of the deceased had dressed their parent. These, and many other vexations, joined to the example of their neighbours the Swiss, led the Appenzellers to think of emancipating themselves from the abbot's rule. On a fixed day they rose, surprised the castles, and drove the bailiffs away. The Abbot Cuno, of Stauffen, having no means of suppressing the revolt, applied to the imperial towns of Suabia, who were his allies, and who sent messengers into Appenzell. The mountaineers said, "they were ready to pay the abbot his lawful dues as before, provided he chose his bailiffs among a certain number of honest men whom they would propose to him." The imperial towns, however, rejected the proposal, and insisted that the former bailiffs of the abbot should be reinstated; and these, through malice and revenge, treated the people worse than before. The Appenzellers then turned to the town of St. Gall, which, having grown around the abbey, and being in some measure dependent on it, yet enjoyed imperial franchises and immunities, and was allied to other imperial towns. Its position between Germany and Italy rendered it a place of considerable trade, which the industry of its inhabitants had increased by the establishment of manufactures. The people of St. Gall had also their grievances against the abbot; they listened readily to their neighbours of Appenzell, and formed an alliance with them for the purpose of defending their respective privileges. The abbot, incensed at this, redoubled his severity against the Appenzellers, and appealed again to the league of the imperial towns of Suabia, which decided that the alliance between St. Gall and Appenzell must be dissolved, but that the abbot might choose his bailiffs from among the natives of the latter country. St. Gall submitted to this decision. The Appenzellers, perceiving that the nobility of the imperial towns preferred the friendship of a prince abbot to the interests of a race of humble mountaineers, addressed themselves to their brethren of the Swiss cantons, expecting more sympathy from that quarter. Schwitz and Glarus alone answered the call; the former entered into a coburghership with the people of Appenzell, and Glarus, without stipulating any act of alliance, proclaimed "that all those among the citizens who chose to serve in the cause of Appenzell, were free to do so." All the inhabitants of Appenzell attended in their respective rhodes,* and they all swore to each other, and to the landamman of the village of Appenzell, to remain firmly united for the defence of their common rights. On hearing this, the imperial towns, urged again by the abbot, collected a considerable force, both horse and foot, and sent it to St. Gall, where the abbot reviewed and entertained them. Thence they proceeded towards Trogen, a village of Appenzell, the cavalry, in full armour, being followed by 5,000 infantry. On the 15th of May, 1403, they entered the hollow pass of Speicher, at the foot of the Vöglinseck mountain. The men of Appenzell, informed by their scouts of the approach of the enemy, had left their wives and children, and, after receiving the blessings of their aged parents, they posted themselves, to the number of 2,000, on the summit of the mountain; eighty of them advanced to the cliffs which overhang the hollow way, while 300 men of Schwitz, and 200 of Glarus, placed themselves in the wood on each side of the road. The enemy's cavalry boldly ascended the mountain. The eighty Appenzellers began the attack with their slings, whilst the men of Glarus and Schwitz rushed upon the flanks of the column. The cavalry, pressed in a narrow way, spurred their horses to gain the plain on the summit

* Rhodes, from *Rotte*, troop or band, means the communes or hundreds into which Appenzell is divided. This denomination continues to the present day.

of the hill, when they perceived the whole force of Appenzell advancing to meet them. At this sight the leaders of the column ordered a retreat, in order to regain the open country below. The dismal word *retire!* sounded along the files of the long column—the infantry in the rear thought all was lost, and began to disband—the people of Appenzell, Schwitz, and Glarus fell from every side on the cavalry cooped up in the hollow way. Six hundred cavaliers lost their lives, the rest spurred their horses through the ranks of their own infantry, the rout became general, and the discomfited troops reached St. Gall in the greatest confusion.

The allies of the Swiss at the beginning of the sixteenth century were of two sorts—the *socii* and the *confœderati*. The first, which consisted of the abbot of St. Gall, the city of the same name, and the towns of Mulhausen and of Bienne, sent deputies to the several diets, and, without being cantons, were considered as parts of the Helvetic body. The *confœderati* were either, like the Grisons and the Valais, allied to all the cantons, or only to some of them, which last was the case with the republic of Geneva and the country of Neuchâtel. They did not send deputies to the diets, but were entitled to assistance in case of foreign attack. Several of these associates and confederates had also their *subjects*, as well as the cantons themselves.

The abbot of St. Gall was sovereign of a fine district extending from the river Thur to the lake of Constance, and including several little towns, such as Roschach and Wyl; he was also prince of the county of Tockenburg, as far as Glarus and Schwitz, and he had the lower jurisdiction over the Rheinthal. The abbot's palace, or rather castle, it being surrounded with walls and ditches, stands in the middle of the town, which had grown up around the abbey, but had become at an early period independent of it, whilst the jurisdiction of the abbot was maintained over the surrounding country, and to within a mile or two of the city gates. This singular state of things gave rise to frequent altercations, and it happened at times that the abbot was blockaded within the precincts of his abbey by the citizens of St. Gall, whilst his dependents in the country coming to his relief, beleaguered the city.

The five catholic cantons, dissatisfied with the spreading of the reformed doctrines, in consequence of the liberty of conscience granted by the religious peace of 1529, and emboldened by the appearance of affairs in Germany, sought an opportunity for a fresh quarrel. The reformed cantons, and Zurich especially, were not long before they furnished them with a plausible one. Zurich and the reformed part of Glarus had been promoting the reformation in the territories of the abbot of St. Gall with a violence of zeal that made them overlook the dictates of justice and the faith due to existing treaties. On the death of the abbot, in March, 1529, the four cantons, protectors of the abbey, Zurich and Glarus on one side, and Lucerne and Schwitz on the other, disagreed about the election of his successor. The monks had elected Kilian; but Zurich refused to acknowledge him "unless he proved by the Scriptures that a monastic life and its practices were acceptable to God." Those subjects of the abbey who had embraced the reformation declared also against him. At Wyl they openly revolted against the abbot's authorities. Kilian escaped with his monks to Bregentz, in the Austrian territories, taking with him the gold and silver of the abbey and the title-deeds. He then went to Ausburg to ask the assistance of Charles V.; but on his return to Bregentz he was drowned, in August, 1530, in fording a river. The monks next elected Diethelm Blaater. But Zurich and Glarus took upon themselves to sell the abbey with its dependencies to the town of St. Gall, after removing the remaining valuables. Six of the monks embraced the reformed doctrines, and were allowed pensions. The Tockenburgers were declared free on paying to Zurich and Glarus 14,000 guilders. The abbey was thus completely secularised by force.

Peterman, baron of Raron, sold the county of Tockenburg, in 1468, to Ulrich, abbot

of St. Gall. It remained subject to the abbey till the end of the eighteenth century. Serious disturbances arose from this connexion in the sixteenth century.

The county of Tockenburg, containing about 50,000 inhabitants, and situated between Zurich, Appenzell, Glarus, and the other lands of the abbot, had been, ever since the Reformation, divided between the two religions, of which the reformed reckoned by far the most disciples. The victory of Cappel, obtained by the catholic cantons in 1531, having reinstated the abbot in all his jurisdiction, the Tockenburgers had returned to their allegiance to him, maintaining, however, their ancient privileges, their own magistracy, the right of liberating accused persons upon bail, which was a very old custom in Tockenburg, and, above all, their religious freedom. Some of the abbots, however, encroached by degrees on the people's rights; and at last the abbot Leodegar, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, assumed the authority of an absolute master over Tockenburg. He established his own courts of justice, appointed the local magistrates, and excluded the protestants from all places of trust. He obliged the inhabitants to work at the public roads, although they had twice redeemed themselves from the toils to which they were formerly subject; and upon their remonstrating against this, he fined them heavily. He assumed the right of administering the church revenues and disposing of ecclesiastical preferments, and lastly, that of regulating all matters concerning the militia.

The two cantons of Schwitz and Glarus, coburghers and protectors of Tockenburg, being, the first wholly, and the other partly, catholic, remained indifferent spectators of these encroachments. Not so the protestant cantons; and Zurich, in particular, after remonstrating with the abbot, sent, in 1709, some troops towards the frontiers of Tockenburg. The abbot, on his side, placed garrisons in the various castles, and prepared for war. The people of Tockenburg rose in 1710, and expelled the abbot's garrisons, and anarchy and confusion spread over the country. The protestant cantons openly espoused the cause of the Tockenburgers, while the catholic took the part of the abbot. The Zurichers and Tockenburgers united attacked the abbot in his own territories, ravaged them, and obliged him and his monks to escape to Lindau, across the Lake of Constance. The town of Wyl made a long resistance, but surrendered at last. Cruelties were committed on both sides. The catholic cantons, in order to prevent the troops of Berne from joining those of Zurich, seized on Baden, Bremgarten, and other bailiwicks in the Aargau. Zurich and Berne then ordered a joint attack on Baden, and, in the month of May, 1712, having taken Bremgarten, they laid siege to the castle of Baden, which is built on a steep hill. After a severe cannonade, by which the town was greatly damaged, the commander of the garrison, Crivelli of Uri, surrendered; and from that time the castle of Baden has remained in ruins, as it is seen at the present day.

Negotiations were next resorted to, but without any results. A religious war now raged throughout Switzerland; nearly 150,000 men, Catholics against Protestants, were under arms. Austria and France threatened to interfere, but fortunately England, Holland, and Prussia kept them in check. After several desultory actions, an army of 12,000 men from Lucerne and the Waldstatten, under Ackerman of Unterwalden, advanced in July along the valley of the Reuss to Willmergen, where they met, on the 25th, the troops of Berne, amounting to about 9,000, on the same ground where the Bernese had been defeated fifty-six years before. This second battle of Wilmergen, however, had a different result from the former one. It lasted six hours, and was obstinately fought on both sides. At last the Bernese broke through the ranks of their enemies, who fled, leaving on the field of battle 2,000 men, three superior officers, five Capuchin friars, besides colours, cannon, etc. The Bernese lost 800 men, and had most of their officers wounded. The victorious army then entered the canton of Lucerne, while the Zurichers invaded Zug, took Rapperschwyl, and threatened Schwitz. The five

catholic cantons sued for peace, which was concluded at Aargau in the following August, 1712. The catholic cantons gave up to Zurich and Berne the exclusive sovereignty of Baden, Bremgarten, Mellingen, and the other bailiwicks of Aargau, and admitted Berne into the co-sovereignty of Thurgau, Rheinthal, and Sargans. The regency of Tockenburg remained as Berne and Zurich had established it, until matters should be settled with the abbot. This convention served permanently to ensure religious liberty to the subject bailiwicks, and the possession of the county of Baden opened a free communication between Berne and Zurich. No more religious wars occurred in Switzerland after the peace of Aargau. The abbot of St. Gall, Leodegar, still persisting in his unreasonable pretensions over Tockenburg, died in exile, and his successor acceded to terms in 1718. All the ancient immunities and rights of the Tockenburgers were guaranteed to them, whilst they, on their part, acknowleded the sovereignty of the abbot.

The abbot of St. Gall has been often mentioned in the course of this history. He was a titular prince of the German empire, and was chosen by the Dominican monks of the abbey out of their own body. His territory, after the loss of St. Gall and Appenzell, consisted of the old abbey territories, *alte landschafft*, and of the Tockenburg. His limited jurisdiction over the latter has been already described. In the old territory, containing 45,000 inhabitants, the dominion of the abbot was monarchical and absolute, excepting certain municipal privileges which the towns enjoyed. The principal towns were Wyl and Roschach, the latter being on the lake of Constance. The abbot used to send a deputy to the federal diet of the Swiss. The city of St. Gall enjoyed the same privilege, both being *socii* of the confederation. The city was surrounded by the territories of the abbot, whilst the abbey itself stood within the city, and was surrounded by walls and ditches. The government of the city was a mixture of aristocracy and democracy.

"Among the chief part of the inhabitants," says Coxe, "the original simplicity of the pastoral life is still preserved; and I saw several venerable figures with long beards, that resembled the pictures of the ancient patriarchs. The natives of this canton, in common with the inhabitants of democracies, possess a natural frankness, and a peculiar tone of equality, which arise from a consciousness of their own independence. They also display a fund of original humour, and are remarkable for great quickness of repartee, and rude sallies of wit, which render their conversation extremely agreeable and interesting.

"In our way to Appenzell, we passed through Tuffen, the birth-place of Ulric Grubenman: he has been dead some years; but his abilities and his skill in practical architecture are, if I may use the expression, hereditary in his family. We inquired for one of the same name who was either his brother or his nephew, whom we found at the alehouse; his usual place of resort when he has no particular employment. He is a heavy, coarse-looking man, dressed like a common peasant; has a quick and penetrating eye, and a surprising readiness of conversation. We told him that we were Englishmen, making the tour of Switzerland; and that we could not pass through Tuffen without desiring to see a man who was so much celebrated for his skill in architecture. He struck his breast, and replied in German, 'Here you see but a boor.' Upon our talking with him about the bridge of Schaffhausen, in the building of which he was employed, he assured us, that it did not rest upon the middle pier, but is, in reality, a single arch. Near Appenzell, we observed an old man, with venerable white hair hanging over his shoulders, who looked like a substantial farmer. He inquired with a tone of authority, but with perfect civility, who we were; and upon our asking the same question respecting himself, of our guide, we were informed, that he was the *Landamman*, or chief of the republic. Happy people! the nature of whose country, and the constitution of whose

government both equally oppose the strongest barriers against the introduction of luxury."

Simond says, not quite forty years ago, "We were taken to the most commodious cotton-mill of the place, set in motion not by water or steam, but by the labour of an ox acting the part of turnspit; the poor animal, shut up in a wheel thirty-three feet in diameter, walks on in self-defence, as the wheel being once in motion he must go with it, which he does very deliberately resting his foot on brackets or pieces of board, nailed across the revolving floor. There are three oxen working by turns, each two hours; they last, at this rate, two or three years; the power is sufficient to move twenty-nine *mules* of two hundred and sixteen spindles each (there were only twenty going when I saw it), with carding and cleaning machines in proportion; one hundred and thirty persons are employed, half of them children."

At the distance of five Swiss leagues from St. Gall is Gaiss, a place of resort for drinking goat's whey, long supposed to have a curative power. When General Vandamme was in this neighbourhood, the magistrates of the commune of Gaiss received a letter from him in French, which was translated by the landlord of the *Bœuf*, a magistrate, a man of property, and the only inhabitant at all acquainted with that language. The substance of the epistle was, that some friends of the general at Paris, having heard of the great perfection of the worked muslins at Gaiss, had commissioned him, if he happened to go that way, to purchase for them a certain quantity of these muslins, as per margin; and the general trusted that the commune would charge the lowest price at the longest credit.

The magistrates did not well know what to make of this message, but the hotel-keeper, a man of experience, explained to them that there was no room to hesitate, and that they would be very well off if no more was required. The muslins, therefore, were procured and sent the next day, with a request that the general would take his own time for the payment. Scarcely a month had passed, when General Vandamme's friends, highly approving of the muslins, favoured the town of Gaiss with another order. Again was "our host" consulted, and again did he advise compliance; but the magistrates thought it best to procrastinate, and despatched a reply in evasive terms. This was the last of their commissions, but they received instead, a visit from a party of soldiers, who remained some weeks quartered among them, consuming many times the amount of the muslins.

A walk from Gaiss leads to Aru-Stofs, the spot marked by an old chapel, where, nearly four hundred and fifty years ago, the men of Appenzell defeated, with great slaughter, an army of Austrians four times their number. It is on the brow of a hill, 1,500 or 2,000 perpendicular feet above the valley of the Rheinthal, which is seen below, checquered with cultivation; while villages and towns are scattered along the devious course of the Rhine. On the other side of this fine valley rise the Tyrolese mountains, capped with bright snows, on which it seems that the traveller might throw a stone.

Simond, who visited this spot, says, "The Gatris is a mountain of easy ascent, over smooth lawns; it affords the same prospect extended from a greater height. Upon its rising summit, and in the neighbourhood of unmelted snows, we were much incommoded by a swarm of ants with wings, and much more active than could have been expected from the temperature. Near these snows we observed a large shrub, with leaves like those of a laurel; its fine flowers were not unlike those of the pomegranate; and also a flourishing holly, with abundance of roses and eglantine."

The canton of Appenzell lies at the north eastern extremity of Switzerland, and is inclosed on every side by the territory of the canton of St. Gall. Next to Geneva it is the most thickly inhabited canton of the country, in proportion to its extent. Its territory is very mountainous, though it is not within the range of the higher Alpine chains;

its mountains are calcareous, and mostly covered with rich pastures; the highest of them, called the Sentis, which rises on the southern border of the canton, is 7,700 feet above the level of the sea. The river Sitter, which has its source at the foot of this mountain, crosses Appenzell in a north-western direction, and afterwards joins the river Thur in the canton of Thurgau.

Some peasants of Uri and Underwalder, driving their cattle to the great annual fair of Valeze in the Milaneve, had their oxen and horses taken from them by the custom-house officers of the Duke Galcas Viscarti. This was in the early part of the fifteenth century. The cantons having expostulated in vain, assembled some troops, crossed the St. Gothard, and appearing unexpectedly in the valley of Levantina, received the ready submission of the inhabitants, and returned home satisfied with having secured this important entrance into Italy. For some years they held it undisturbed, but threatened at last by the sons of Viscarti, they repassed the Alps in the depth of winter, again silenced all opposition, and secured for their allies in the valley those rights which they had originally undertaken to protect, as well as a safe and free passage for themselves.

In treating with the Italians, the Swiss, always their inferior in diplomatic art, were sure of carrying their point another way. Happy if the possession of their citadel on the summit of the old world, satisfying their ambition, they had been contented with guarding its approaches.

The shepherds of Val Levantina having received some injury from those of Val d'Ossola or Eschenthal, the Swiss, as their protectors, remonstrated with the Milanese barons of Val d'Ossola, but were treated with derision and contempt. An immediate invasion through the wild pass of the Simplon showed to these imprudent lords the rashness of their conduct. They sought safety in flight, the whole valley surrendered at discretion, and the Swiss marched back to their mountains, leaving a small garrison at Domo d'Ossola. But the barons having surprised and retaken the town soon after their departure, they crossed the Alps again, and once more established their authority, with the same success, although not without more opposition. The castle of *Facinoean* was blown up by means of a mine, and the garrison buried under its ruins; the fort of Domo d'Ossola destroyed, and many other strongholds taken. This is the first time that gunpowder is mentioned in the Helvetic wars. The confederates also appear to have had a great gun.

Incapable of defending it, the nobles now sold the Eschenthal to the Count of Savoy, and this prince sending troops through the Valais, and over the Simplon, whilst Carmignola, the best general then in Italy, advanced with the Milanese forces from the southern side, the Waldstatten, unprepared for this double attack, evacuated the country.

At the northern foot of St. Gothard was another valley, the Ursenthal, a fief of the emperor, but so inconsiderable, that they had forgotten to bestow the feudal investiture. After many years, a capital crime was committed in the valley, and the inhabitants then perceived, for the first time, that they had no judge to take cognizance of it. In this emergency they applied to Uri, the landamman of that canton having been constituted high-justiciary by the emperor, and two judges were sent to them from his tribunal. From this time, Urseren and Uri formed only one commune, but the latter remained exclusively the seat of justice. It was certainly a strange perception of the right of inflicting punishment on criminals thus to imagine that it could be alienated like private property, bought and sold for a valuable consideration, or bestowed as a free gift to oblige a friend, and that the licence of a foreign prince was necessary, and could give the right to hang a man abroad! Yet this notion kept its ground in Switzerland long after every other idea of political dependence on the emperor had been shaken off.

The secluded and hitherto submissive shepherds of Appenzell were the next to assert

their rights and resist oppression. The country is an insulated group of mountains, forming the left boundary of the valley of the Rhine, near that river's entrance into the lake of Constance; it has been added by purchase to the extensive tracts which Clovis, king of the Franks, originally granted to the founders of the abbey of St. Gall. Under the paternal care of the monks, the country, once a desert, long continued to advance in wealth and prosperity, until one of the abbots, abusing his power, imposed exorbitant charges upon the people, accompanied, on the part of his bailiffs, by every aggravation of insult and cruelty. It is upon record, that for their amusement they worried the peasants with large dogs. The mountaineers long brooded in silence over their injuries, and at length a league was secretly formed between four of the principal districts. On the appointed day they appeared in arms, and the petty tyrants quickly fled, abandoning their castles. The abbot implored assistance from the imperial towns upon the lakes; an unavailing arbitration took place, but the vexations of the bailiffs soon recommenced.

Appenzell then applied to the cantons to be admitted into their league, but was refused by all but the Schwitz; who, however, only sent an experienced officer to head them in the field, and, as it likewise appears, a landamman to direct their affairs. Glarus, precluded by her terms of union from forming a separate alliance, did not prevent 200 of her young men from engaging in the war. The result was, as on all similar occasions during the last hundred years, favourable to the patriots. With an army of 2,000 men, they defeated their opponents at Speicher; after which, feeling able to defend themselves, the men of Appenzell dismissed their friends, with 600 suits of steel armour and four banners as their share of the booty; and might now perhaps have terminated, by compromise, the feudatory war which still continued, had not the duke of Austria declared his intention of defending the abbot, and of marching with his vassals, and those of the nobles of Thurgau, to humble the insolent shepherds. They, however, had also found a valuable auxiliary in Count Rodolph of Werdenburg, of the race of Montford—a man of high reputation, and inimical to the duke for some offence committed against his family. Having fortified the passes of their mountains under his direction, they awaited the attack of the enemy, which commenced in two places on the 17th June. One division of the duke's army, which had come round by the Rheinthal, forced the entrenchments at the foot of the Stoss, under Gaiss, and began to ascend the hill by paths now rendered slippery and difficult by heavy rain, whilst the shepherds were rolling down trunks of trees and stones collected for that purpose, and fighting, whenever they came to close encounter, with the most desperate valour. One man, Uly Rotœch by name, planting his back against a châlet, sustained alone the attack of twelve assailants, and, after killing five of them, suffered himself to be consumed with the building, to which they had set fire behind him, rather than surrender. The assailants were already exhausted by a laborious ascent over grounds so well defended, when Count Rodolph and his men, barefooted, in order to tread more surely upon the wet grass, left their positions, and came down with loud shouts to meet them. The charge was, however, received with great steadiness, and the ground disputed for six hours longer, until a stratagem induced the Austrians to retreat. The women of Appenzell, disguised like men, appearing in great numbers among the woods and precipices on their flank, were mistaken for fresh troops about to turn them. Embarrassed on their retreat by the entrenchment they had passed in the morning, the Austrians were at length thrown into disorder, and a great carnage ensued. In the meantime, the duke himself, at the head of the other division, had penetrated to the town of St. Gall, but found himself unable to take it, or to advance further, and was on his return exposed to the attacks of the enemy, who watched his motions from among the fastnesses of the Hauptlisberg, and lost many of his noble followers. Unwilling to leave the country without signal

vengeance for the double disgrace his arms had experienced in one day, he feigned soon after a retreat towards the Tyrol, and, turning suddenly to the right, began to ascend the Wolfshaddle, towards the village of Appenzell; but the people, secretly informed by a woman about the camp, were prepared to receive the Austrians, killed at least ten men for every one of their own that fell, and gave them a final repulse. The duke, in despair, returned to Inspruck. Their warlike achievements raised the fame of the men of Appenzell even above that of the other Swiss, and their alliance was now sought after by all their neighbours. With St. Gall they made a treaty, offensive and defensive, for nine years, exception only being made on the part of St. Gall in favour of the imperial towns during one year, on account of the truce between them; and, on the part of Appenzell, in favour of Schwitz, on account of their perpetual coburghership with that canton. Both parties reserved the rights of the Germanic empire, which were yet held paramount.

The men of Appenzell and St. Gall now retaliated at leisure upon the duke of Austria for his unprovoked aggression. Sixteen hundred of them overran his lands, and those of his vassals, along the course of the Rhine, on the lake of Wallenstadt, the lake of Zurich, and in the Tyrol, nowhere opposed by the peasants, who probably favoured their cause in secret. They testified their gratitude to the count of Werdenberg by reinstating him in the patrimony taken from him by the duke; and to the good allies of Schwitz, by the gift of a valuable tract of land between the lakes of Wallenstadt and Zurich, being a part of their late conquests.

The confederated cantons, far from entering frankly into the war, and supportiug Appenzell and St. Gall in their invasion of the Tyrol, where a bulwark of hardy republics might have been formed sufficient to shut out the Germans from Italy for ever, forbade the acceptance of their gift to Schwitz, as likely to involve them in the war.

The conquerors were compelled to retrace their steps; yet they did it so leisurely, that they took and destroyed all the castles in their way. Having reached their mountains in safety, the men of Appenzell employed the long winter nights that ensued in recounting the achievements of the late wonderful campaign, whilst they prepared for the next by giving a new point to the halberd and a fresh edge to the sword. They needed no other weapons—strength of arm was their ordnance, the enemy's country their magazine. Such was the simplicity of their habits and manners, that on one occasion they carried away some casks of pepper found among the plunder, but abandoned a quantity of plate, as less to their taste.

Before the Reformation, the whole canton was under one government; but since that period, part of the inhabitants having embraced the protestant religion, and the other part continuing catholics, violent disputes were kindled between them; which, after much contest, were at length compromised. By an agreement in 1597, the canton was divided into two portions, or communes; *Rhodes Exterior*, and *Rhodes Interior*: it was stipulated that the former should be appropriated to the protestants, and the latter to the catholics. Accordingly, the two parties finally separated, and formed two republics; their government, police, and finances being totally independent of each other. Each district sends a deputy to the general diet: the whole canton, however, has but one vote, and loses its suffrage if the two parties are not unanimous. In both divisions the sovereign power is vested in the people at large; every male who is past sixteen having a vote in their general assembly, held yearly for the creation of their magistrates and the purposes of legislation, and each voter is obliged to appear armed on that particular occasion. The landamman is the first magistrate: in each district there are two, who administer the office alternately, and are confirmed yearly. They have each a council which possesses jurisdiction in civil and criminal causes, has the care of the police, the management of the finances, and the general administration of affairs. The landamman

regent presides; and the other, during the time in which he is out of office, is bannaret or chief of the militia.

The *Rhodes Exterior* is much larger, and more peopled in proportion, than the *Interior;* and the protestants are in general more commercial and industrious than the catholics. The former are supposed to amount to thirty-seven thousand, the latter to twelve thousand: an extraordinary number in so small a canton, entirely mountainous, and of which a great part consists of barren and inaccessible rocks. But the industry of the inhabitants amply compensates for any disadvantages of soil, for the people are frugal and laborious, their property is secured, and they are exempted from all burdensome and arbitrary taxes. These circumstances, joined to the right of partaking of the legislation, and of electing their magistrates, inspire them with such animated sentiments of their own importance and independence, as excite the most active and vigorous industry; and those necessaries to which the industry is not sufficient are abundantly supplied by their neighbours in exchange for manufactures and other articles of domestic commerce. The chief part of the habitable country consists of rich pastures; and of course their principal exports are cattle and hides, together with cheese and butter. Their manufactures are coarse cottons and muslins in great quantities, which are entirely made in the houses of the inhabitants. The cotton is spun with the common wheel. The web is bleached at home, and afterwards sent to be printed in the neighbourhood of Neuchatel. "The greatest bleachery," says a traveller, "I saw in the Alps was near Appenzell, which extended over three or four acres of ground. Part of the river Sitler is diverted to turn the mill, which is of the simplest construction. A large wheel on the outside works a long cylinder within, on which are fixed a number of cogs to raise the hammers which beat the webs. In the same place are the boilers and other conveniences for the business."

Another traveller remarks, when in this part of Switzerland, "The women of the house where we stopped to rest were employed in working muslins, tambouring, open work, and embroidery, earning two batz a day (not quite three-pence sterling). One of them was churning by means of a lever suspended from the ceiling. The house was built of larch, spacious and clean; it had a large common room up stairs for company, with many windows commanding the fine prospect. The furniture of that room consisted of a long bench round three sides, and a long table before it; an enormous earthen stove, so constructed as to answer the purpose of steps to ascend to the next story above by an opening in the ceiling of the room. The kitchen, in another part of the building, has no chimney, but the smoke issues out of a hole in the roof, covered with a shutter, which is opened or closed by pulling a rope. I have already described the projecting roofs of these houses, the projecting gallery under the eaves of that roof, the high pointed gable ends full of windows, the outside stairs, etc. Above the first floor, built of stone, the upper structure is composed of square beams placed one over the other, and dovetailed at the angles of the building; the whole covered with boards within and without. Although the sides of the building show only one story above the ground-floor, yet the gable end, or rather front, has four or five, each marked by a row of small contiguous windows. This front is decorated with passages from the Scriptures, inscribed very neatly on the wood, as well as the date of the building (often two hundred years back), name of the builder, subsequent restorers, etc. This wood is not painted, but, which does as well, the resin that oozes at first covers it with a sort of natural varnish of a brownish colour." The dress of the people, in all such circumstances, on ordinary occasions, is extremely humble; it is only on occasions of some festivity, that the gaiety of costume is observable which has frequently been supposed to be that which is commonly worn.

Rapperschwyl is a small walled town; its antiquated and crazy fortifications look very well from the outside, but the buildings cooped up within them, equally

RETURN FROM THE WEDDING.

antiquated, are not alike picturesque. This is, however, a premature old age, as the town was burnt to the ground by the usurper, Rodolph Brun, nearly five hundred years ago, and the present erection must be of a subsequent date.

"Yesterday," says Coxe, in one of his letters, "we dined luxuriously with the Capuchin friars at Rapperschwyl, who seldom treat their guests in so sumptuous a manner. It was one of their great feast-days; and they regaled us with every variety of fish with which the lake and the neighbouring rivers abound. The convent stands upon the edge of the water, and commands an agreeable prospect; the library is by far the pleasantest apartment, though not the most frequented. The cells of the monks are small, and yet not inconvenient; but cleanliness does not seem to constitute any part of their moral or religious observances. Indeed the very habit of the order is well calculated for that purpose, as they wear no shirt or stockings, and are clothed in a coarse kind of brown drugget robe, which trails upon the ground. Strange idea of sanctity! As if dirt could be acceptable to the Deity. I reflected with particular satisfaction, that I was not born a member of the Roman Catholic church; as perhaps the commands of a parent, a sudden disappointment, or a momentary fit of enthusiasm, might have sent me to a convent of Capuchins, and have wedded me to dirt and superstition for life."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CITY OF ZURICH.

At a time when a traveller may proceed from London to Bâle in twenty-six hours, and, if he wishes it, speedily be borne onwards through the interesting country to which it thus becomes the inlet, it cannot be deemed uninteresting to observe the course taken by people three hundred years ago, and particularly such a person as the historian, De Thou. It should, however, be remarked, that he speaks only in general of the long course of falls of the Rhine, without bestowing a look or a word on the one *par excellence*. "Thuanus," says he (always speaking in the third person, and in Latin), "having accompanied his elder brother to the waters of Plombieres, in 1579, took advantage of the opportunity to visit a part of Suabia and Switzerland. From Ausburg he went, by way of Meiningen and Lindau, to Constance. Those who go round the lake are gratified with the sight of its banks covered with vines descending gently to the water, which reflects the brilliant perspective. Thence, following the course of the Rhine, De Thou visited Schaffhausen, one of the principal towns of the Helvetic league, Lauffenberg, and Rainfelden: and during all that space, the Rhine forms noisy cataracts, where it begins to be navigable. In crossing the lake to Zurich in an open boat, a storm arose, and he was in imminent danger of being drowned with the rest of the passengers.

"Thuanus viewed with much pleasure the town which had been from the earliest times the chief of the Swiss cantons;" and as here we have now arrived, though by a different route, we proceed to give a brief history, and also to describe the leading features, of this highly interesting city.

So early as the tenth century, Zurich had become the depôt of an extensive commerce between Italy and Germany, by the road which crosses Mount Septimer and the valley of the Misocco, and over Mount Cenis into Lombardy. Even then it was styled *civitas est colonia imperatorum*. This was at the time when Henry I. ordered the towns to be surrounded by walls and ditches, in order to defend them against the frequent irruptions of the Hungarians. He appointed, at the same time, markgrafs on the neglected frontiers; whilst at the head of his Germans he defeated the Hungarians, and checked their fearful advance upon western Europe. To the towns and ancient colonies which still existed he gave charters, and he was the founder of the bourgeoisie or third estate. By degrees the artisans in the towns excelled those in the country, for in the latter the same family did all kinds of work, as spinning and weaving, themselves; whilst in the towns the division of labour was first practised, and every workman followed a particular branch of trade, which he continued all his life. At last the peasants confined themselves to the works of the field, and came to the towns to purchase other things they wanted with the surplus of their produce. The exchange between town and country thus became regular, and days were fixed for markets and fairs. Agriculture and handicraft being thus mutually encouraged, soon afforded a surplus for speculation and extended commerce with foreign countries. The emperor established at Zurich tribunals

and consulships for the Lombards and other nations who traded on the road. Innkeepers, tradespeople, artisans, custom-house officers, crowded into the town; and Zurich became the capital of Thurgau, or northern Helvetia.

Zurich subsequently obtained from the emperor Frederic II. very considerable privileges, which were acknowledged and augmented by several of his successors. The civil war between the magistrates and the people, in 1335, nearly reduced the city to ruins; but the former being banished, the citizens, in 1337, established a new form of government, which was confirmed by the emperor Louis of Bavaria. The exiles, after several fruitless attempts, were at length readmitted; but it being discovered that they had engaged in a conspiracy against the citizens, they were put to death. In consequence of this transaction, the nobles in the neighbourhood took up arms against the town. The latter, after having ineffectually applied for assistance to the emperor Charles IV., formed an alliance with Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden, and was admitted a member of that confederacy. This event happened in the year 1351. The four cantons yielded the pre-eminence to Zurich: a privilege it enjoys at present, being the first canton in rank, and the most considerable in extent both of territory and power next to Berne. In the same year, Zurich was assisted by the four cantons against Albert, duke of Austria, who besieged the town, and was repulsed with great loss.

On the 26th May, 1540, the sovereign council issued a decree, importing, that whosover was desirous of becoming a citizen, should be obliged to produce a certificate of good behaviour, properly witnessed and signed, and bearing the seal of the magistrates of the place in which he formerly resided; and should, before he was enrolled among the burghers, pay ten florins if a native of Switzerland, and double that sum if a stranger. An inhabitant of the town or canton was taxed only at three florins for his admission; and all artists, and persons of learning necessary or useful to the state, were to be received gratis. In 1549, it was enacted, that the burghership should be refused to all who were not possessed of considerable riches, or who did not introduce new arts and trades. This decree was repeatedly confirmed; and in 1593 it was added, that a new citizen should not be entitled to share in the government but on the following conditions:—If an inhabitant of the canton, he must have resided in the town during ten years; if a native of Switzerland, twenty; if a foreigner, forty; and that he must build or purchase a house within the walls of Zurich: this last article was repealed in 1612. In 1597, the reception of new citizens was delayed for the first time, but only for two years; and in 1610 the admission money was augmented.

In the commencement of the seventeenth century, the government refused to receive into the sovereign council the noble families of Orel, Peffaluzz, and Muralt; which, in 1555 and 1557, had quitted Italy and settled at Zurich; these families, partly on account of having embraced the reformed religion, and partly as persons of capacity and industry, had been received into the burghership, but rendered incapable of enjoying a share in the administration of affairs. This exclusion, again confirmed in 1592, was revoked in 1673, in favour only of the family of Muralt, which exception was obtained by considerable largesses. In 1674 the family of Orel offered to disburse ten thousand florins toward the expense of repairing the fortifications, on condition of being rendered capable of election into the sovereign council: their petition was then refused, but generously granted in 1679, without the smallest equivalent. Finally, on the 7th of January, 1661, the council determined to make no more burghers; which resolution has been invariably followed.

The burghers, beside the advantage of electing their magistrates, and of aspiring to the administration of affairs, enjoyed the sole right of commerce; all strangers, and even subjects, being excluded from establishing manufactures in the city, or in any part of the canton. The burghers of Zurich were divided into thirteen tribes, one of which is

called *constaffel*, or the tribe of nobles, although it was not absolutely confined to persons of that description: it enjoyed the privilege of giving eighteen members to the sovereign council, and six to the senate, whereas each of the other tribes only supplied twelve to the former and six to the latter.

The legislative authority was vested by the burghers in the sovereign council of two hundred, consisting, however, of two hundred and twelve members drawn from the thirteen tribes, and comprising the senate or little council. This senate, composed of fifty members, including the two burgomasters, had jurisdiction in all causes civil and criminal; in the former, when the demand was of a certain importance, an appeal could be made to the council of two hundred; but in criminal affairs their sentence was final, and, when once passed, there was no possibility of obtaining any reversal or mitigation.

The canton of Zurich was divided into districts or bailliages, which are governed by bailiffs nominated by the sovereign council. These bailiffs, excepting those of Kyburgh and Groningen, could not pass capital sentence or order torture. They could arrest and interrogate the delinquent, and punish small misdemeanours by whipping or banishment from the bailliage. In capital cases they examined, made out the verbal process, and sent the felon to Zurich for further trial.

Zurich is one of seven cantons in which aristocratic privileges had been enjoyed for many centuries by the principal town of the respective canton, or in some instances by a particular or patrician class of the inhabitants of the head town. The others were Berne, Freyburg, Soleure, Lucerne, Bâle, and Schaffhausen. All these were originally, as it has been already seen, free imperial towns and places of refuge in the middle ages against feudal oppression. We have observed also how, after the declaration of independence by the three Waldstatten or forest cantons, these imperial towns, one after the other, renounced their allegiance to the empire and joined the confederation. In their new condition of sovereign independent states, their municipal administration continued to form the basis of their constitution; and thus the trades or corporations in one town, or the patrician families in another, furnished the members to the legislative and executive councils. The country districts, being mostly conquered or purchased from the neighbouring barons, transferred their allegiance to their new masters of the towns, and they were decidedly gainers by the exchange. But as, in the course of ages, the country districts grew in wealth, population, and industry, and villages became flourishing little towns, the inhabitants began to murmur at the exclusive privileges of the cities. This led to tumults and insurrections, and this feeling of discord mainly contributed to the catastrophe of 1798. By the act of mediation of 1803, all exclusive privileges were abolished, but the qualifications required of candidates for seats in the councils, joined to the duration for life of the office of councillor, secured a considerable influence to men of property and of old families. In 1814 the towns, or at least a party in each of them, strove to assume their former authority over the country, but owing to the resistance they met with, and still more, perhaps, to the conciliatory suggestions of the foreign ministers, a compromise was entered into, and the towns agreed that the country districts of each canton should return about one-third of the members of the legislature. All monopolies, which formerly fettered trade and industry, had been abolished, and were not revived. The towns acknowledged the principle of political rights being common to all classes in the state, but at the same time, by retaining the majority of the seats in the councils for themselves, they were enabled to legislate for the rest of the country, and often in spite of it, and they, likewise, retained the disposal of offices and emoluments in their own hands. The town of Zurich, for instance, returned 130 members to the great council, and the rest of the canton eighty-two. The town of Bâle returned ninety members out of 154. That of Schaffhausen, forty-eight out of seventy-four. Berne, 200 out of 299. Lucerne, 50 out of 100. Soleure, 68 out of 101. Freyburg, 108 out

of 144. In this last canton alone an aristocracy of patrician families was recognised by the law, and the members for the capital were to be selected from among those families. In all other cantons there was no aristocracy *de jure*, but all the citizens were admissible into the councils. So far the constitutions of 1814, with the exception of that of Freyburg, retained the principle of equality of rights as acknowledged by the act of mediation, but they circumscribed it materially in practice with regard to the country districts, and also by the mode of the elections. The qualifications for members were likewise considerably high. Still the constitutions of 1814 were more equitable in their principle, in all the town cantons, not excepting Freyburg, than the former exclusive ones which had existed previously to 1798.

Towards the end of 1830, the councils of Aargau and Vaud, after some popula tumults, which, however, were unattended by bloodshed, were obliged by the public voice to appoint commissions in order to frame a new constitution; and this was done on a basis similar to that of the Ticino. Thurgau and St. Gall did the same, but in a more quiet and conciliatory spirit. In the old aristocratic or town cantons, the opposition was stronger. The struggle was not only, as of old, for an equality of rights between town and country, but the towns were also divided within themselves, many of the citizens wishing for a system of direct elections, and a more general distribution of offices. At Zurich, a petition for the country districts was addressed to the burgomaster or chief magistrate, demanding a revision of the constitution, for the sake of a more equal distribution of rights between town and country. After much debate in the great council, a committee was appointed, which framed a new plan of elections, by which the country should return two-thirds of the members and the town of Zurich one-third. It was argued that, although the town did not constitute more than one-thirteenth of the population of the whole canton, yet, in consideration of its superior wealth and industry, the large share it bore of the public taxes, of its public institutions and benevolent institutions, and lastly, of its decided superiority in intelligence and instruction, it ought, in justice to itself, as well as for the general advantage of the country, to have a preponderant share of the representation, without regard to the mere calculation of numerical proportion. To this the country people agreed, and the same principle was also adopted in the new constitutions of some other cantons, such as Lucerne, Bâle, and Schaffhausen. It was not thought prudent to leave the towns, in which most of the wealth and resources of the state were centred, entirely at the mercy of the country people, whose ignorance, jealousy, and recollection of former grievances, might be easily inflamed by designing men, and might break into measures of violence, by which the property and the very existence of the towns might be endangered.

The lake of Zurich is nearly ten leagues in length, and one in breadth. This body of water is of an oblong form, and not near so large as that of Constance; but the borders are studded more thickly with villages and towns. The adjacent country is finely cultivated and well peopled; and the southern part of the lake appears bounded with the high stupendous mountains of Schwitz and Glarus: the scenery is picturesque, lively, and diversified.

The city of Zurich stands at the northern extremity of the lake, and occupies both sides of the rapid and transparent Limmat. Its environs are extremely delightful; an amphitheatre of hills gradually sloping to the borders of the waters, enriched with pastures and vines, dotted with innumerable villas, cottages, and hamlets, and backed on the west by the Utliberg, a bold and gloomy ridge stretching towards the Albis, and that chain of mountains which rises gradually to the Alps.

The town is divided into two parts; the old part, surrounded with the same ancient battlements and towers which existed in the thirteenth century; and the suburbs, which are strengthened by fortifications in the modern style, but too extensive. The ditches,

instead of being filled with stagnant water, are mostly supplied with running streams. The public walk is pleasantly situated in a lawn, at the junction of the Limmat and the Sil, an impetuous and turbid torrent, which descends from the mountains of Einsidlin; two rows of lime-trees planted by the side of the Limmat, and following its serpentine direction, afford an agreeable shade in the heat of summer. The inhabitants are very industrious, and carry on with success several manufactures: the principal are those of linens and cottons, muslins, and silk handkerchiefs. The manufacturers do not in general dwell within the walls, but the materials are mostly prepared and the work is completed in the adjacent districts. For this reason Zurich does not exhibit the activity and numbers of a great commercial city. The environs, on the contrary, are so extremely populous, that perhaps few districts in the neighbourhood of a town, whose population scarcely exceeds ten thousand inhabitants, contain within so small a compass so many souls. The streets are mostly narrow; the houses and public buildings accord more with plainness and convenience than with the elegance and splendour of a capital.

This city, as we have seen, became conspicuous in the history of the Reformation. In 1522, Zwingle published a tract, "On the Observation of Lent." This was his first work, and greatly did it irritate the Romanist party. He therefore caused an assembly to be convened by the senate of Zurich, for the purpose of adjusting existing differences. It took place on the 29th of January, 1523. He stated the doctrines he held in thirty-seven propositions, fully persuaded that they were agreeable to the gospel of Christ. At the close of the consultation, the assembly passed an edict greatly in favour of Zwingle. After its publication, his doctrine became general throughout the whole canton of Zurich, under the name of evangelical truth.

Determined to introduce it into Switzerland generally, he induced the senate to call a new assembly. It was convened on the 26th of October, 1523, and various discussions took place. One resolution of the conference was, that no images were to be allowed among Christians. In the next conference, the parties assembled discussed the mass. Zwingle maintained it was no sacrifice, and a decision to that effect was accordingly passed. These conclusions were not, however, received throughout Switzerland; the cantons of Berne, Glarus, Bâle, Schaffhausen, and Appenzell, refused to admit them. Meanwhile, Zwingle wrote several books in defence of his doctrines, and they were making progress in various directions.

The public library at Zurich contains about 25,000 volumes, and a few curious manuscripts. Among the latter is the original manuscript of Quintillian, that was found in the library of St. Gall, and from which the first edition of that great rhetorician was printed. The Psalms in the Greek tongue, written on parchment dyed of a violet colour, is also there. The letters are silver, excepting the initials, which are in golden characters, and the marginal references, which are red. It is similar to the celebrated *Codex Argenteus* in the library of Upsala. It is supposed to have once formed part of the *Codex Vaticanus*, preserved in the Vatican library at Rome, as both of these manuscripts are similar, and the Roman volume is deficient in the Psalms. The learned Breitinger has published a dissertation on this codex.

There are also several manuscripts of Zwingle, which prove the indefatigable industry of that celebrated reformer. Among these is his Latin Commentary on Genesis and Isaiah, and a copy of St. Paul's epistles from the Greek Testament, published by Erasmus. At the end is written an inscription in the Greek tongue, signifying, "Copied by Ulric Zwingle, 1415." It was presented to the public library by Ann Zwingle, the last survivor of his illustrious race. There are also three Latin letters from Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger, in 1551, 1552, and 1553. These letters, written with her own hand, breathe a spirit of the most unaffected piety, and prove the extraordinary progress which this unfortunate and accomplished princess, though only in the sixteenth year of her age, had made in

various branches of literature. The Greek and Hebrew quotations show that she was well acquainted with those languages. This library is rich in the best editions of the classics; and particularly in the early impressions of the fifteenth century.

The library of the cathedral belonging to the Caroline College contains several manuscripts of the reformers Bullinger, Pelican, Bibliander, and Leon Juda; particularly the translation of the Talmud by Pelican and Bibliander, which has never been printed; also sixty volumes of letters from Zwingle and the early reformers, with a complete index. This collection, so interesting to ecclesiastical history, was formed by Henry Hottinger, the learned author of the "History of the Reformation," renowned for his extensive erudition, and particularly for his profound skill in oriental literature. The librarian pointed out an ancient manuscript of the Latin Vulgate, called *Codex Carolinus,* and supposed to have been a present from Charlemagne; but without foundation, for it is certainly of much later date, probably of the eleventh century. Among the rare books is the Latin Bible, translated by Pelican, Bibliander, and Leon Juda, printed at Zurich in 1545.

"Zurich," says Coxe, "notwithstanding its five centuries of literary illustration, has not made much progress in its judiciary administration, of which, being purely arbitrary, it is not very easy to give an account. The proceedings are carried on in secret, without any check as to the extent of the punishment inflicted but the conscience of the judge, or, what is worse still, a company of judges. The youngest judge inquires into the case and reports on it; his decision, upon which the rank of the prisoner, his connexions, and the solicitations of his friends, are not without their influence, is generally adopted. Corruption here is never venal, and this is the most you can say in favour of their administration of justice.

"The torture (flogging) was till very lately applied *ad libitum,* to extort the confession of the prisoner, which was deemed necessary to convict him; but, in consequence of a late law passed in council, a special order of the court is now required in each particular case, prescribing the number of lashes! It certainly seems very strange in this age to see a republic, first in rank in the Helvetic body, and deemed the Athens of Switzerland, passing laws for regulating the torture! They are sensible of the abuse it is liable to, since they wish to limit the extent of it, yet do not see that the whole system is a gross abuse, as absurd as it is barbarous. During the French occupation of Switzerland, the administration of justice was subjected to a criminal code, from which the torture was excluded; but when, in 1802, under the mediation of Buonaparte, protector of the Helvetic league, the restoration of the federal government took place, all the old abuses were carefully reinstated along with it, the mediator being well aware, that with the *paternal* government so constituted, he could do what he pleased with the *family.* The administration of justice in France, with all its imperfections, is much superior to that of most of the Swiss cantons. In Italy, the people talk with admiration of the *Justizia Francese,* as infinitely superior to their own: it is all comparative."

The spirit of the citizens of Zurich is, however, displayed throughout the history of their canton. A great aptitude for business, an activity carried at some times to restlessness, a love of independence, a mercantile spirit not free from cupidity, a bravery often excited to rashness, a love of instruction with a tendency to cavilling, and liberality without profusion, have been pointed out as the qualities most conspicuous in their character. More open, frank independence, and more liberality of sentiment, are apparent at Zurich than in any other of the large towns of Switzerland. Its magistrates were respected for their integrity and justice, and the other cantons paid a willing deference to their opinion in those matters which concerned the whole confederation. In their domestic dissensions and foreign disputes there have ever been found a vitality and energy in their public spirit which has repeatedly rescued them from destruction when they seemed to be tottering

on its very verge. Arts, sciences, and letters have also found more encouragement at Zurich than in any other town of Switzerland.

Agriculture is perhaps better cultivated in this than in most other parts of Switzerland; manuring is well understood, and irrigation is successfully practised. "Anywhere in the neighbourhood of Zurich," says Inglis, "one is struck with the extraordinary industry of the inhabitants, and if we learn that a proprietor here has a return of ten per cent., we are inclined to say 'he deserves it.' It is impossible to look at a field, a garden, a hedge, scarcely even a tree or a flower, without perceiving proofs of the extreme care and industry that are bestowed on the cultivation of the soil. If, for example, a path leads through or by the side of a field of grain, the corn is not, as in England, permitted to lie over the path, but is everywhere bounded by a fence. If you look into a field towards evening, where there are large beds of cauliflower or cabbage, you will find that every single plant has been watered. In the gardens, which around Zurich are extremely large, the most punctilious care is evinced in regard to the culture of every product."

"I have seldom entered a rural dwelling," says Dr. Bowring, "without finding one or more looms in it employed in the weaving of silk or cotton. If the labours of the field demand the hands of the peasant, his wife or children are occupied in manufacturing industry. When lighter toils suffice for the agricultural part of the family exertions, the females and the young people resign the loom to the father or the brothers. The interstices of agricultural labour are filled up by manufacturing employment; and in more than half of the operations of Zurich the farmer and the weaver are united."

Zurich is still called the Athens of German Switzerland. Science and literature have been cultivated in that city for ages, and many valuable works have issued from its presses. Of one of its most celebrated men, Coxe has left the following record:—

"I did not omit waiting upon Solomon Gesner, the celebrated author of the death of Abel, and of several idyls, which for their delicate and elegant simplicity are justly esteemed. They abound with those nice touches of exquisite sensibility which discover a mind warmed with the finest sentiments; and love is represented in the chastest colouring of innocence, virtue, and benevolence. Nor has he confined his subjects merely to the tender passion; paternal affection, and filial reverence, gratitude, humanity, in short every moral duty is exhibited and inculcated in the most pleasing and affecting manner. He has for some time renounced poetry, in order to assume the pencil; and painting is at present his favourite amusement. A treatise which he has published on landscapes discovers the elegance of his taste and the versatility of his genius; while his compositions in both kinds prove the resemblance of the two arts, and that the conceptions of the poet and the painter are congenial. His drawings in black and white are preferable to his paintings; for, although the ideas in both are equally beautiful or sublime, the colouring is inferior to the design. He has published a handsome edition of his writings in quarto, in which every part of the work is carried on by himself; he prints them at his own press, and is at once both the drawer and engraver of the plates. It is to be lamented that he has renounced poetry; for, while ordinary writers spring up in great plenty, authors of real genius are rare and uncommon. His drawings are seen only by a few; but his writings are dispersed abroad, translated into every language, and will be admired by future ages, as long as there remains a relish for true pastoral simplicity, or taste for original composition. He is plain in his manners, open, affable, and obliging in his address, and of singular modesty."

Another sketch from the same pen is not a little amusing:—

"I called upon Mr. Lavater, a clergyman at Zurich, and celebrated physiognomist, who has published four large volumes in quarto upon that fanciful subject. That particular passions have a certain effect upon particular features, is evident to the most common observer; and it may be conceived, that an habitual indulgence of these passions

may possibly, in some cases, impress a distinguishing mark on the countenance; but that a certain cast of features constantly denotes certain passions, and that by contemplating the countenance we can infallibly discover also the mental qualities, is an hypothesis liable to so many exceptions, as render it impossible to establish a general and uniform system. Nevertheless, Mr. Lavater, like a true enthusiast, carries his theory much further: for he not only pretends to discover the character and passions by the features, by the complexion, by the form of the head, and by the motion of the arms, but he also draws some inferences of the same kind even from the hand-writing. And indeed his system is formed upon such universal principles, that he applies the same rules to all animated nature, extending them, not only to brutes, but even to insects. That the temper of a horse may be discovered by its countenance, will not, perhaps, strike you as absurd; but did you ever hear before that any quality could be inferred from the physiognomy of a bee, an ant, or a cockchafer? While I give my opinion thus freely concerning Mr. Lavater's notions, you will readily perceive that I am not one of those who are initiated into the mysteries of his art.

"Mr. Lavater has not merely confined himself to physiognomy. He has composed sacred hymns and national songs, which are much esteemed for their simplicity. He has also given to the public numerous works on sacred subjects. I am concerned to add, that the ingenious author extends to religion the same enthusiasm which he has employed in his researches on physiognomy, and in his poetical compositions; the warmth of his imagination hurries him on to adopt whatever is most fanciful and extraordinary; to outstep the limits of sober reason; to be an advocate for the efficacy of absolute faith; for inward illuminations; for supernatural visions; and for the miraculous effects of what is called *animal magnetism* in the cure of disorders.

"The insinuating address of Mr. Lavater, the vivacity of his conversation, the amenity of his manners, together with the singularity and animation of his style, have contributed more to diffuse his system and principles, than sound arguments or deep learning, which are not to be found in his lively but desultory compositions."

Another name specially deserving remembrance is that of John Jacob Bodmer, a native of Zurich. The romantic character of the district in which he passed his early years impressed itself so forcibly on his memory, that in a letter written at the age of eighty, he paints it circumstantially and in lively colours. His father, finding that he had a strong reluctance to become a clergyman, and an equally strong love for literature, to which he does not appear to have been very favourably disposed, sent him, in 1718, to Geneva, and afterwards to Lugano, to learn the manufacture of silk.

He now travelled to various parts of Italy, studied its poets, wrote sonnets, and convinced his employers that he would never make a merchant. It was not long, therefore, before he returned home, where he spent the chief portion of his time in literary pursuits. General literature was then at a very low ebb in Germany; the learned wrote in Latin; and the public were contented with spiritless, servile imitations of foreign models. Bodmer became ambitious of developing the natural genius and taste, and says, in writing to a friend, "I should like to improve the German taste, if possible;" and accordingly, with Hagenbuch and Breitinger, he established a weekly periodical, the "Painter of Manners," a faithful imitation of "the Spectator," but, of course, without its polish.

Some years after, Bodmer and Breitinger published at Leipsic and Frankfort a remarkable work, "On the influence and use of the Imagination towards the Improvement of Taste." In this, they distinguished the then fashionable bombast from true sublimity, censured the prevalent artificial and laboured style, condemned the pedantic and ridiculous use of foreign words, and recommended the classics and English writers as models, instead of the affectations of the Italian poets, who were then in favour with the

Germans. Their own style was yet far from perfect, but the good sense of this appeal from the artificial to the natural was evident at once, and productive of important results.

In 1725 Bodmer was appointed to the chair of history at Zurich; he became, too, a partner in a printing and bookselling business, in which great projects were contemplated; and also the author of a long series of works. They contain much that is valuable, but he did not accomplish as a poet all he supposed. It is amusing to read the following passage from one of his letters, written in his seventy-eighth year: "In the bloom of my years poetry was not yet in existence. Then she stood on the isthmus of the Saturnine age. Hagedorn, Glecin, Klopstock came, and with them the silver times; then the spring of a golden period. No summer follows this spring. We are falling back into iron days, in which, however, it is true, mild and gently powerful rays break forth, like sunbeams in winter." Schlegel has compared the sensations produced by his poem of "Noah," which its author regarded with great complacency, to those felt by a person when travelling on a very rough road in a carriage without springs. But to Bodmer the merit is due of pointing out to the Germans their forgotton treasures of national poetry, and of zealously vindicating the taste of the English classics against the frigidity of Gottsched. He held the professorship of history for fifty years, and resigned the chair to one of his most beloved pupils, Henry Fuessli. In Bodmer's correspondence with Zellweger, Gulzer, and Schinz, there is a rich store of materials for the literary history of the time, and especially for that of the progress of theology and general science at Zurich.

The history of Zurich, however, presents before us a galaxy of celebrated names, associated with the physical sciences, philosophical and political studies, history, philology, geography, literature, poetry, music, and painting.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAKE OF WALLENSTADT—GLARUS—KLÖNTHAL—THE BATHS OF PFEFFERS—THE VIA MALA.

THE lake of Wallenstadt is about twelve miles in length and two in breadth; it is entirely bounded by high mountains, except to the east and west. From this situation a breeze generally blows from those two quarters, beginning at break of day, and continuing for some hours, then changes from west to east till sunset: this breeze is very convenient for the transportation of the merchandise. Sometimes, however, a violent north wind rushes down from the mountains, and renders the navigation dangerous. Terrible tales are told of the tempests on this lake, as indeed on all the lakes enclosed, as this is, by mountains; government has, therefore, thought proper to interfere for the safety of ignorant or rash travellers, forbidding the boatmen to venture out at all under certain circumstances of weather, obliging them, in more dubious cases, to keep close along the southern shore, where there are harbours, and allowing no boat to remain more than three years in use. The most dangerous is supposed to be the north wind, which, falling vertically, furrows the surface of the water into deep short waves that are said to suck in every floating thing. The lake is, however, seldom more than two miles across, so that sail where you will you cannot lose sight of either bank.

The scenery of the lake is exceedingly wild and picturesque, and affords a perpetual variety of beautiful and romantic scenes. On the side of Glarus, the mountains, which form its borders, are chiefly cultivated, enriched with wood or fine meadows, and studded with cottages, churches, and small villages; the Alps of Glarus rising behind, their tops covered with snow. On the other side, for the most part, the rocks are grotesque, craggy, inaccessible, and perpendicular; but here and there a few cultivated necks of land are formed at the very edge of the lake, and at the bottom of these very rocks, exhibiting a beautiful contrast to the barrenness above and around them. Numberless waterfalls, occasioned by the melting of the snows, fall down the sides of the mountains from a very considerable height, and with an almost inconceivable variety; some of them seeming to glide gently in circular directions; others forming vast torrents, and rushing into the lake with noise and violence; all of them changing their form and their position as the traveller approaches or recedes from them. The lake is exceedingly clear, deep, and cold, and is said never to be frozen.

This part of the country has always been subject to earthquakes. Thirty-three are on record as having happened in the seventeenth century, and eighty-seven in the eighteenth; that is, thirty-seven between August, 1701, and February, 1702; fifty between September, 1763, and May, 1764; "but," says Coxe, "the geological revolutions, indicated by the general appearances of this district, are far beyond the power of common earthquakes, which are, indeed, more likely to have been an effect than a cause; for the vast vacuities left between and among the fragments of the old earth's

crust, when they settled into their present positions, would naturally become so many gasometers, occasionally filling with an elastic fluid, the sudden expansion, rarefaction, or possibly inflammation of which now heaves, at times, their ponderous coverings, and communicates to the surface of our earth those undulations, denominated earthquakes, which spread terror and dismay among its inhabitants.

" Geology is certainly no mean auxiliary of the picturesque, for imagination will ever follow with peculiar delight the traces of a former world. It is roused to mighty contemplation at the sight of piles and rocks, as high as the clouds, recumbent on a bed of fern, and at finding the remains of animals, that once sported on the summits of other Alps, now buried beneath the very base and foundations of ours. In the course of our voyage, approaching sometimes the northern, but oftener the southern shore, which is rent in several places from top to bottom, we happened to pass close by one of these great fissures. It was dark as night itself; invisible torrents roared down its precipices; nothing human could climb their sides, or breathe in their eternal mist; as the eye

LAKE IN THE KLÖNTHAL.

measured in wonder the fearful height, and dwelt on the heavenly softness of the mountain verdure seen through the opening at the top, we could scarcely believe our senses when we discovered peasants making hay quietly on the brink of such an abyss, thousands of feet above our head, on the northern shore of the lake, at the foot of its abrupt rampart, close to its tremendous cataracts, the greatest perhaps in Switzerland. On the very promontories of earth and stone, originally brought by them, we often descried a farm-house, with its grove of umbrageous walnuts, its meadows, and husbandmen at their work. A nearer approach to what appeared a perpendicular wall of rocks, enabled us to detect some slight marks of a climbing path, where notched logs, or sticks driven into holes, or overhanging branches and withy ropes leading from one beetling shelf to another, showed that a strong hand and steady step left nothing inaccessible to the ingenuity and perseverance of man. Enormous as the mountain appeared before, such points of comparison as these swelled its dimensions at once to an oppressive excess, from which the eye turned with a sort of dread."

The villagers of Wallenstadt at the upper end of the lake, like those of Wesen on the

lower, have been boatmen and mule-drivers from time immemorial, under the Roman prefects, under the Ostrogoths, the Huns, and the Saracens; under Massena and the French army; and are now at the service of all travellers.

At so remote a period as the seventh century, a companion of Columba built a chapel consecrated to St. Hilarius, in a remote valley of the Alps, near the source of the Linth, which afterwards gave its name to the canton of Glarus, a corruption of Hilarius. The canton is, however, sometimes called Glarus. It was subsequently inhabited by serfs of the abbey of Seckingen, by strangers who farmed lands of the abbey, and a few free-holders. Twelve noble families were bound to military service for the abbey, thirty-four more paid a small fee. The mayor appointed by the abbey elected the judges, from whose sentences the appeal lay to the lady abbess, who was regarded as a mother by the people. Capital punishment could be inflicted only by the emperor, to whom two hundred livres were paid every year at Martinmas. The tenants paid fixed rents in proportion to the produce of their lands. The judicial fines also went to the abbey, and this was a great source of seignorial revenue. The mayorship of Glarus remained for three hundred years in the family of Tschudi, one of the most ancient in Switzerland, which has since given seventeen landammans to their canton, produced many warriors, and the oldest historian of the Helvetic confederacy. It is said by some, that the Tschudis were originally descended from a Scythian slave freed by the emperor Louis IV., who publicly took a denier from his hand as the price of his emancipation. The serfs of the sovereign were considered nearly as equal to freemen.

Albert, duke of Austria, repaired to Brougg, in Aargau, in the month of August, 1351, and there he assembled his forces. The city of Zurich sent a deputation to compliment him, and offer him presents. He received the deputies with apparent friendship, not manifesting his intention to them, except in as far as demanding the release of his relative, Count John of Hapsburg, who was kept prisoner in their town. But as soon as the deputies had left him, he assembled his bailiffs and vassals, and imparted to them his intention of taking a signal vengeance on the people of Zurich. He then formally demanded of the Zurichers that they should rebuild the town and castle of Rapperschwyl at their own expense, and restore the Marches, of which they had taken possession. Upon their refusal to comply with these conditions, he laid siege to Zurich with a considerable force. The Waldstatten ran to arms for the assistance of their new confederate. The duke of Austria, on his side, summoned the people of Glarus for their contingent. The latter refused, saying that "they were under the protection of the empire, and subject to the abbey of Seckingen, and bound to take up arms in defence of these, but not for the private wars of the dukes of Austria." The duke, however, in his quality of *vogt* or warden of the abbey, understood the matter otherwise. Besides he wished to occupy the country of Glarus, in order to check the people of Schwitz on that side, and prevent them from sending succour to Zurich. But the Schwitzers, anxious to secure their own frontiers, were beforehand with him; they occupied the country of Glarus in November of the same year, 1351, without striking a blow, and Glarus was received into the Swiss confederation, of which it formed the sixth canton. The people continued, however, with the honesty of the old Swiss, to pay their dues to the monastery of Seckingen until 1395, when the abbess allowed them to redeem themselves.

The central portion of Glarus consists of the long narrow valley of Linth, into which there is but one road; and of two small lateral valleys, to neither of which there is any access except by the principal valley. The rest of the surface is mostly covered with mountains, belonging to different ranges, which in general rise higher than those in the neighbouring cantons. The Doediberg, at its southern extremity, the loftiest summit in eastern Switzerland, is 11,765 feet in height; the Glarnish is 9,630 feet, and the Wiggis

7,444 feet high. The Linth, its principal river, runs in a northern direction through the entire canton into the lake of Wallenstadt, which forms a part of its northern boundary. Besides this and the lake of the Klönthal, there are many other small lakes in the mountains. Glaciers also are very numerous, and the scenery is very striking.

Orchards of plum, pear, cherry, apricot, almond, and other trees, are sufficiently plentiful, and, in some parts, the vine is cultivated, but very little grain, or other agricultural produce, is obtained. The mountain sides supply fine pasturage for sheep and goats. This canton is the peculiar seat of the manufacture of *Schabzieger*, or green cheese. This is made of cows' milk, and not of goats', as its name might seem to imply. The peasants bring down from the mountains the curd in sacks. The cheese owes its peculiar appearance, smell, and flavour to the blue pansy. This herb is grown in small inclosures, beside most of the cottages; it is then dried, ground into powder, and in this state thrown into the mill along with the curd, in the proportion of three pounds of one, to a hundred pounds of the other. After being turned for about two hours and a half, the mixture is ready to be put into shapes, where it is kept until it dries sufficiently to be ready for use.

The Mouottathal is a valley of Switzerland, situated in the canton of Schwitz; it derives its name from the river Mouotta, by which it is watered, and which flows into the lake of Lucerne, or the Waldstätter See, between three and four miles, in a direct line to the westward of the town, or rather village, of Schwitz, the capital of the canton. The length of this valley is nine or ten miles, and its direction is pretty nearly from west to east. It has all the appearances of fertility, and its smiling landscape is set off by the contrast of a stupendous rampart of mountains which screen it, though not too closely, on almost every side. Towards its eastern extremity is the village of Mouotta, a small collection of cottages, possessing a church, which, for a long time, held the second rank in the canton, and used to be visited by numerous pilgrims from the neighbouring territories of Uri and Unterwalden. The eastern boundary of this valley is the lofty mount Praghel, which stretches also along a portion of its northern side; this mountain here forms the limit between the cantons of Schwitz and Glarus, sloping down upon the side of the latter into the Klönthal, or valley of the little river Klon.

The entrance to this valley is between two and three miles from the town of Schwitz; it begins near a little village bearing the name of Schönenbuch. The most direct communication between the towns of Schwitz and Glarus, is by the Mouottathal; the road passes through the whole length of the valley, then to the summit of the Praghel, and down its opposite slope into the Klönthal, traversing the whole length also of this latter valley, which extends to within a short distance of the Glarus. The difficulties of this route are very great; the passage of the mountain is an especially arduous task. Simond crossed it, and performed the whole journey between Glarus and Schwitz: he speaks in strong terms of the labour which attended its accomplishment. A considerable time was spent in the ascent of the Praghel, which rose from the Klönthal, "in all its pride, craggy, bare, and gray;" the summit was deserted by all living creatures except the birds of prey, "now hovering over its precipices, while their keen glance explored every secret recess; then gliding obliquely down on motionless wings, yet swift as thought, in pursuit of some imperceptible object." The descent of the opposite slope, towards the close of the Mouotta, is by a very steep winding path, or rather succession of slippery steps coarsely cut into the rock; down this precarious way, horses and mules, laden with a weight of more than two hundred pounds, will manage to find a passage, often with their hind feet above the level of their ears, and occasionally, indeed, placed in such situations as to need the driver to assist them, and hold them back by the tail.

Coxe mentions, in reference to this valley, a curious circumstance which was commu-

nicated to him by General Pfyffer, the same patient ingenious old man, whose model in relief of a large portion of Switzerland we described in a notice of the town of Lucerne. As a proof of the astonishing confidence mutually entertained by the inhabitants, the General pointed out to him, "on each side of the road that runs through the valley of Mouotta, in the canton of Schwitz, several ranges of small shops, uninhabited, yet filled with various goods, of which the prices are marked; any passenger who wishes to become a purchaser, enters the shop, takes away the merchandise, and deposits the price, which the owners call for in the evening." We find no mention of this very comfortable mode of doing business in more recent writers; it passed away, probably, with those days of pastoral simplicity in which alone it could prevail, and which certainly did exist at no very remote period in some of the more retired among the Swiss valleys.

This valley, however, derives its chief interest from the sanguinary scenes of which it was the theatre at the close of the last century; like many other parts of Switzerland, till that time as little known, its peaceful retirement was then rudely disturbed by the fierce encounter of hostile armies. At the close of the year 1798, the ancient government of the Swiss was no longer in existence, and their territory was in the hands of the republican soldiers of France. Soon afterwards war was renewed between the French and Austrians; and the latter having gained the decisive victory of Stockach, in Suabia, on the 21st of March, 1799, passed on to the westward, and entered Switzerland in force, with the intention of following up their success and expelling their enemies from that country. Its poor inhabitants suffered severely in the struggle which ensued; their inclination in general led them to support the Austrians, but many were compelled by the French to take up arms against them. To use the words of a national historian, Zschokke, "Swiss fought against Swiss, under the banners both of Austria and France; tumults and revolts, sometimes occasioned by carrying into effect the act of conscription, sometimes from the desire of favouring the Austrian arms, prevailed in every direction. In the mean time, in the valleys in the highest Alps, and on the shores of the lakes, the din of foreign arms was heard; one field of battle was left reeking close to another, and men and horses were seen traversing mountain ridges known hitherto only to the chamois hunter. Never, since the occupation of the country by the Romans, the Allemanni, and Burgundians, had Switzerland experienced such overwhelming misery."

The success of the contending armies was varied; the Grison country, and that mountain chain which includes the sources of the Rhine, were successively lost and won by both. In the month of June the Austrians, everywhere victorious, had advanced on the south to the pass of St. Gothard, and on the north to the town of Zurich and the borders of the Rhine. By the middle of August they were again driven back on the southern part of their line; and the French remained undisputed masters of the St. Gothard, and of nearly the whole of the cantons of Schwitz and Uri. The Mouottathal was one of the districts from which the Austrians were thus expelled, and their efforts to retain it were among the most strenuous which they displayed. They took post on the bridge at the village Mouotta, and bravely repulsed the body of French troops sent to attack them by the right hand of the river; of course when a second came up along the left bank, and placed them between two fires, they could hold their station no longer. Soon afterwards the mass of the Austrian forces quitted Switzerland, with the Archduke Charles, to take the field in Germany; their place was supplied by 30,000 Russians, who succeeded to the position which they had occupied in the town of Zurich, on the northern border of the lake of that name, and on the northern bank of the river Limmat. General Hotze, with the remainder of the Austrian force, 29,000 men, continued the line to the south, on the banks of the Linth. Immediately to the westward were the French under their able leader, Massena; their principal strength was gathered upon the Albis, and upon the high ground whence they could watch their opponents about Zurich.

For more than three weeks after the change had been effected, both armies remained in a state of inactivity; but, in the meanwhile, the allies had been occupied in the formation of a project, which they fondly hoped would lead to the expulsion, if not the annihilation, of the French force. The famous Suwarrow, the conqueror of the Poles and the Turks, was then, with nearly 30,000 Russians, in the north of Italy, where he had been reaping fresh laurels from his successes against the French; if he could be brought with his veteran troops into Switzerland, it was thought that the most sanguine results might fairly be anticipated. Accordingly it was arranged that he should cross the Alps by the pass of the St. Gothard, and march at once northward into Massena's rear; the troops in his front were to remain quiet until this manœuvre was executed, when the French would find themselves placed between two armies.

Suwarrow forced the St. Gothard, as already described, on the 24th of September, driving before him the French troops, who attempted to obstruct his passage; he arrived on the 26th at Altorf, and finding the banks of the Lucerne, or Waldstatten lake, to be impracticable, he boldly determined to force his way across the mountains into the valley of the Mouotta, which would lead him to the heart of the canton of Schwitz. There was no known route by which he could traverse the intervening tract of country; but the bold Russian was not to be deterred, and he resolved to explore one. He first penetrated through the Schachenthal, then through the Kientzigthal; next he crossed the mountain called the Kientzighoulm, and descended into a narrow valley, or rather water-course, which led him into the Mouottathal, through the opening which lies opposite to the village of the Mouotta.

Suwarrow reached the village of Mouatta with the main body of his army, on the 27th of September; and bitter must have been his mortification then, to learn that all his combinations had been ruined; that Massena, well apprised of the project of getting into his rear, had put 50,000 troops into motion on the very day the St. Gothard was forced, and attacked the armies in his front; that Hotze was killed, and his successor Petrarch in full flight to the Rhine; and that Korsakau, leaving Zurich, had been defeated in a murderous conflict, and was also retreating in the direction of that river. The defeat of this latter General was indeed complete, thousands of his Russians being slain; and so unexpected was it, that Massena and his staff are said to have sat down to a sumptuous dinner which had been prepared in Zurich at the house of the British minister, to celebrate the passage of the Alps by Suwarrow. Yet, in spite of this bad news, the boldness and energy of Suwarrow did not forsake him; he wrote to Korsakau and his generals, that they should answer with their heads for every further step that they retreated;—"I am coming," he said, "to repair your faults." He marched quickly towards the opening of the Mouottathal with the intent of passing round towards the east, and doing something to retrieve the posture of affairs; but his active enemies met him at its very mouth, not far from the town of Schwitz.

A desperate battle ensued; the carnage was terrible, and the torrent was encumbered for several days with the bodies of the dead of both nations. The guide who conducted Simond to the top of the Mount Righi, gave him, as we have seen, an animating description of these conflicts; from that summit, the entrance to the Mouottathal, "a narrow gorge between high mountains, with a torrent issuing out of it," was distinctly visible. "The bridge was," he says, "taken and retaken many times; the mingled blood of the two nations crimsoned the stream which carried down their floating bodies." Suwarrow strove hard, and was very near forcing his way; at length he desisted, and turning round, sought a passage by the difficult route we have already described over the Praghel to Glarus, harassed all the while by his enemies, who kept his rear continually fighting. When he reached the outlet of the valley of Glarus, he found it already occupied by the French; and having, therefore, explored another mountain route, he managed to reach the town

of Coire in the Grisons, on the 4th of October, having lost one-fourth of his numbers in the eleven days which he had spent in marching and fighting since his departure from Italy.

The inhabitants of the Mouottathal were grievously injured by this war; Ebel tells us that at the commencement of the year 1800, between six and seven hundred of them—that is, three-fourths of their whole number—were reduced to such a state of indigence as to be obliged to inscribe their names on the list of the poor. The same was the case with one-fourth of the remaining population of the canton, so completely had its prosperity, "the work of 500 years of peace," been destroyed in two short years of warfare. Many resorted to emigration; and hundreds of children were dispersed into other parts of Switzerland, there to find the shelter of which they had been deprived in their native valleys. Yet all this misery has now passed away. "Time," says Simond, "and patient industry, have effaced all traces of calamities seemingly so recent, and Schwitz appears at present one of the most prosperous of the Swiss cantons."

"Among the strange places," says Dr. James Johnson, "into which man has penetrated in search of treasure or health, there is probably not one on this earth, or under it, more wonderful than the baths of Pfeffers, situated in the country of the Grisons, a few miles distant from the Spulgen road, as it leads from Wallenstadt to Coire. They are little known to, and still less frequented by the English; for we could not learn that any of our countrymen had visited them during the summer of 1834.

"Having procured five small and steady horses accustomed to the locality, a party of three ladies and two gentlemen started from the little town of Ragatz on a beautiful morning in August, and commenced a steep and zig-zag ascent up the mountain, through a forest of majestic pines and other trees. In a quarter of an hour, we heard the roar of a torrent, but could see nothing of itself or even its bed. The path, however, soon approached the verge of a dark and tremendous ravine, the sides of which were composed of perpendicular rocks several hundred feet high, and at the bottom of which the Tamina, a rapid mountain torrent, foamed along in its course to the valley of Sargans, there to fall into the Upper Rhine. The stream itself, however, was far beyond our view, and was only known by its hollow and distant murmurs. The ascent, for the first three miles, is extremely fatiguing, so that the horses were obliged to take breath every ten minutes. The narrow path (for it is only a kind of mule-track) often winded along the very brink of the precipice, on our left, yet the eye could not penetrate to the bottom of the abyss. After more than an hour of toilsome climbing, we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves in one of the most picturesque and romantic spots that can well be imagined. The road now meanders horizontally through a high, but cultivated region, towards the village of Valentz, through fields, gardens, vineyards, and meadows, studded with chaumiers and châlets perched fantastically on projecting ledges of rock, or sheltered from the winds by tall and verdant pines. The prospect from Valentz, or rather from above the village, is one of the most beautiful and splendid I have anywhere seen in Switzerland. We are there at a sufficient distance from the horrid ravine, to contemplate it without terror, and listen to the roaring torrent, thundering unseen, along its rugged and precipitous bed. Beyond the ravine we see the monastery and village of Pfeffers, perched on a high and apparently inaccessible promontory, over which rise Alpine mountains, their sides covered with woods, their summits with snow, and their gorges glittering with glaciers. But it is towards the east that the prospect is most magnificent and varied. The eye ranges, with equal pleasure and astonishment, over the valley of Sargans, through which rolls the infant Rhine, and beyond which the majestic ranges of the Rhetian Alps, ten thousand feet high, rise one over the other, till their summits mingle with the clouds. Among these ranges the Scesa-plana, the Angstenberg, the Flesch

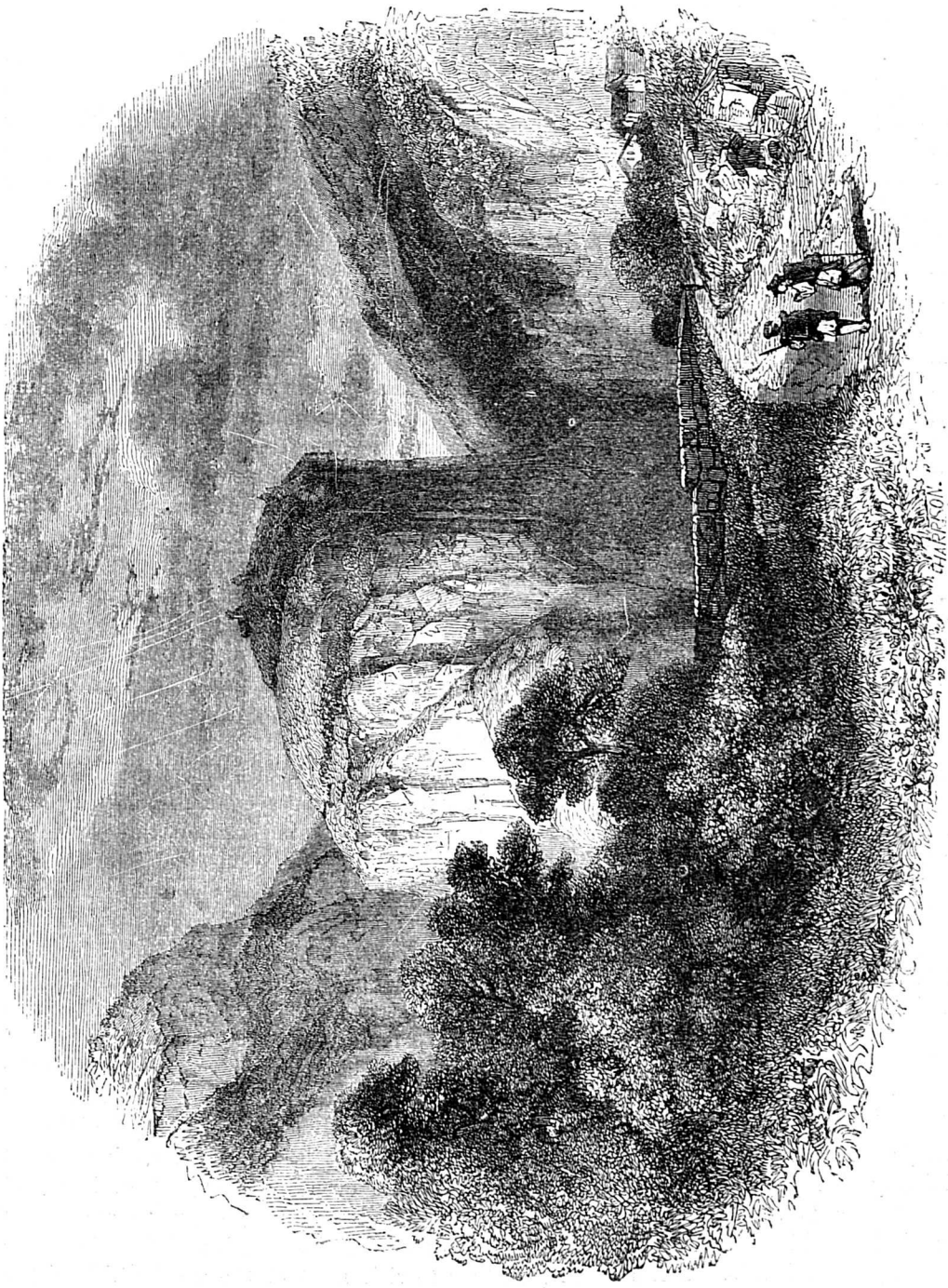
(like a gigantic pyramid), and in the distance the Alps that tower round Feldkirck are the most prominent features. During our journey to the baths, the morning sun played on the snowy summits of the distant mountains, and marked their forms on the blue expanse behind them, in the most distinct outlines. But, on our return, in the afternoon, when the fleecy clouds had assembled, in fantastic groups, along the lofty barrier, the reflexions and refractions of the solar beams threw a splendid crown of glory round the icy heads of the Rhetian Alps—changing that "cold sublimity" with which the morning atmosphere had invested them, into a glow of illumination which no pen or pencil could portray. To enjoy the widest possible range of this matchless prospect, the tourist must climb the peaks that overhang the village, when his eye may wander over the whole of the Grison Alps and valleys, even to the lake of Constance.

"From Valentz we turned abruptly down towards the ravine, at the very bottom of which are the baths of Pfeffers. The descent is by a series of acute and precipitous tourniquets, requiring great caution, as the horses themselves could hardly keep on their legs, even when eased of their riders. At length we found ourselves in the area of a vast edifice, resembling an overgrown factory, with a thousand windows, and six or seven stories high. It is built on a ledge of rock that lies on the left bank of the Tamina torrent, which chafes along its foundation. The precipice on the opposite side of the Tamina, and distant about fifty paces from the mansion, or rather hospital, rises five or six hundred feet, as perpendicular as a wall, keeping the edifice in perpetual shade, except for a few hours in the middle of the day. The left bank of the ravine, on which the hospital stands, is less precipitous, as it admits of a zig-zag path to and from the baths. The locale, altogether, of such an establishment, at the very bottom of a frightful ravine, and for ever chafed by a roaring torrent, is the most singularly wild and picturesque I had ever beheld; but the wonders of Pfeffers are not yet even glanced at.

"From the western extremity of this vast asylum of invalids, a narrow wooden bridge spans the Tamina, and by it we gain footing on a small platform of a rock on the opposite side. Here a remarkable phenomenon presents itself. The deep ravine, which had hitherto preserved a width of some 150 feet, contracts, all at once, into a narrow cleft or *crevasse*, of less than twenty feet, whose marble sides shoot up from the bed of the torrent, to a height of four or five hundred feet, not merely perpendicular, but actually inclining towards each other, so that, at their summits, they almost touch, thus leaving a narrow fissure through which a faint glimmering of light descends, and just serves to render objects visible within this gloomy cavern. Out of this recess the Tamina darts in a sheet of foam, and with a deafening noise reverberated from the rocks within and without the *crevasse*. On approaching the entrance, the eye penetrates along a majestic vista of marble walls in close approximation, and terminating in obscurity, with a narrow waving line of sky above, and a roaring torrent below! Along the southern wall of this sombre gorge, a fragile scaffold, of only two planks in breadth, is seen to run, suspended as it were in air, fifty feet above the torrent, and three or four hundred feet beneath the crevice that admits air and light from heaven into the profound abyss. This frail and frightful foot-path is continued (will it be believed?) nearly a quarter of a mile into the marble womb of the mountain! Its construction must have been a work of great difficulty and peril; for its transit cannot be made even by the most curious and adventurous travellers, without fear and trembling, amounting often to a sense of shuddering and horror. Along these two planks we crept or crawled, with faltering steps and palpitating hearts. It has been my fortune to visit most of the wonderful localities of this globe, but an equal to this I never beheld.

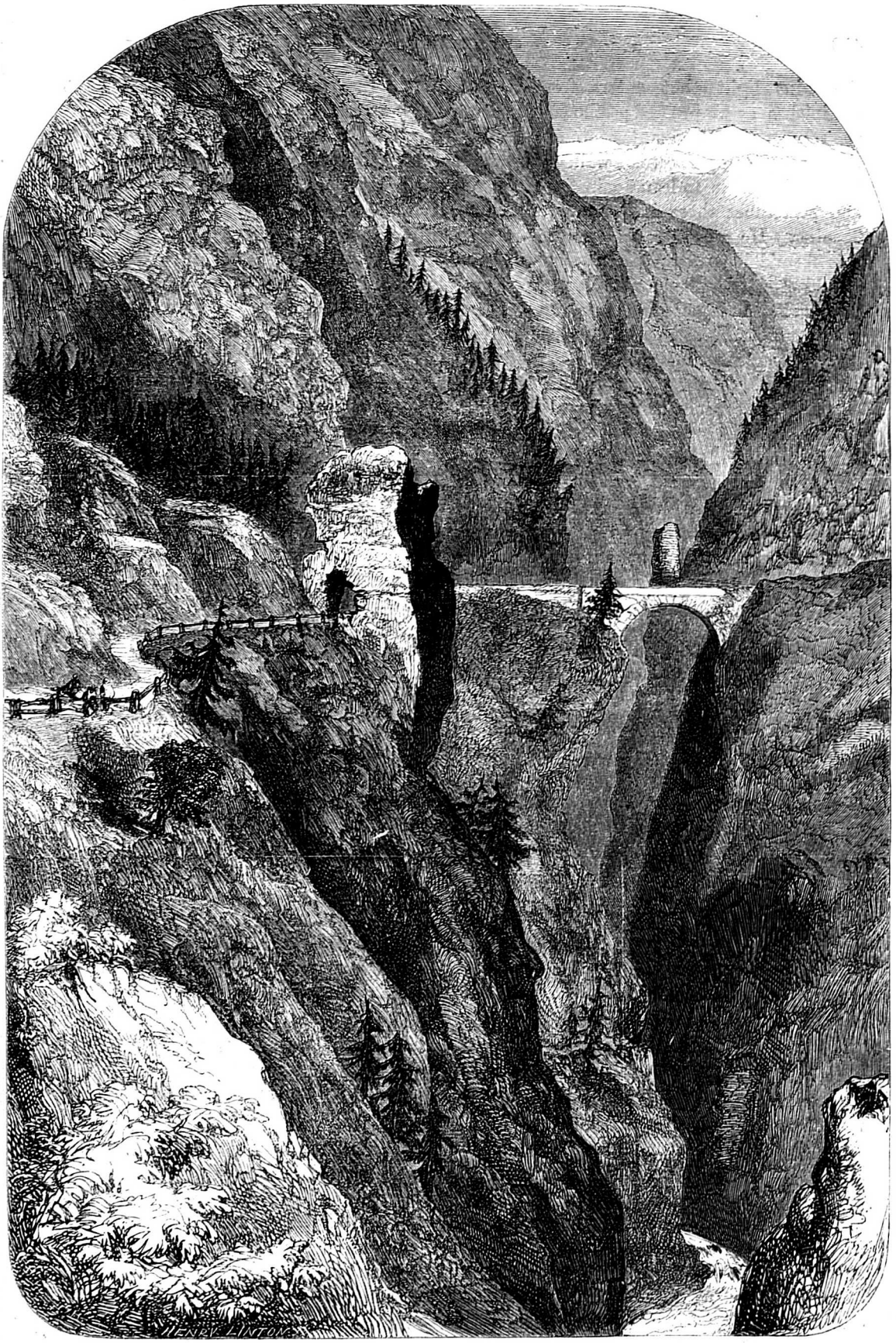
"'Imagination,' says an intelligent traveller, 'the most vivid, could not portray the portals of Tartarus under forms more hideous than those which nature has displayed in this place. We enter this gorge on a bridge of planks (*pont de planches*) sustained by

wedges driven into the rocks. It takes a quarter of an hour or more to traverse this bridge, and it requires the utmost precaution. It is suspended over the Tamina, which



ENTRANCE OF THE VIA MALA.

is heard rolling furiously at a great depth beneath. The walls of this cavern, twisted, torn, and split (les parois laterales contournées, fendues, et dechirées) in various ways, rise perpendicular, and even incline towards each other, in the form of a dome; whilst



THE VIA MALA. 2 G

the faint light that enters from the portal at the end, and the crevice above, diminishes as we proceed;—the cold and humidity augmenting the horror produced by the scene. The fragments of rock sometimes overhang this gangway in such a manner that the passenger cannot walk upright:—at others, the marble wall recedes so much, that he is unable to lean against it for support. The scaffold is narrow, often slippery; and sometimes there is but a single plank, separating us from the black abyss of the Tamina. He who has cool courage, a steady eye, and a firm step, ought to attempt this formidable excursion (épouvantable excursion) in clear and dry weather, lest he should find the planks wet and slippery. He should start in the middle of the day, with a slow and measured step, and without a stick. The safest plan is to have two guides supporting a pole, on the inside of which the stranger is to walk."

"We neglected this precaution, and four out of the five pushed on, even without a guide at all. At forty or fifty paces from the entrance the gloom increases, while the roar of the torrent beneath, reverberated from the sides of the cavern, augments the sense of danger and the horror of the scene. The meridian sun penetrated sufficiently through the narrow line of fissure at the summit of the dome to throw a variety of lights and of shadows over the vast masses of variegated marble composing the walls of this stupendous cavern, compared with which those of Salsette, Elephanta, and even Staffa, shrink into insignificance. A wooden pipe, which conveys the hot waters from their source to the baths, runs along in the angle between the scaffold and the rocks, and proves very serviceable, both as a support for one hand while pacing the plank, and as a seat, when the passenger wishes to rest, and contemplate the wonders of the cavern. At about one-third of the distance inward, I would advise the tourist to halt, and survey the singular locality in which he is placed. The inequality of breadth in the long chink that divides the dome above, admits the light in very different proportions, and presents objects in a variety of aspects. The first impression which occupies the mind is caused by the cavern itself, with reflections on the portentous convulsion of nature which split the marble rock in twain, and opened a gigantic aqueduct for the mountain torrent.

"After a few minutes' rumination on the action of subterranean fire, our attention is attracted to the slow but powerful operation of water on the solid parietes of this infernal grotto. We plainly perceive that the boisterous torrent has, in the course of time, and especially when swelled by rains, caused wonderful changes both in its bed and its banks. I would direct the attention of the traveller to a remarkable excavation formed by the waters on the opposite side of the chasm, and in a part more sombre than usual, in consequence of a bridge that spans the crevice above, and leads to the Convent of Pfeffers. This natural grotto is hollowed out of the marble rock to the depth of thirty feet, being nearly forty feet in width, by twenty-six feet in height. It is difficult not to attribute it to art; and, as the whole cavern constantly reminds us of the Tartarean Regions, this beautifully vaulted grotto seems to be fitted for the throne of Pluto and Proserpine—or, perhaps, for the tribunal of Rhadamanthus and his brothers of the Bench, while passing sentence on the ghosts that glide down this Acheron or Cocytus—for had the Tamina been known to the ancient poets, it would assuredly have been ranked as one of the rivers of Hell.

"It is surprising that the author of the 'Voyage Pittoresque en Suisse,' and even Dr. Ebell, should have been led into the monstrous error of imagining that the torrent of the Tamina had, in the course of ages, hollowed out of the marble rock this profound bed for itself. We might just as well suppose that the bed of the Mediterranean had been scooped out by the waters of the Hellespont, in their way from the Black Sea to the Atlantic. The mountain was rent by some convulsion of Nature, and apparently from below upwards, as the breadth at the bed of the Tamina is far broader than the external crevice above."

The doctor, having alluded to the spectral phenomena resulting from a perspective view into the cavern, thus proceeds :—"The laws of the road being different on the Continent from those in Old England, my plan was to screw myself up into the smallest compass, close to the rock, and thus allow passengers to steal by without opposition. We found that comparatively few penetrated to the extremity of the cavern and the source of the Thermæ—the majority being frightened, or finding themselves incapable of bearing the sight of the rapid torrent under their feet, without any solid security against precipitation into the infernal gulf. To the honour of the English ladies, I must say that they explored the source of the waters with the most undaunted courage, and without entertaining a thought of returning from a half-finished tour to the regions below.

"Advancing still farther into the cavern, another phenomenon presented itself, for which we were unable to account at first. Every now and then we observed a gush of vapour or smoke (we could not tell which) issue from the farther extremity of the rock on the left, spreading itself over the walls of the cavern, and ascending towards the crevice in the dome. It looked like an explosion of steam ; but the roar of the torrent would have prevented us from hearing any noise, if such had occurred. We soon found, however, that it was occasioned by the rush of vapour from the cavern in which the thermal source is situated, every time the door was opened for the ingress or egress of visitors to and from this natural vapour-bath. At such moments the whole scene is so truly Tartarean, that had Virgil and Danté been acquainted with it, they need not have strained their imaginations in portraying the ideal abodes of fallen angels, infernal gods, and departed spirits, but painted a Hades from nature, with all the advantage of truth and reality in its favour.

" Our ingress occupied nearly half an hour, when we found ourselves at the extremity of the parapet, on a jutting ledge of rock, and where the cavern assumed an unusually sombre complexion, in consequence of the cliffs actually uniting, or nearly so, at the summit of the dome. Here, too, the Tamina struggled, roared, and foamed through the narrow, dark, and rugged gorge with tremendous impetuosity and deafening noise, the sounds being echoed and reverberated a thousand times by the fractured angles and projections of the cavern. We were now at the source of the Thermæ. Ascending some steps cut out of the rock, we came to a door, which opened, and instantly enveloped us in tepid steam. We entered a grotto in the solid marble, but of what dimensions we could form no estimate, since it was dark as midnight, and full of dense and fervid vapour. We were quickly in a universal perspiration. The guides hurried us forward into another grotto, still deeper in the rock, where the steam was suffocating, and where we exuded at every pore. It was as dark as pitch. An owl would not have been able to see an eagle within a foot of its saucer eyes. We were told to stoop and stretch out our hands. We did so, and immersed them in the boiling—or, at least, the gurgling—source of the Pfeffers. We even quaffed at this fountain of Hygeia."

The conclusion of the adventure is thus described: " On emerging into the damp, gelid, and gloomy atmosphere of the cavern, everything appeared of a dazzling brightness after our short immersion in the Cimmerian darkness of the grotto. The transition of temperature was equally as abrupt as that of light. The vicissitude could have been little less than fifty or sixty degrees of Fahrenheit in one instant, with all the disadvantage of dripping garments ! It was like shifting the scene, with more than theatrical celerity, from the Black Hole of Calcutta to Fury Beach, or the snows of Nova Zembla. Some of the party, less experienced in the effects of travelling than myself, considered themselves destined to illustrate the well-known allegory of the discontented —and that they would inevitably carry away with them a large cargo of that which thousands come here annually to get rid of—rheumatism. I confess that I was not

without some misgivings myself on this point, seeing that we had neither the means of changing our clothes nor of drying them, except by the heat of our bodies

INTERIOR OF THE VIA MALA.

in the mountain breeze. The Goddess of Health, however, who is nearly related to the Genius of Travelling, preserved us from all the bad consequences, thermometrical and hygrometrical, of these abrupt vicissitudes.

"We retrograded along the narrow plank that suspended us over the profound abyss with caution, fear, and astonishment. The Tamina seemed to roar more loud and savage beneath us, as if incensed at our safe retreat. The sun had passed the meridian, and the gorge had assumed a far more lugubrious aspect than it wore on our entrance. The shivered rocks and splintered pinnacles that rose on each side of the torrent, in Gothic

INTERIOR OF THE VIA MALA.

arches of altitude sublime, seemed to frown on our retreating footsteps—while the human figures that moved at a distance along the crazy plank, before and behind us, frequently lost their just proportions, and assumed the most grotesque and extraordinary shapes and dimensions, according to the degree of light admitted by the narrow fissure above, and the scarcely discernible aperture at the extremity of this wonderful gorge. The Tamina, meanwhile, did not fail to play its part in the gorgeous scene—astonishing the eye by the

rapidity of its movements, and astounding the ear by the vibrations of its echoes. It seemed to growl more furiously as we receded from the depths of the *crevasse*.

"At length we gained the portal, and, as the sun was still darting his bright rays into the deepest recesses of the ravine, glancing from the marble rocks, and glittering on the boiling torrent, the sudden transition from Cimmerian gloom to dazzling daylight appeared like enchantment. While crossing the trembling bridge, I looked back on a scene which can never be eradicated from my memory. It is the most singular and impressive I have ever beheld on this globe, and compared with which the Brunnens are 'bubbles' indeed!"

So early as the year 1038 the thermal waters, which take their rise in a gorge of the Tamina, were known and appreciated, but so difficult and dangerous was access to them, that they were soon neglected, and indeed all remembrance of them passed away for two centuries. At the close of this period, it is said, a hunter, in chase of a raven's nest,—perhaps the Alpine crow,—saw the vapour oozing out of the abyss, and made known the discovery for the public welfare. But then enormous difficulties had to be encountered; and tradition tells of the imminent perils of the first patients, and of their remaining exposed to the vapours, or actually immersed in the waters, for several days together. For two autumns more the danger of a visit was scarcely diminished, for the only access was through a perforated rock, communicating with the spring by rope-ladders. In 1420, a wretched hovel was reared for the reception of invalids; and about twenty years later, a bridge was constructed at the dizzy height of 540 feet above the channel of the Tamina, but it was destroyed by fire in 1629, and never rebuilt. In 1704, a bath-house was erected, and after a slight notice of it, Mrs. Boddington* remarks:—

"Behind rolls the stormy Tamina, hemmed in at one side by the dark bath-house and the impending cliffs, while, on the other, a giant wall of perpendicular rock, starting up daringly, and shutting out the world—almost the light of heaven—closes up the scene. Our guide proposed that we should visit the mineral springs that boil up from the depth of an awful cavern, several hundred paces from the bath-house. A bridge, thrown from rock to rock, crosses the flood, and a narrow ledge of planks, fixed, I know not how, against the side of the rock, and suspended over the fierce torrent, leads through a long dark chasm to the source. I ventured but a little way; for, when I found myself on the terrifying shelf, without the slightest balustrade, and felt it slippery, from the continual spray, and saw nothing between us and the yawning gulf, to which darkness, thickening at every step, gave increased horror, I made a few rapid reflections on foolhardiness, and retreated."

About a league from the baths is the abbey of Pfeffers; which is approached by a natural bridge, and a path cut out of the rock, forming a ladder 250 feet in length. Situated exactly beside the source, on a wooden precipice, this passage discovers at its highest point a splendid view of the Galanda. This Benedictine abbey stands about 780 feet higher than the baths, and is, therefore, not less than 2,810 feet above the level of the sea. It was built in the year 720, and a few centuries after it became so celebrated, as a monastic shrine, that its abbot was created a prince of the empire—a hereditary title till the revolution of 1798, when this power reverted to the pope. For ages its demesne was extensive, embracing Sargans, and the whole valley of the Tamina.

"The Landquart, a turbulent and capricious mountain-river, flowing through the Pratigan in the Grisons, and whose junction with the Rhine occurs about six miles above the town of Sargans, has for a number of years been the means of causing the bed of the Rhine below its junction to change its level in an astonishing degree, by the immense

* "Reminiscences of the Rhine."

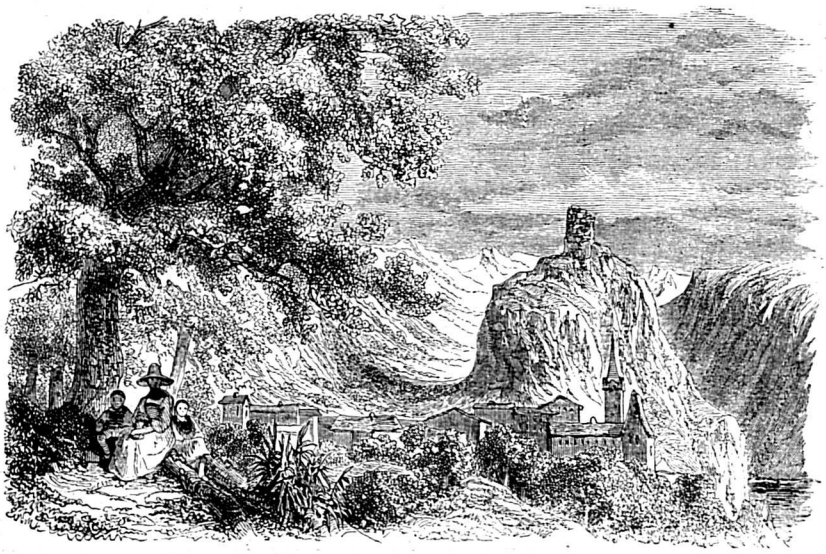
quantities of gravel, earth, and sand which it yearly dislodges, and brings down into the main stream. As the fall of the Rhine at the point of junction is considerable, and the bed narrow, this alluvial matter is carried down by the force of the current to the open country before Sargans, where the fall, and consequent velocity of the stream, is inconsiderable, and the surrounding land flat and marshy. Here, precisely opposite the valley of the Seez, which bends to the north-west, and which is only separated from the valley of the Rhine by a narrow ridge of earthy deposit, the greatest alteration in the bed of the river is observed to have taken place from the accumulation of this rubbish, and the consequent rise of the level of the stream. The geologist, M. de Buch, has measured the relative heights of the bed of the Rhine in floods, and that of the slope of the adjacent valley at this point, and finds only twenty-four feet difference. He therefore surmises that whenever the river shall, either by the gradual rise of its bed, or in an unusual flood, gain this height, or effect the smallest aperture, the greatest part of its waters must precipitate themselves into this new channel, never to return to their ancient bed. For the fall through the valley of Seez into the lake of Wallenstadt is so much greater than that in the present valley of the Rhine, that the new channel must naturally become the ordinary one."*

A group of houses, called Reichenau, appears at the junction of the two Rhines. The three sources of that noble river—the anterior, middle, and posterior—take their rise in the canton of the Grisons, which we shall speedily visit; but the valley of the Hinter Rhein, which rises to the east of the Vorder Rhein at the foot of the Piz Val Rhein, and running first north-east, and then north, for about forty miles, joins the Vorder Rhein near Reichenau. At their confluence, the two branches of the Rhine form almost a right angle—one running north and the other west; and from this point the united streams become navigable for heavy rafts. At Reichenau two covered bridges, each consisting of one arch, cross its waters.

The Via Mala is thus described by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel: "At its entrance, which is about a mile from the inn, on the right bank of the river, stands the old castle of Realt. It is built on the edge of a precipice four hundred feet in height, on a promontory which terminates the chain of the Oberhalbstein mountains, which lie between the Albula river and the Rhine. Inaccessible on three sides, it was connected with the mountains behind it by a neck of land; and here its proud lords for ages looked down on the discontent of their vassals with as little concern as on the foam and fury of the swollen river; exulted in their impregnable position, and bade defiance to every foe: while perhaps it was not without superstitious horror that they looked from the castle windows into the unexplored depths of the Trou Perdu, that mysterious region, untrodden by the foot of shepherd, hunter, or brigand, where no sound was heard but the howl of the wind or the rattle of the thunder. As we ascended, the cliffs grew higher, and the river murmured far down in its rocky bed, gleaming from time to time between the stems of pine-woods. After some distance, the road emerged into an opening in the defile, where the sun was shining on a solitary public-house by the side of the road, and where the meadows looked bright and gay. But soon the ravine closed again, and again the road was excavated from the rock or earth of the steep bank on the left or west side of the ravine. This became at length so precipitous as to arrest the engineer in his bold work; for he found himself on the narrow and artificial ledge of a precipice several hundred feet above the river without the possibility of descending, climbing, or advancing. Nothing remained but to cross the chasm by throwing an arch over it. Thus he passed to the right bank of the ravine, where still the construction of the road was far from easy, since it nearly overhangs the river, and is overhung by loftier precipices itself. On

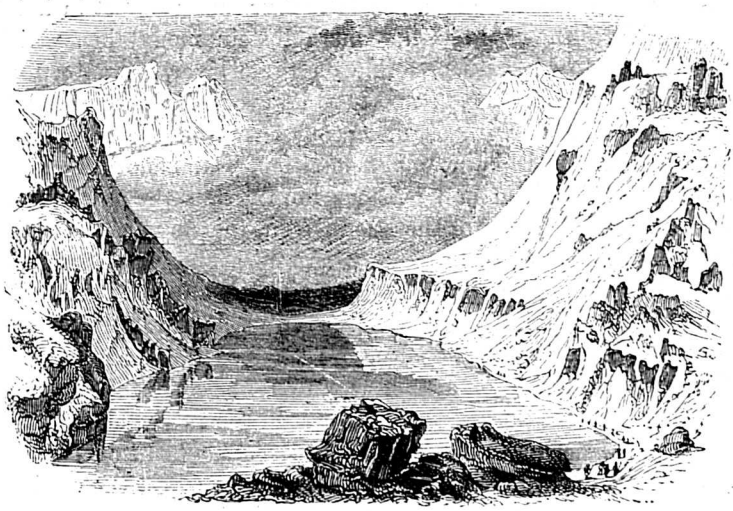
* Latrobe's Alpenstock.

that bank we advanced to a spot, where a second time the engineer was baffled by the precipice. He was now working a narrow ledge on the face of a perpendicular wall of rock, rising at least 1,400 feet above the torrent, and here actually curving over his head.



VIEW NEAR REICHENAU.

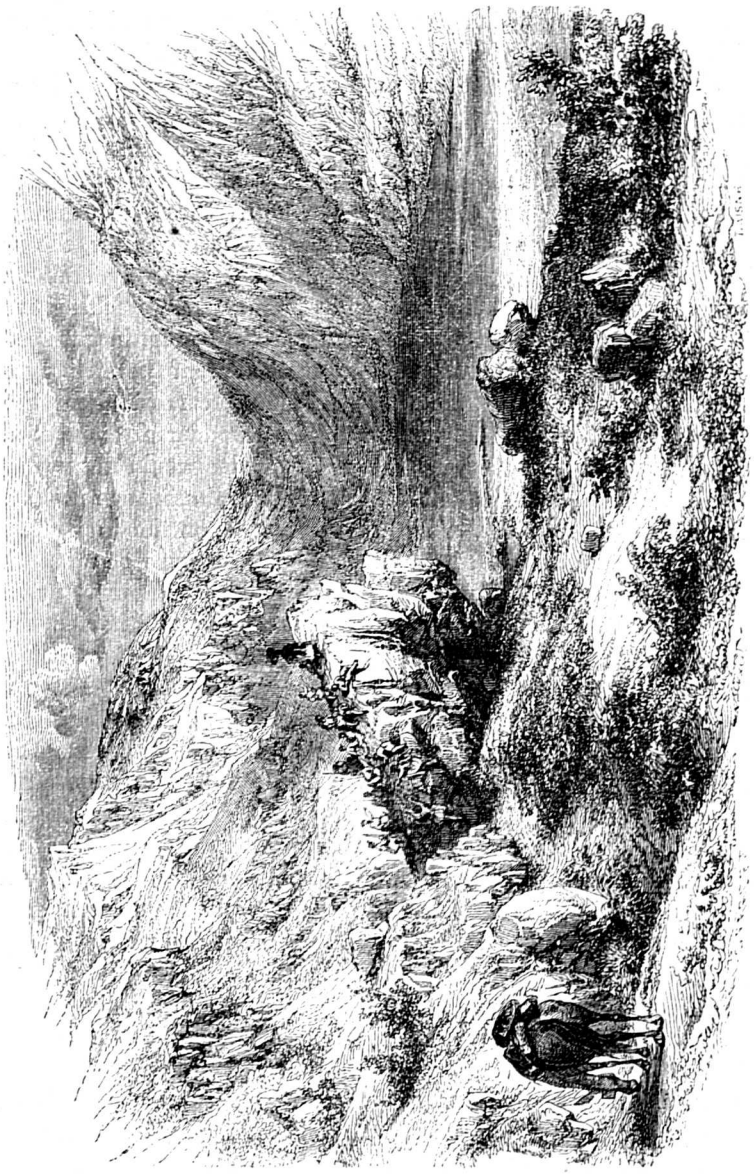
Again he must span the ravine to reach the left bank; and though the cliffs cleft by the torrent rise at this place 400 feet above its bed, they were so slightly parted, that a single arch, about thirty feet in length, could unite them. To form the scaffolding



LAKE OF THE OBER-ALP.

by which the workmen might execute this work, pines were firmly lashed together with ropes, and swung across the gulf; and on this frail bridge, rocked possibly by the gust of the tempest, with the black abyss beneath them, they constructed that arch, which still stands a monument of human skill and courage. This point is the most magnificent of

the whole ascent: all around, above, beneath, is dark, wild, and savage. The river is far down in the depth below; the brows of encircling precipices are far up in the skies overhead. To that river no foot has ever descended; to those shaggy brows no hunter has ever climbed. Farther up the ravine, you may see the rocky walls close over the torrent, which there rolls and rages in darkness, like the Tamina at Pfeffers. But who has searched these caverns? I felt insatiate of the scene, and while admitting the truth



LAKE OF THE OBER-ALP.

of the Horatian maxim, "Nil admirari sapientis est," felt no disposition to freeze up my wonder and delight into stoicism. But to drive through this via optima, which should no longer be called the Via Mala, is not to see it. He who would know it aright, ought to traverse it in storm as well as in sunshine. He ought to see the black vapours boiling up from its depths; he ought to listen when its crags answer the artillery of the thunder-

cloud; he ought to shudder on the margin of its precipices, and explore its darkest depths; he ought to muse among its blasted pines, or lie down on one of its slopes, when the summer sun in the meridian extorts from its rugged features a reluctant smile. He ought to stand there all alone, till the wild music of its torrent and its forests might fall upon his listening ear, and till its sublime solitude might enter his very soul. How much is there still to learn about it? How looks the strange avenue from below, when the mid-day sun for one quarter of an hour throws its flame upon the restless waters? Is there no rent in these cliffs, by which a natural staircase leads to the very margin of the river? Are there no means by which you can enter these long and lofty caverns, compared with which the vault of Pfeffers is a toy? A bold and prudent traveller, who, with good guides, should explore these torture-chambers, where the imprisoned and tormented river writhes, and curls, and groans in subterranean darkness, might weave a stirring narrative, worthy to be placed side by side with the story of an ascent to Mont Blanc, or of a walk over the ice-plains of the Oberland. At present no living thing goes down to that darkness, except, perhaps, some colony of bats, who live nestled in the hollows of the precipice. Nor are these quite safe: for in 1834, after heavy rains, the postmaster of Thusis visited the middle bridge, when the torrent, which is usually seen four hundred feet beneath the centre of the bridge, had swollen in its rage, and, breaking over its prison walls, was furiously foaming within a few feet of the arch—a magnificent spectacle to the postmaster, but awkward to the bats. Some day, perchance, if the memory of that flood forbid it not, a scaffolding of planks, like that at Pfeffers, carried along the cliffs, will throw open, even to the timid, the whole extent of that wonderful avenue, along which the tormented river now howls and groans. What traveller would not willingly pay his fee to secure such a walk? About two miles more of gradual ascent brought us to a third bridge over the river, close to Zillis, where the pass opens on the tamer scenery of the valley of Schams. Here we descended to the level of the pure stream, whose waters do not at that point, like other Alpine streams, betray its glacial origin by being turbid. The Hinter Rhein rises in the Rheinwald Glacier, at the foot of the Piz Val Rhein or Vogelberg, a mountain marked in Keller's large map as 10,280 feet in height. Here it is fed by many streamlets, in a region of savage grandeur, and then, passing in its course the lofty village of Splugen, enters the valley of Schams; and then, being recruited by the waters of the Aversa torrent, which descends from the Val Ferrera, it begins its descent into the Via Mala, at the bridge a little below Zillis. Hitherto it has flowed joyously on in sunshine; but at this point the lofty Piz Beverin, and the mountains of the Ober Halbstein, stand like resolute brigands in the way of the light-hearted traveller, determined to bar all farther progress. But it would go on. Gallantly it struggled with these hostile masses: it has worn them down; it has cleft them asunder, and worked its channel deeper and deeper into the solid cliff. Here it has wrought a chasm which, though it seems bottomless, is yet so narrow, that an active hunter might leap across it: there it has excavated for itself a subterranean passage, whence it is still struggling to escape. Look there; beneath that middle bridge it is imprisoned on every side by precipices of 1500 feet. Can it ever emerge? Follow it, and see. A little farther down the glen it has rolled into a channel less obscure, where the sunshine is again on its waters; and there you may see the foam of its agony subsiding into clear green depths, where for a moment it seems to rest, that it may gather strength for the conflict, and then again bounds on to accomplish its destiny. Again it is buried beneath the closing rocks, which seem to forbid all passage; but after a few more struggles, you may see it once more flashing far down, as you look between the stems of the gigantic pines which cling to the rocks near the issue of the glen, and advancing rapidly to its final triumphs. How many a noble spirit, in like manner, has in youth struggled with unimaginable difficulties, in friendless obscurity; but, resolute in duty, and gathering courage from

every conflict, has fought his way to distinction, and eventually blessed mankind with his calm wisdom and extensive beneficence!"

Following the course of the Vorder Rhein, we reach the beautifully situated village of Trons, memorable in the history of the Grisons, at which we shall glance in the succeeding chapter. Here are the remains of the maple-tree beneath which the deputies of the peasants met the nobles in the year 1424. "Close to the tree," says Murray, who calls it a sycamore, "stands the little chapel of St. Anne, whose portico is adorned with the mottos, 'In libertatem vocati estis;' 'Ubi Spiritus Domini, ibi Libertas;' 'In te speraverunt Patres;' and with two fresco paintings. One represents the first formation of the Grey League, the principal figure being the abbot of Dissentis, in the robes of his order; the count of Sax, with a white flowing beard; and the lord of Rhætzuns. The other picture shows the renewal of the oath in 1778; the deputies here appear with starched frills, and hair powdered and frizzled; in silk stockings and walking-sticks. It is recorded that the deputies, on the former occasion, brought their dinners in sacks on their backs, which they hung up by nails to the rocks, while they quenched their thirst in the brook which traverses the meadow of Tavanosa. The more courtier-like deputies of the second meeting were more sumptuously feasted in the mansion of the abbot."

Pursuing the same course, Dissentis is reached, where there is a Benedictine abbey, and beyond this is the village of Sedrun. The ascent of the Ober-alp may now be made; and on reaching the opposite declivity, there is is a small lake, bearing the name of the Ober-alp-see, one of the head-waters of the river Reuss. Passing with needed caution over the bogs of this part, the traveller proceeds by the valley of Urseren to Andermatt, on the St. Gothard.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CANTON OF THE GRISONS—COIRE—MEYENFELD—COUNTRY OF DAVOS—COL FLUELLA.

THE canton of the Grisons, as it is called in French, or Graubündten, to give its other name, is bounded on the north by the canton of St. Gall, on the east by the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, on the south by the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and on the west by the cantons of Ticino, Uri, and Glarus. It is entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, with the exception of one point on the north, where the Rhine issues out of it through a narrow valley, along which runs the carriage-road from Coire to St. Gall and Zurich.

A large offset of the Lepontian Alps detaches itself from the group of the St. Gothard, and, running in a north-easterly direction, marks the western boundary of the canton. Dividing the waters of the Rhine from those of the Reuss and the Linth, it forms many high summits, covered with perpetual snow. Another lofty range, which, under the name of the Rhætian Alps, forms part of the great central chain, runs east from the St. Gothard, dividing the waters which flow northwards into the Rhine from those which flow southwards into the Ticino; the high summits called Piz Val Rhein are in this range, over which pass the roads of the Bernhardina and the Splugen, leading from the Grisons into Italy. The area of the canton is reckoned at 3,080 square miles, its greatest length being about eighty miles from east to west, and its greatest breadth about fifty-five from north to south. The surface is cut into numerous valleys, about sixty in number. No less than two hundred and forty-one glaciers are reckoned within the limits of the Grisons, one hundred and fifty of which send their waters to the Rhine, sixty-six to the Danube by means of the Inn, and twenty-five to the Po, by the Adda and the Ticino.

In the fifteenth century, the highlands of Rhætia, with their sixty valleys, where the Rhine and the Inn have their sources, a wild secluded region, surrounded and intersected on all sides by the highest Alps, the house of Hapsburg, or of Austria, had no pretensions over the country. Its numerous nobles had become independent, holding directly of the empire; indeed, the bishop of Coire, who had great possessions in the country, was a prince of the empire. A century had now elapsed since the Swiss cantons had achieved their independence, and their neighbours of the Rhætian valleys still groaned under the oppressions of their petty lords, far more overbearing and capricious than the Austrian rulers had been in Helvetia. Perched up in their castles, built on lofty cliffs, they sallied thence like birds of prey, scaring the poor shepherds and cultivators below, and extorting from them the produce of the soil, insulting the chastity of their daughters, and disposing of the lives and liberty of their sons.

The chronicles of Rhætia record many instances of rapacity and barbarity perpetrated in these remote valleys, which have never been surpassed in the most corrupt countries and by the most depraved tyrants. We read of a baron of Vatz who used to starve his prisoners in his dungeons, and listen with complacency to their moans from his banqueting hall; and who, to try an experiment on digestion, had three of his servants ripped open some hours after dinner. In another place, we find the chatelain of Guar-

dovall sending deliberately to demand, for his private pleasures, the young and beautiful daughter of Adam of Camogask, one of his tenants—an outrage, however, which led to the revolt and emancipation of the fine valley of the Engadine. We are told of the governor of Fardun driving his wild colts among the ripe crops of the farmer Chaldar, whom he cast in chains into a subterranean dungeon for pursuing and killing the destructive animals. Such is man in every age, and under every clime, when left to the uncontrolled indulgence of his passions over the persons and property of his fellow-creatures.

The nobles were often at variance with each other. Hartmann, bishop of Coire, unable to defend the scattered remains of his see, authorised his vassals to form alliances with the neighbouring communes and lordships; accordingly, in 1396, his subjects of the valley of Domleschg, Avers, Oberhalbstein, and Bergun, entered into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the powerful counts of Werdenberg, lords of Schams and Obervatz. This was the first origin of one of the three leagues or federations of Rhætia. The increase of strength thus derived by the prelate excited the jealousy of the nobles of the

upper Rhine, who formed likewise, in 1400, an alliance with their neighbours of the free canton of Glau. But they did not grant any franchise to their vassals as the bishop had done; and this made the people more impatient of their servitude. They had no justice to expect from the courts, nor protection on the high roads, no security for their persons or properties. Several of the elders among the peasants of the country formed a secret association for the purpose of devising a remedy for the evils with which the country was afflicted. They assembled at night time, in a wood near the village of Trons, between the valley of Dissentis and the town of Ilantz. There they framed certain resolutions, which they communicated to the trustiest among their respective neighbours. On a fixed day, all the communes of Upper Rhætia sent deputies to their respective lords, demanding a solemn compact, by which the rights of all, high and low, should be defined and guaranteed, and justice and security rendered inviolable. The barons were taken unawares; they had few soldiers on whom they could depend. The abbot of Dissentis, a prudent man, who belonged to an ancient native family, received the deputies kindly, and readily acceded to their demands. The two barons of Rhætzuns followed his example. Count Ulric of Sax, one of the most powerful feudatories of the Alps, did the

same, as well as the old Count Hugo of Werdenberg, brother to the defender of Appenzell. Henry of Werdenberg-Sargans, lord of Schams, alone, whose father had been defeated at Næfels by the people of Glarus, rejected with scorn the deputies of the communes. In May, 1424, the abbot and all the lords of Upper Rhætia joined the deputies of the various valleys, and of the towns of Ilantz and Tusis, in an open field outside of the village of Trons, and there, forming a circle round a gigantic maple tree, all of them standing, nobles, magistrates, deputies, and elders, swore in the name of the Holy Trinity a perpetual alliance for the maintenance of justice and the security of every one, without, however, infringing on the rights of any. The articles of the league, which to this day rules that country, were then stipulated. This was called the *Grey League*, from the colour of the outer garments which the deputies wore. By degrees it gave its name to the whole country, which was called Grisons, *Graubündten*, and that of Rhætia became obliterated. Such was the glorious covenant of Trons, one of the few events of its kind which can be recorded with unmixed satisfaction.

In the seventeenth century the independence of the Grisons was annihilated from their harsh and imprudent treatment of the people of the Valtelline, and of their obstinate rejection of proposals from Madrid. The overbearing conduct of Austria, was, however, the cause of the restoration of Grison independence. In that part of the country which they now considered as their own, it having been incorporated with the Austrian dominions, Baldiron's soldiers oppressed the inhabitants with the greatest insolence, interfered with their property, obliged them to carry heavy loads, and treated them more like beasts of burthen than like men. A swarm of Capuchins spread over the valleys to convert the peasants to Catholicism. All the reformed clergy were driven away, seventy-five evangelical churches were left without pastors, and the people were compelled by blows to attend the catholic service. This last act of tyranny roused them to resistance. The robust and spirited inhabitants of the fine valley called Prätigau, on the banks of the Landquart, disarmed as they were, hied to the mountain forests, made themselves spears and clubs, and on Palm Sunday, 1622, they issued out with loud shouts, surprised the Austrian detachments, cut them to pieces or made them prisoners, and drove away the main body as far as Meyenfeld. They then invested Coire, where Baldiron himself was. The rest of the country followed their example, the mountaineers from Appenzell joined them, and Baldiron was obliged to demand a truce, to withdraw from the country. Rudolph de Salis was named General of the Patriots, but Baldiron came against him into the Prätigau the next summer with 10,000 men eager for vengeance. The people fought with the fury of despair in the valleys, in the villages, in the mountains. It is recorded that thirty brave men, in the last fight in the plain of Acquasana, on the 5th of September, threw themselves, armed with clubs only, into the enemy's ranks, and fell one after the other upon heaps of soldiers whom they had slain. The succour from Coire came too late. The whole country of Prätigau was already in flames, and the population almost entirely destroyed.

The Grison leagues sent envoys to the archduke of Austria at Lindau; but they had to submit to hard conditions. The league of the ten jurisdictions was declared to belong to Austria, and free passage was to be allowed through the whole Grison country to the Austrians and Spaniards.

The king of France, Louis XIII., who was jealous of the Austrian power, had already interfered by negotiations, in concert with the duke of Savoy and the senate of Venice, to prevent the permanent occupation, by Spain and Austria, of the important passes of the Grisons and the Valtelline. At last, in 1624, he sent a force, under the count de Cœuvres, into the Grison country. Berne and Zurich not only gave a free passage, but added their contingents. All the exiled Grisons, led by Rudolph de Salis and by Colonel Jenatsch, led the van. As they reached the frontier of their country, a general

rising took place, and the Austrian garrisons and governors were driven away. The following year, Chiavenna and the Valtelline were reconquered from the Spaniards. The treaty concluded from Monçon, in Aragon, between France and Spain, in 1626, settled for a time the affairs of the Grisons, though not to the full satisfaction of the latter, who still clung pertinaciously to their rights of sovereignty over the Italian valleys.

General Bonaparte, under the pretext of some remonstrances and complaints on the part of the inhabitants against their rulers, had seized, in 1797, upon the bailiwicks of the Valtelline, Chiavenna, and Bormio, which had been for centuries dependent on the Grisons, and had incorporated them with the Cisalpine republic. At the same time, all the property, houses, and lands belonging to citizens of the Grisons which were situated in these districts were confiscated, to the amount of some millions of florins, and many families were thus ruined.

The French directory issued a decree, declaring that the Helvetic confederation had ceased to exist, and that Switzerland was to form a single republic, one and indivisible, under a central government to be established at Aarau. The plan of constitution was sent from Paris, on the model of the French constitution of the year 3, consisting of two councils and an executive directory, in whom was vested the appointment of prefects and other authorities for the various cantons, which were thus to be transformed into departments, with the loss of their independence as separate states. A new division of the country into twenty-two cantons was likewise made at Paris; the old canton of Berne was parcelled into four cantons, namely, Berne, Vaud, Oberland, and Aargau. The Grisons, being too remote, and bordering upon the Austrian territories, with which France was then at peace, were simply invited to join the new Helvetic republic; which invitation, however, they declined to accept.

The war having broken out again in March, 1799, between the emperor and France, Massena, who now commanded the French army in Switzerland, surprised the Austrian division stationed in the Grisons, and overran the country. The battles of Stockach and Feldkirch, gained by the Archduke Charles and General Hotze, obliged the French to evacuate the Grisons soon after; and the Austrians, following up their success, spread also over eastern Switzerland. After several engagements, Massena left Zurich and fell back on the river Reuss. The small cantons availed themselves of this opportunity to throw off the yoke. Uri rose and took possession of the pass of the St. Gothard, the people of Upper Valais occupied the Simplon, so as to cut off the communication between the French forces in Switzerland and those in Italy. Schwitz rose also; but the French came in great numbers in May, 1799, and overpowered and disarmed the inhabitants, many of whom were killed. Insurrections and partial conflicts desolated all the eastern part of Switzerland. In those cantons which had been newly raised to independence and equality, such as Thurgau and part of Zurich, the French had partisans who took up arms for them; the old cantons, on the contrary, fought desperately against them, and the French retaliated with their usual ferocity. The Austrians, and a Russian auxiliary division, under General Korsakou, occupied Zurich, which became the head quarters of the allies. On the 7th of June the French evacuated Schwitz, and took up a position on the frontiers of Zug, by the village of Arth. The Austrians then entered Schwitz, where the inhabitants joined them. On the 3rd of July the French attacked the whole Austrian line, but the Schwitzers repulsed them again at Morgarten, and drove them as far as Egeri. Meantime the Archduke Charles moved the greater part of his forces into Suabia, to continue his operations in that quarter; and the Russians, thus weakened, were attacked by Massena in a battle, or rather succession of battles, near Zurich, in September, 1799, and defeated, the French forcing their way into the town of Zurich. At the same time, the Russian general, Suwarrow, was crossing the St. Gothard with a strong force to join his countrymen in Switzerland, but he arrived too late; he met the

French advanced division at Altorf, and drove them back as far as Schwitz. On hearing the loss of the battle of Zurich, Suwarrow, after some partial engagements, was obliged to turn, by a more difficult path over Mount Brägel and by the Klönthal, into the canton of Glarus, whence he was likewise driven by the French under General Molitor, and obliged to retire in the night, and by the light of torches, through the pass of the Krauhenthal, into the country of Sargans, on the borders of the Grisons. Soon after the Russians left Switzerland altogether. The details of this mountain warfare among the high Alps, in which generals Lecourbe, Soult, and Molitor among the French, and Suwarrow and Hotze among the Russians and Austrians, distinguished themselves, are full of strategic interest. But the unfortunate mountain cantons were utterly ruined by this strange immigration of numerous armies of Russians, Austrians, and French, all living at free quarters upon the inhabitants, and committing many acts of violence.

The constitutions of the twenty-two cantons, as established in 1814, might be ranged into three classes, according to the prevailing principle of each. The first class is that of the pure democracies, which remained unaltered in their principle. The cantons thus constituted are the old mountain cantons, namely, Schwitz, Uri, Unterwalden, Glarus, Zug, and Appenzell. To these may be added two more cantons, the Grisons and the Valais, which were formerly only allies of the Swiss, but are now, as we have seen, integral parts of the confederation. These two states are composed of a number of small democracies, one in each valley, having each its own councils and magistrates, who administer all internal affairs, and who send deputies to a great council or cantonal diet, which exercises the higher legislative powers in matters concerning the whole state. The laws, however, which emanate from this great council are submitted to the approbation of the assemblies of the people of each valley or district. These states, in short, constitute confederations in miniature, similar to the great Swiss confederation, of which they form a part. In the Valais the forms are less democratic than in the Grisons, the lower Valais not having an equality of votes with the upper Valais; indeed, it will be remembered that previous to 1798, the lower Valaisans were subjects of the upper or German Valais. The bishop of Sion has also a vote in the general diet of the Valais. In the Grisons, on the contrary, a system of perfect equality exists between the inhabitants of the numerous valleys or districts of that Alpine region.

The population of the canton of the Grisons is reckoned by a recent authority at about 96,000, of whom one-third speak German, and the rest speak the Romansch and Ladin dialects, except those of the valleys south of the Alps, where they speak a Lombard dialect of the Italian. One third of the above are Roman catholics, the rest are protestants of the Helvetic communion.

The productions of the soil are extremely varied, according to the elevation of the ground and the aspect of the respective valleys. Some enjoy almost an Italian climate, and the vine, wheat, maize, as well as the fig-tree and the almond, thrive in them; whilst others produce with difficulty scanty crops of barley and rye. Hemp and flax are largely cultivated, as well as potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other roots. A considerable part of the canton is occupied by pastures and forests. Cattle, goats, and pigs are numerous, but the horses are few. Cattle and cheese are exported to the Italian markets. The mountains abound with game, as well as bears, wolves, lynxes, and wild cats. Trout and salmon are found in the rivers.

Coire is the capital of the Grisons, situated at the foot of the Alps, in a rich plain between two or three miles wide—a considerable breadth of valley for this mountainous country. Opposite is the chain of mountains which separates the country of the Grisons from the canton of Glarus; of this chain the Calendar is esteemed the highest point, but it is far inferior in elevation to several of the Swiss and Savoy Alps, and wants one certain criterion of great height—perpetual snow. The town lying partly in the plain,

and partly upon the steep side of a rock, is surrounded with ancient brick walls, with square and round towers in the style of fortification prior to the invention of gunpowder. The streets are narrow and dirty.

Many fables are related concerning the foundation of Coire; the most probable account seems to be, that it owes its origin to the Emperor Constantine, who, in the 355th year of the Christian era, penetrated into Rhœtia, and fixed his station for some time near the spot where Coire now stands. A town, as it often happened on such occasions, was constructed near the camp; and from the imperial residence it is supposed to have derived the name *Curia*, its ancient appellation, since corrupted into Coira, and Coire, and called Chur in the German. The remains of two or three towers, which are evidently of Roman construction, attest its antiquity, and serve to establish the truth of the conjectures concerning its origin.

The town of Coire was formerly a city of the German empire, under the dominion of its own counts, and came in the ninth century under the jurisdiction of the bishop. Like many other cities of Germany, it obtained considerable privileges from the different emperors; and the inhabitants having gradually circumscribed the authority of the bishop, at length established an independent republic.

The government of Coire was afterwards of a mixed form, partly aristocratical and partly democratical. The supreme legislative authority resided in the citizens, whose number amounted to 294, divided into five tribes. Each citizen had a vote at the age of twenty. The suffrages were never collected in a meeting of the whole body of the people assembled together in one spot; but the object of deliberation was separately laid before each tribe, and was decided by the majority of the five tribes.

The executive power was entrusted to the council of seventy, composed of fourteen members annually elected from each tribe. This sovereign council was divided into several lesser departments, of which the principal was the senate or council of fifteen, who had the chief direction of affairs, either solely or conjointly with other members of the sovereign council. The chiefs of Coire were two burgomasters, taken from the members of the senate, who, although liable to be removed, invariably continued in office for life. These two magistrates enjoyed the supreme dignity by rotation, each for the space of a year; during which term the acting chief, under the title of reigning burgomaster, presided in the usual councils. The criminal tribunal was composed of the senate and fifteen other members of the sovereign council. The prisoners were examined and the process made out by the secret council, formed of the seven oldest members of the senate. A concurrence of the majority of these seven was required to order the infliction of torture. After examination and conviction, the acts of the process were laid before the criminal tribunal, which ultimately passed sentence; and all offences, excepting great crimes, were commonly punished by fines.

"My curiosity," says Coxe, "led me this morning to the apartment in which the general diet of the Grisons is held every three years; although it contained no object worthy of description, yet it did not fail to strike my attention, as being the place where the parliament of a free nation is assembled. Coire sends two deputies to this diet, who are generally the two burgomasters; but if one of these should be chief of the league, the other deputy is chosen by rotation in the five tribes, with this condition, that he must be a member of the council of seventy.

"From the apartment in which the diet is held I went to the town-hall, in order to see the form of administering the oath to the new *Bund's-president*. In general the ceremony takes place just before the meeting of the diet, in the presence of the deputies of the League of God's House; but as the person to whom the office now devolves was not present at the diet, it was necessarily postponed. All the parties being assembled, Mr. Tscharner, the last president, with the public notary, stood at the upper end of the

room; the gentleman appointed to succeed him stood at the lower end, with the *Bunds-weiber*, or secretary, dressed in a cloak half black and half white, the livery of the league. Mr. Tscharner addressed to his successor a speech of about ten minutes, in German, acquainting him that he was appointed by the league Bunds-president for the ensuing year, giving him joy of his promotion, and congratulating the league upon the nomination of a person so well calculated by his integrity and abilities to fulfil the duties of the office. At the conclusion of this speech, the public notary read the oaths for the president, for himself, and the secretary. Mr. Tscharner then told them to hold up three fingers of their right hand, and to repeat after him their several oaths; which ceremony being concluded, the new president made a short speech, that he was highly flattered with the honour conferred upon him, and that he would strive, as far as his abilities would permit him, to promote the welfare of the league of which he had been elected president. Then the former president bowing to the new chief, the latter walked first out of the room; and thus ended the ceremony."

It is remarkable, that although in the nomination of the magistrates, president, and deputies, the aristocratic party has the entire direction, yet that the appointment to the vacant governments of the subject provinces should be left wholly to chance. When the turn belongs to Coire, the five tribes meet separately, and a candidate is appointed by lot for each tribe. These five persons then draw lots for the office, and the successful candidate may sell the turn, with this restriction, that the preference of purchasing it shall be given first, to a member of the same tribe; secondly, to any citizen of Coire; thirdly, to an inhabitant of the League of God's House. It frequently happens that the five persons who are to draw lots for the government agree to divide the profits of the sale.

Upon the highest part of the town stands the bishop's palace, the cathedral, and the houses belonging to the chapter. The diocese of the bishop once extended over the whole Roman province of Rhœtia, which comprehended the present country of the Grisons, Valteline, Chiavenna, and Bormio, the eastern district of Switzerland as far as the Lake of Constance, and part of the Tyrol. The bishop's territorial possessions were also considerable, and his revenues by no means inadequate to his power and dignity. His authority was principally lessened by the formation of what was called "the League of God's House," and the limitation of his prerogatives in 1527: by the former he was compelled to ratify the independence of the communities; by the latter the principal prerogatives, from which he derived great influence in the political affairs of the Grisons, were at once annihilated; and he was reduced to the condition of a private person in that country wherein he had formerly been considered as a sovereign prince. These privileges consisted in having admission and a voice in the general diet of the Grisons; in appointing several deputies for the same assembly; in nominating the chief magistrates of several communities; and in receiving appeals in civil causes from the decision of the provincial courts of justice. All these prerogatives were abrogated by a general diet of the Grisons in 1527; and the few remaining rights have been either purchased or taken away. The introduction of the protestant religion gave the final blow to his power; for his revenue suffered great diminution by the loss of the tithes, which were seized by the reformed communities.

The bishop is a prince of the Roman empire—a dignity annexed to the see, in 1170, by the emperor Frederic the First—and is styled Lord of Furstenberg and Furstenau. His revenues arise chiefly from estates near Coire and in the Tyrol. He receives a small sum annually from the customs of Chiavenna and Bormio. The only prerogatives remaining are the right of coining money, and an absolute jurisdiction, both in civil and criminal affairs, within the small district in which his palace and the chapter are situated. Beyond this district he enjoys not the least power; so far from interfering in the affairs of the town, he could not even enter it if

the inhabitants chose to exclude him,—a right which they asserted in 1764, upon the following occasion. A catholic, in order to prevent his being arrested for a crime of which he had been guilty, took refuge from the hands of justice in the cathedral. The inhabitants, inflamed by the bishop's refusal to deliver him up, raised a gate close to the only opening which leads into the episcopal district, by which means the avenue to the palace was closed. This manœuvre conquered the bishop's obstinacy, and the criminal was delivered up. The gate still exists, and is ready to be used upon another occasion.

The bishop is chosen by the chapter. Many disputes relating to his election have arisen between the canons and the League of God's House: the latter, in virtue of a treaty contracted in 1541 with the bishop, protests that only a native of the league can be promoted to the see. This treaty was observed until 1692, when a foreigner was elected; from that period the canons have disregarded the right asserted by the league, and have without reserve given their votes to aliens. At every new election the league remonstrates, but without effect. The episcopal district is only a few hundred paces in circumference, and is surrounded by high walls. The greatest part of the bishop's palace is modern, excepting a square tower, which is supposed to have been constructed by the Romans. It is of strong but clumsy workmanship, and is in no degree entitled to notice, except as a monument of antiquity.

The situation of Coire, on the high road from eastern Switzerland into Italy, renders its transit commerce very active, and several thriving commercial houses are found in it. The neighbourhood of Coire, in a fertile valley watered by the Plessur, about a mile from the right bank of the Rhine, at the entrance of the highlands of the Grisons, is extremely romantic.

Angelica Kauffman was born at Coire, in 1741, and acquired no little fame in the last century. She was instructed in the elements of painting by her father, who, observing her genius, took her to Milan, when she was fourteen years old, and from thence she proceeded to Parma, Florence, Rome, and Naples. In 1764, she returned to Rome, where her talents and personal accomplishments rendered her an object of general admiration.

In the following year she went to Venice, and soon after accompanied Lady Wentworth, the wife of the British ambassador, to England. Here she enjoyed the royal favour, was highly commended by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was decorated with honours by the Royal Academy, and, fully employed in the practice of her art, seemed to have realised her most sanguine wishes. But, unhappily, the valet of a German count passed himself off for his master, and married her. The cheat was discovered too late, and the villain was obliged to decamp, after inflicting much suffering on his dupe. Seven years after, she married a Venetian artist, Antonio Zucchi. Having resided seventeen years in England, she went to Rome, and died there in 1807. She had doubtless great and varied talents, and a fine taste, and was favoured in meeting with Bartolozzi as an engraver, who did ample justice to her designs.

The country of Davos is one of the most curious and least visited valleys in the whole chain of the Alps. This disfavour, if it be one, arises from its retired position in the bosom of the mountains, out of the great lines of communication which cross one another in this part of Switzerland. It leads nowhere. Surrounded on all sides by lofty peaks, it becomes so narrow at its lower extremity, that the little river which waters it occupies its whole breadth, and, flanked by perpendicular rocks, escapes from this nook as if through a cleft. It may, therefore, be truly said that the country of Davos is a *pays perdu*. It appears that its very existence remained, in consequence of these circumstances, for a long time unknown to the inhabitants of these parts. Tradition relates that it was only discovered in the thirteenth century. The huntsmen of Baron de Vatz, while pursuing a bear in the mountains of Schalfik, which separate this valley from that

of the Rhine, reached the heights which rise directly above it, and then perceived below them the lake and beautiful pastures which adorn the bottom. As this spot had no name, they gave it that of Tavau, which in the Grison language signifies "behind there." Thence is derived the name of Davos. Baron de Vatz wishing to turn these pastures to account, built twelve châlets, and, as a reward to the huntsmen, allowed them to bring some of the members of their families from the mountains of the Haut Valais, of which they were natives, to take possession of these châlets. Thus the country was peopled. About the centre of the valley is still shown the remains of a hut, which pass for those of one of the first dwellings. But a more satisfactory monument of these primitive times is the language; for while in all the surrounding valleys Grison is spoken, that is to say, the old language of the Rhætians, in the whole of Davos the German dialect of the Haut Valais is spoken. The inhabitants also bear the name of Walser, an alteration of Waliser, which is the name of the inhabitants of the Haut Valais. Lastly, several family names are found in the country which also exist in the Valais. Besides, it appears that the population increased very quickly, probably through new migrations of Valaisans; for in 1436, only two centuries after its discovery, the country of Davos was united to a neighbouring valley, the Prätigau, and laid the foundation of the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, which afterwards uniting with the Grey League, and that of the Maison Dieu, formed the federal republic of the Grisons.

The verdure of the valley of Davos is the more agreeable, since it can only be reached by crossing rough and almost barren mountains. It is like an oasis in a desert of snow and rocks. The view is especially striking when the bold path through the Schalfikthal is followed. When the traveller has reached the Col, situate at the extremity of the valley of Stréla, he sees around him only black peaks, heaps of shattered rocks, beds of snow, a few blades of grass trying to grow and flourish, and on the horizon a dark line of ragged peaks, striped white and black; but he has hardly taken a step forward, when, between himself and those stern mountain tops, he suddenly beholds an abyss, and at the bottom of the abyss a little blue lake; a river issuing from the lake, gently flows through magnificent meadows, enriched on the right and left by the product of the torrents and cascades which tear down from the mountains; large forests of pines and larches from between the snow and naked rocks, which occupy the upper regions; and the fresh colour of the meadows, a girdle of dark green, broken here and there by Alpine pasturage. Such must have been the spectacle which met the eyes of the huntsmen of Baron de Vatz, when, after having climbed so many difficult passes, they first reached those desolate summits. But now this beautiful hollow is a complete nest of shepherds. The hand of man is seen everywhere. Churches, villages in long perspective, can be distinguished below; paths which intersect one another and furrow the verdure; bridges here and there breaking the line of water; châlets for storing up fodder scattered on all sides in the meadows, and rising from stage to stage above the forests. There are about 3,000 inhabitants and from 7,000 to 8,000 head of cattle, which constitute their chief wealth, since corn is not cultivated. The population are distinguished for their beauty, their vigour, and their kindly disposition. For three hundred years the country has furnished Europe with a considerable number of statesmen, generals, ecclesiastics, and other superior officers. At present the population is too large in proportion to the size of the valley, and hence they are compelled to emigrate extensively,—as in the neighbouring valley of Engadine, a great number of young men go and seek their fortune by becoming lemonade makers and confectioners in large cities. Many afterwards return to their native valley; but their return, though profitable to the riches of the country, unhappily does not tend to preserve its pastoral simplicity.

The whole length of the valley is about fifteen miles, its breadth is hardly more than three-quarters of a mile at the bottom. At the upper end it divides into four lateral

valleys which run into the chain of the Alps at a very little distance from one another; they are the valleys of Fluela, Dischma, Sertig, and Montstein. Each of them ends in a Col, by which a descent may be made into the Upper Engadine. The other outlets are Col de Stréla leading to Coire, the Col de Statz leading to the Prätigau, and practicable for carriages, and the defile of Rugha.

The Col de Fluela, if not the most convenient, is at least the most interesting, of these outlets, because of its wild and majestic character. At the top is a little lake, supplied by the melting of the snows, of about three-quarters of a mile in extent; on its banks are a few flowers. The waters flow on the one side into the Inn, and thence into the Danube; on the other into the river of Davos, and thence into the Rhine. This is a very remarkable spot. The waters which flow into the Danube are those which descend towards the magnificent wall of rocks at the furthest part of the picture. These elevated mountain solitudes are inhabited only by chamois, foxes, and marmots. The last-mentioned animals are very abundant; the passing traveller is continually saluted by their shrill cries, and he sees them scudding across the snow and hiding themselves in the hollow rocks which form their abodes. There are also some wolves and bears; but these ferocious animals have been very much hunted, and are decreasing in number every day. The huntsmen complain very much of this, but not so shepherds and travellers.

"Towards the extremity of the beautiful valley of Davos," says Coxe, "I came to a small lake, about four miles in circumference, which is remarkably deep and clear, and abounds with excellent trout. It lies at the foot of the mountains, and supplies a small stream, which being joined by one from the valley of Hola, and by another from that of Diesma, forms the murmuring brook that waters the valley of Davos, and falls into the Albula above the baths of Alveneu: it is considered by some writers as forming a source of the Rhine. From the banks of this lake I descended to another, about half a mile in circumference, that lies in a wild and romantic situation, and supplies a little torrent which is the source of the Lanquart. A little further we passed through a small pleasant plain strewed with cottages, which compose the village of Lower Lera, at the extremity of which the descent was so steep and rugged, that I dismounted until I reached the vale of Prätigau. I passed through Closter, Kublis, Jenalsch, and Schiers, following all the way the torrent Lanquart. The country is delightful, and greatly diversified with all kinds of productions. It yields different species of grain, rich pastures, abundance of fruit trees, with large quantities of flax and hemp. The latter is much cultivated, and seems to be carried to great perfection. The peasants manufacture coarse but very strong linen from this hemp.

"The mountains on each side are in some parts covered with forests, and so great is the abundance of wood, that the fields are either studded or skirted with larch, pines, and beech. The hamlets are scattered through the plain, and along the declivities of the mountains, in a very pleasing manner. The houses are mostly of wood, in the Swiss mode of construction, and not less convenient. The road through this vale descends gently all the way. I have not for some time visited a more agreeable, fertile, and populous district.

"A little beyond Grusch, which lies under some bare rocks in a fertile plain, the valley of Prätigau contracts; and I went through a narrow pass, between impending rocks, just broad enough to admit the torrent and the road. The sudden change from the fertility of the country to the rugged barrenness of this spot, sufficiently striking of itself, was still further heightened by the gloom of the evening, which added to the horror of the scenery. The road was carried for some way in continual ascent and descent along the craggy precipices, sometimes above, and sometimes upon a level with the torrent. The path was so narrow and rugged, that I gave my horse to the guide,

and continued my way on foot. I soon emerged from this obscure pass, and, as far as I could judge by the dim light of the stars, came into a fine and rich country, and went through a series of vineyards to Malantz, in the district of Meyenfeld.

"The high jurisdiction of Meyenfeld is the most remarkable in the whole country of the Grisons, because the inhabitants are respectively sovereign and subjects. They are sovereign, because they form part of the league of the ten jurisdictions, send deputies to the general diet of the Grisons, and nominate to the government of the subject provinces. They are subject, because, like the subject provinces, they are governed by a bailiff sent from the Grisons, who is changed every two years, and in whom resides the supreme authority. This strange intermixture of privileges and subjection is derived from the following causes :—

"The lordship of Meyenfeld was, like the whole territory of this league, subject to the counts of Tockenburg, and, in 1436, joined the other communities to form a league. In 1509, the prerogatives enjoyed by the count of Tockenburg were sold by his heirs, for 20,000 florins, to the three leagues, which confirmed the privileges of the inhabitants. In 1537, Malantz and Jennins, the remaining part of this high jurisdiction, were also purchased by the three leagues for 10,000 florins. Thus, while the inhabitants of all the other jurisdictions who came under the dominion of the house of Austria have purchased their absolute independence, the people of Meyenfeld and Malantz, although making part of the sovereign power, have continued in the same state as at the first formation of the leagues. The bailiff or governor is appointed by the communities of the three leagues in rotation; and the inhabitants of this very high jurisdiction nominate the bailiff when it is their turn to present to the office.

"The prerogatives of the bailiff who resides at Meyenfeld are as follow:—he appoints the stadvogt, or chief magistrate of that town, with this condition—that he must be a member of the senate; upon a vacancy of the senate or little council, he nominates the new senator; he arrests criminals, examines them, and makes a cohesition if he chooses; he cannot order torture or pass sentence without the concurrence of the members of the criminal tribunal, and when they pass sentence can pardon; he can give a liberation in the same manner as the governor of the Valteline; he receives part of the fines for criminal offences, and a certain portion of the great tithes; at Malantz he appoints the chief magistrate from three candidates presented by the people, who choose all the other magistrates. Both Meyenfeld and Malantz have their civil courts; from that of the former there lies an appeal to the bailiff."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

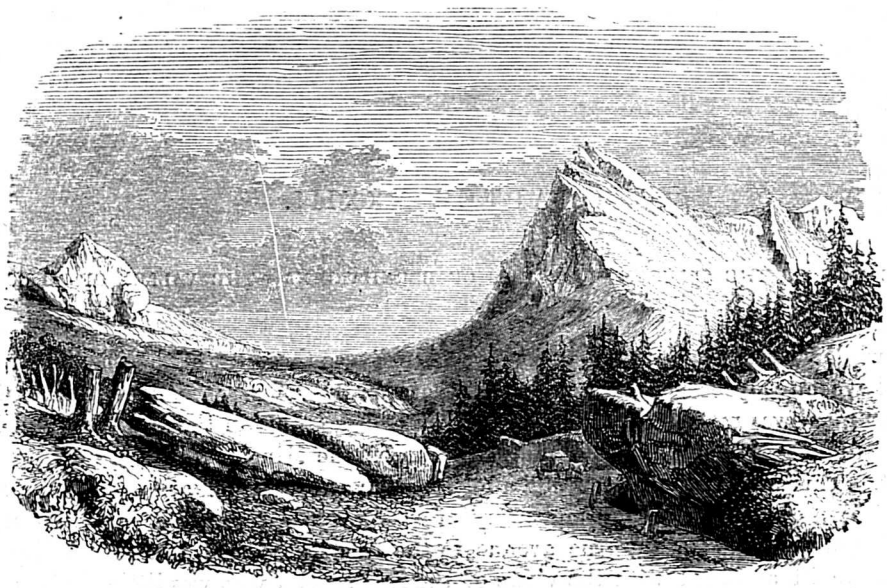
THE PASS OF THE SPLUGEN—THE PASS OF BERNHARDINA—THE VALLEY OF MISOCCO.

It was while "the snowy amphitheatre of the Alps" was the scene of the martial struggles which have already been partially traced, that an army of reserve, consisting of fifteen thousand men, was moved forward to the valley of the Rhine in the Grisons; and it was destined to menace the rear of the imperial army on the Mincio, while Brune attacked it in front. This auxiliary corps would probably have rendered more important service, if it had been directed to the grand army of Moreau, which was destined to operate in the valley of the Danube, the true avenue to the Austrian states; but such a disposition would have ill accorded with the views of the first consul, who was little anxious to put a preponderating force, so near their frontier, into the hands of a dreaded rival, and destined for himself the principal part in the campaign, with the troops which he was to lead from the Noric Alps to Vienna.

Independently of this secret feeling, Napoleon was misled by the great results of the Italian campaigns of 1796 and 1797, and the paralysing effect of the march of the army of reserve across the great St. Bernard. He imagined that Italy was the theatre where the decisive events were to take place, and had yet to learn the superior importance of the valley of the Danube, in which he himself, on future occasions, was destined to strike such redoubtable blows. "It is fortunate for the historian," says Alison, to whom we are indebted for these details, "that this destination of Macdonald's corps took place, as it brought to light the intrepidity and heroism of that gallant officer, of whose descent Scotland has so much reason to be proud; while it led to the interesting episode of the passage of the Splugen, perhaps the most wonderful achievement of modern times, and which has been portrayed by one of its ablest leaders, Count Mathieu Dumas, with the fidelity of Xenophon, and the power of Livy."

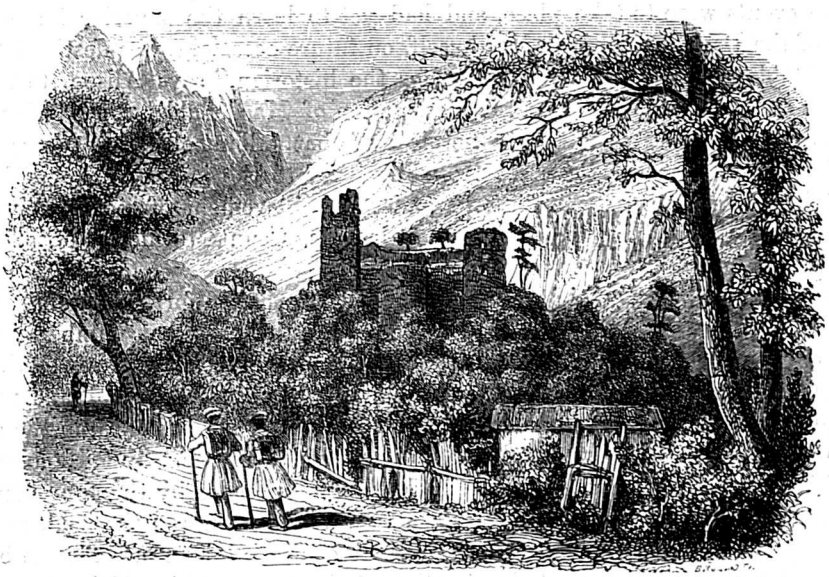
The army of Macdonald, which was announced to consist of forty thousand men, and was furnished with staff and other appointments adequate to that number, in reality amounted only to fifteen thousand troops. Macdonald no sooner discovered this great deficiency, than he made the most urgent representations to the first consul, and requested that the chosen reserve of ten thousand men, which Murat was leading from the camp at Amiens to the plains of Italy, should be put under his orders. But Napoleon, who intended this corps in the Alps to operate in the campaign more by the apprehensions it excited among the Imperialists than by its actual achievements in the field, refused to change the destination of Murat's division, and it continued its route for the banks of the Mincio. He still believed that the frontier of the Irun would sufficiently cover the Hereditary States on that side, and that it was by accumulating ninety thousand men in the Southern Tyrol and Italy that the decisive blow against the Austrian power was to be struck. The command of this great army, destined to dictate peace under the walls of Vienna, he ultimately designed for himself.

Of all the passes from Switzerland to Italy, there was none which presented more serious internal obstacles, and was more carefully guarded by the enemy, than that



BERNARDINO PASS.

which leads over the Splugen into the Italian Tyrol. It is first necessary to pass from the valley of the Rhine, near its source, over the Splugen into that of the Adda, which descends in a rapid course from the Julian Alps to the lake of Como; from thence, if an



VALLEY OF MISOCCO.

advance to the eastward is required, the Col Apriga, a steep ridge entangled with wood and lofty chestnuts, must be surmounted, which brings the traveller into the valley of the

Oglio; between which and the stream of the Adige there is interspersed the rugged ridge of the Mont Torral, the sunny summit of which was occupied, and had been carefully fortified, by the Austrian troops. Macdonald was no sooner made acquainted with these obstacles, than he despatched the chief of the staff, General Mathieu Dumas, to lay before the first consul an account of the almost insurmountable difficulties which opposed his progress. No man could be better qualified than the officer whose graphic pencil has so well described the passage to discharge this delicate mission; for he was equally competent to appreciate the military projects of the general-in-chief, and to portray the physical obstructions which opposed their execution.

Napoleon listened attentively to his statement, interrogated him minutely on the force and position of Hilliers' corps, and the divisions of Laudon, Davidowich, and Wickassowich, which were stationed near the head of the valleys, which in that part of the Alps separate Italy from Germany; and then replied, "We shall wrest from them without a combat that immense fortress of the Tyrol; we must manœuvre on their flanks; menace their last line of retreat, and they will immediately evacuate all the upper valleys. I shall make no change in my dispositions. Return quickly; tell Macdonald that an army can pass, in any season, *where two men can place their feet.* It

PASS OF THE SPLUGEN.

is indisputable that, in fifteen days after the commencement of hostilities, the army of the Grisons should have seen the sources of the Adda, the Oglio, and the Adige; that it should have opened its fire on the Mont Torral which separates them; and that, having descended to Trent, it should form the left wing of the army of Italy, and threaten, in concert with the troops on the Mincio, the rear of Bellegarde's army. I shall take care to forward to it the necessary reinforcements. It is not by the numerical force of an army, but by its distinction and the importance of its operations, that I estimate the merit due to its commander."

Having received these verbal instructions, Macdonald proceeded to obey them, with the devotion of a good soldier. His troops advanced, the moment the armistice was denounced, into the upper Rheinthal, and concentrated between Coire and Tusis, at the entrance of the Via Mala, which is the commencement of the ascent of the Splugen; while, at the same time, to distract the enemy and to conceal his real designs, demonstrations were made towards Feldkirch, as if it were intended to break into the Tyrol in that quarter. A few days were spent at Tusis in organising the army, and making the necessary preparations for the formidable undertaking which awaited them, of crossing in the depth of winter the snowy summits of the mountains.

All the artillery was dismounted, and placed on sledges constructed in the country, to which oxen were harnessed; the artillery ammunition was divided, and placed on the backs of mules; and in addition to his ordinary arms, ball-cartridge, and knapsack, every soldier received five days' provisions and five packets of cartridges to bear on his shoulders over the rugged ascent. The passage of the Via Mala was now made. Emerging from this gloomy defile, the road traverses for two leagues the open and smiling valley of Schams; it next ascends, by a winding course, the pine-clad cliffs of La Roffla, and at length reaches, in a narrrow and desolate pastoral valley, the village of Splugen, situated at the foot of the ascent of the mountain of the same name.

Doubt rests as to a route over the Splugen at a very early period, but it is certain that in the twelfth century a communication existed between the village of Isola on its southern flank and Neufannen in the Rheinwald. There was an inn at that period near the Schneehorn, which, as well as the Col itself, has been entombed for ages by an immense glacier, through the surface of which the bell of the buried hospice having made its way, was removed to Isola. Ebel supposes that in the fourteenth century the glacier of Tambo so extended itself as to block up this ancient track by the Schneehorn, when for the first time the track over the Splugen became a substitute for the former, and, following the glens of the Piz Beverin, re-established the communication between Chiavenna and Thusis. About the middle of the fifteenth century, when the gorge of the Roffla and Via Mala had been considered practicable, the free passage of the Splugen arose into fresh importance, and as it opened a line of direct intercourse between Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, it rivalled the St. Gothard as a medium of traffic. Still, these paths, just broad enough for the employment of beasts of burden during summer, and of small sledges in winter, were beset by great perils in this transport of merchandise.

The old road, leaving the waters of the Rhine which descend cold and clear from the glaciers of the Hinter Rhein, turned short to the left hand, and ascended a lateral valley as far as its upper extremity, where it emerged on the bare face of the mountains above the region of wood, and, by a painful ascent, often of forty-five degrees elevation, the summit was ultimately gained.

A mountain pass in these regions is, as we have seen, beset with peculiar and imminent perils, of which we may give the following instance :—

M. Buchwalder, an engineer who made a trigonometrical survey of Switzerland, thus describes a storm on the Sentis :—"In the evening it rained very heavily, and the cold and wind were such that they prevented me from sleeping all night. At four o'clock in the morning, the mountain was covered with clouds; some were passing over our heads; the wind rose very high. However, some larger clouds, coming from the west, united and slowly condensed. At six o'clock the rain began again, and the thunder was heard in the distance. Soon a very violent gust warned me that a tempest was coming. The hail fell in such abundance, that in an instant it covered the Sentis with a layer of ice four centimètres thick. After these preliminaries the storm seemed to calm down; but it was a silence during which nature was preparing itself for a terrible crisis. At a quarter past eight the thunder roared afresh, and its noise, coming nearer and nearer, was heard interruptedly till ten o'clock. I went out to examine the sky, and to measure the depth of the snow a few feet from the tent. Hardly had I done this, when the thunder roared most terrifically, and forced me to take refuge in my tent, as well as my assistant. We laid down side by side on a plank. Then a huge cloud, black as night, enveloped the Sentis; the rain and hail fell in torrents; the wind whistled furiously; the flashes of lightning were so close and mingled as to resemble a fire; the peals of thunder followed rapidly one after another, dashing as it were against themselves and the mountain sides, and, indefinitely repeated in space, were both a sharp crash, a distant echo, and a deep,

long bellowing. I felt that we were in the centre of the tempest, and the lightning displayed to me all the grandeur and horror of the scene. My assistant could not help making some sign of terror, and asked me if we did not incur some danger; I reassured him by telling him that at the time when M. Biot and Arago were making their observations in Spain, the thunderbolts struck their tent, but glided off again without touching them. I was quite tranquil, for accustomed as I am to the noise of thunder, I am still studying it when it is roaring around me. These words, however, recalled to my mind the idea of danger, and I immediately understood it. At that moment a globe of fire appeared at my companion's feet, and I felt myself struck on my left leg by a violent electric shock. He uttered a plaintive cry. I turned towards him, and saw on his countenance the effect of the thunderbolt; the left side was furrowed with brown or red scars; his hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were crisp and burnt; his lips and nostrils were of a brown violet; his breast still heaved every moment, but soon the noise of respiration ceased. I felt all the horror of my position, but I forgot my own sufferings to seek to convey help to a man whom I saw dying. I called him, he did not answer. His right eye was open and shining; a ray of intelligence seemed to escape from it, and I entertained some hope; but the left eye remained closed, and on raising the eyelid I saw that it was dull. I, however, supposed that there remained some life in the right side, for if I attempted to close the eye on this side, an attempt which I repeated three times, it reopened and appeared animate. I put my hand to his heart, it was beating no longer; I pricked the limbs, the body, and the lips with a compass; all was immoveable; he was dead, and I could not believe it. Physical pain at length made me cease this useless contemplation. My left leg was paralyzed, and I felt a trembling, an extraordinary movement; I experienced besides a general shaking, a sense of oppression and irregular throbbings at my heart. The most sinister reflections came into my mind. Was I going to perish like my unhappy companion? I thought so by my sufferings, and nevertheless reason told me that the danger was over. With the greatest difficulty I reached the village of Alt-khann. My instruments had been similarly struck by the thunder."

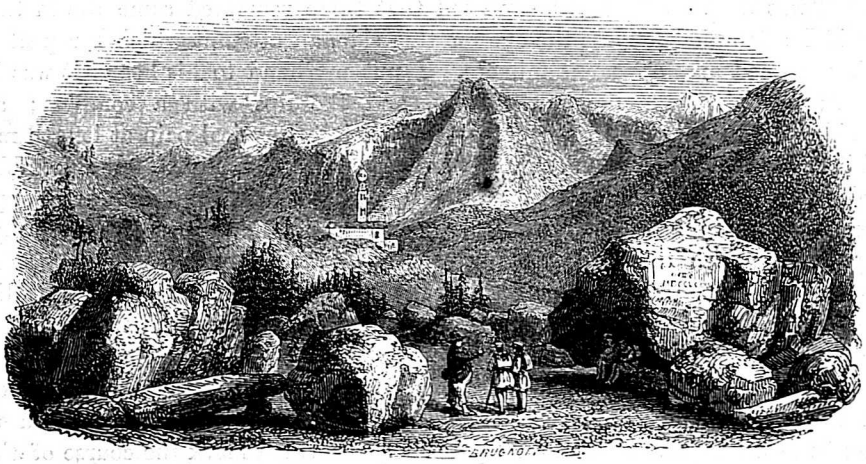
But when the newly fallen snow has effaced all traces of the path in those elevated regions, above the zone of the arbutus and rhododendron, when the avalanches or the violence of the winds have carried off the black poles which mark the course of the road, it is not possible to ascend with safety to the higher parts of the mountain. The traveller must advance with cautious steps, sounding as he proceeds, as in an unknown sea beset with shoals; the most experienced guides hesitate as to the direction they should take; for in that snowy wilderness the horizon is bounded by icy peaks, affording few landmarks to direct their steps, even if they should be perceived for a few moments from amidst the mantle of clouds which usually envelope their summits.

The immense labours which are requisite, during the winter season, to open this passage, are, therefore, at once apparent. For an extent of five leagues, from the village of Splugen to that of Isola, it is necessary either to clear away the snow, so as to come to the earth, or to force a passable road over its top; and the most indefatigable efforts cannot always secure success in such an enterprise. The frequent variations of the atmosphere, the clouds which suddenly rise up from the valleys beneath, the terrible storms of wind which arise in these elevated regions, the avalanches which descend with irresistible force from the overhanging glaciers, destroy in an instant the labours of weeks, and obliterate prodigious toils of human industry under a mountain of snow.

Such were the difficulties which stared Macdonald in the face, in the first mountain ridge which lay before him in the passage of the Alps. He arrived in the evening of the 26th of November, at the village of Splugen, the point where the mountain passage may properly be said to begin, with a company of sappers, and the first sledges carrying

the artillery. The guides placed poles along the ascent; the labourers felled and cleared away the snow; and the strongest dragoons next marched to beat down the road by their horses' feet. Already, after incredible fatigue, they had nearly reached the summit, when the wind suddenly rose, an avalanche fell from the mountain, and, sweeping across the road, cut right through the column and precipitated thirty dragoons near its head into the gulf beneath, where they were dashed to pieces between the ice and the roads, never to be heard of more. General Laboissière, who led the van, was ahead of the cataract of snow, and reached the hospice; but the remainder of the column, thunderstruck by the catastrophe, returned to Splugen; and the wind, which continued for three days to blow with great violence, detached so many avalanches that the road was entirely blocked up in the higher regions, and the guides declared that no possible efforts could render it passable in less than fifteen days.

Macdonald was not, however, to be daunted by any such obstacles. Independent of his anxiety to fulfil his destined part in the campaign, necessity urged him on; for the unwonted accumulation of men and horses in those elevated Alpine regions promised very soon to consume the whole subsistence of the country, and expose the troops to the

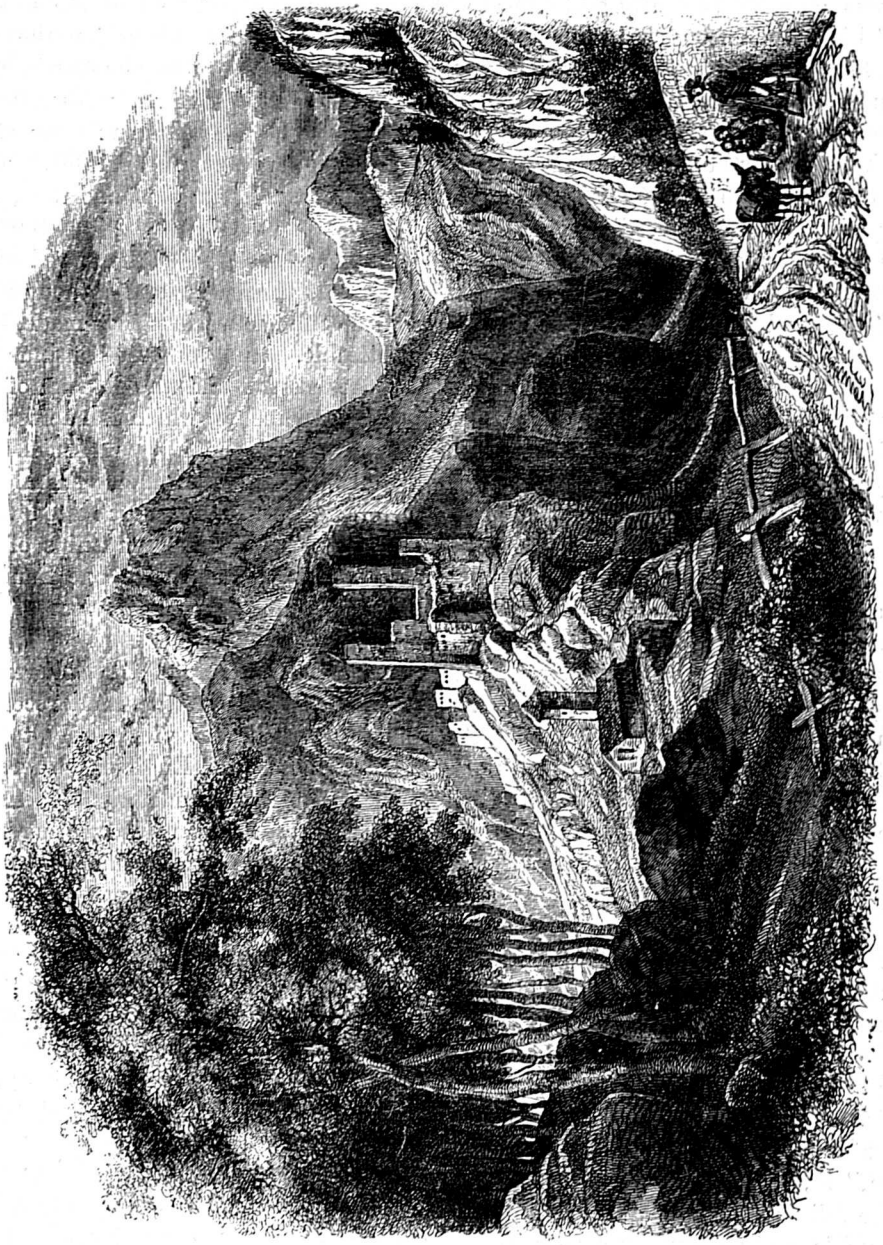


ROCK WITH INSCRIPTION RESPECTING THE INUNDATIONS.

greatest danger for actual want. He instantly made the best arrangements which circumstances would admit for re-opening the passage. First marched four of the strongest oxen that could be found in the Grisons, led by the most experienced guides; they were followed by forty robust peasants, who cleared or beat down the snow; two companies of sappers succeeded, and improved the track; behind them marched the remnant of the squadron of dragoons, which had suffered so much on the first ascent, and who bravely demanded the post of danger in renewing the attempt. After them came a convoy of artillery, and a hundred beasts of burden, and a strong rearguard closed the party. By incredible efforts, the head of the column, before night, reached the hospice; and although many men and horses were swallowed up in the ascent, the order and discipline so necessary to the success of the enterprise was maintained throughout. They here joined General Laboissière, who continued the same efforts on the Italian side, and led this adventurous advanced guard in safety to the sunny fields of Campo Dolcinos, at the southern base of the mountain. Two other columns, arranged in the same order, followed on the 2nd and 3rd of December, in clear frosty weather, with much less difficulty, because the road was beaten down by the footsteps of those who had preceded

them; but several men died from the excessive cold on the higher parts of the mountain.

Encouraged by this success, the remainder of the army advanced to Splugen on the 4th of December; and Macdonald, leaving only a slight rearguard on the northern side



THE CASTLE OF MISOCCO.

of the mountain, commenced his march on the morning of the 5th, at the head of 7,000 men. Though no tempest had been felt in the deep valleys of the Rhine, the snow had fallen during the night in such quantities, that from the very outset the traces of the track were lost, and the road required to be made anew, as at the commencement of the ascent. The guides refused to proceed; but Macdonald insisted on making the attempt,

and after six hours of unheard-of fatigue, the head of his column succeeded in reaching the summit.

In the narrow plain between the glaciers, however, they found the road blocked up by an immense mass of snow, formed by an avalanche newly fallen, upon which the guides refused to enter; and in consequence the soldiers turned, unanimously declaring the passage was closed. Instantly hastening to the front, Macdonald revived the sinking spirits of his men, encouraged the faltering guides, and advancing himself at the head of the column, plunged into the perilous mass, and sounding every step as he advanced with a long staff, which often sank into the abyss. "Soldiers," said he, "the army of reserve has surmounted the St. Bernard; you must overcome the Splugen: your glory requires that you should rise victorious over difficulties to appearance insuperable. Your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer, first the mountains and the snow, then the plains and the armies."

Roused alike by his words and his example, the troops and the peasants redoubled their efforts. The vast walls of ice and snow were cut through; and although the hurricane increased with frightful rapidity, and filled up the excavations thus made, they at length succeeded in rendering the passage practicable. The tempest continued to blow with dreadful violence during the passage of the hospice and the descent of the Cardinal; the columns were repeatedly cut through by avalanches, which fell across the road, and more than one regiment was entirely dispersed in the icy wilderness. At length, by the heroic exertions of the officers, whom the example of their general had inspired with extraordinary ardour, the head-quarters reached Isola, and rested there during the two succeeding days, to rally the regiments, which the hardships of the passage had broken into a confused mass of insulated men; but above one hundred soldiers, and as many horses and mules, were swallowed up in the abysses of the mountains.

Alison remarks on this extraordinary achievement: "The passage of the Splugen by Macdonald is the most memorable and extraordinary undertaking of the kind recorded in modern war, so far as the obstacles of nature are concerned. It yields only to the march of Suwarrow over the St. Gothard, the Schächenthal, and the Engiberg, where, in addition to similar natural difficulties, the efforts of an able and indefatigable enemy were to be overcome. The passage of the St. Bernard by Napoleon in fine weather, and without opposition, will bear no comparison with either the one or the other. That he himself was conscious of this, is obvious from the striking terms of disparagement in which he speaks of Macdonald's exertions in this passage; an instance of that jealousy of every rival, in any of his great achievements, which is almost unaccountable in so great a man. 'The passage of the Splugen,' says he, 'presented without doubt some difficulties; but winter is by no means the season of the year in which such operations are conducted with most difficulty; the snow is then firm, *the weather settled*, and there is nothing to fear from the avalanches, which constitute the true and only danger to be apprehended in the Alps. In December you often meet with the finest weather, on these elevated mountains, of dry frost, during which the air is perfectly calm.'" "Napoleon," ii., 61, 62. Recollecting that this was written after the first consul had received the full details from Macdonald of the extraordinary difficulties of the passage, it is inexcusable, and clearly betrays a consciousness of the inferiority of his own passage over the St. Bernard. In his official despatch, written by order of the first consul, to Macdonald, Berthier says: "I have received the relation which the chief of your staff has transmitted to me, relative to the passage of the Splugen by the army which you command. I have communicated the details to the consuls, and they have enjoined me to make known to you their high satisfaction at the intrepidity and heroic constancy which the officers, and soldiers, and generals, have evinced in this passage, which will

form a memorable epoch in our military annals. The consuls, confident in your talents, behold with interest the new position of the army of the Grisons. I impatiently expect the details of the celebrated passage of the Splugen, and the losses which it occasioned, to enable them to appreciate the admiration and gratitude which is due to the chiefs and soldiers of your army."

It was equally unworthy of Napoleon to say in his memoirs: "The march of Macdonald produced no good effect, and contributed in no respect to the success of the campaign; for the corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers, detached into the Upper Engadine, was too weak to effect anything of importance. Macdonald arrived at Trent on the 7th of January, when the enemy was already chased from it by the left of the army of Italy, by the corps under the orders of Moncey and Rochambeau." Had Napoleon forgotten that Macdonald's advance, by paralysing Landon and Wukassowich, enabled Beune to achieve the passage of the Mincio; and that, if it had not been for the credulity of Moncey, he would have compelled the surrender of the former at La Pietra, with 7,000 men? The great truth, "Magna est veritas et prævalebit," does not seem ever to have crossed Napoleon's mind; he never contemplated the minute examination to which his account of transactions would be exposed by posterity, and thought he could deceive future ages, as he did his own, by means of sycophantish writers and an enslaved press.

The route which conducts across the Bernardino becomes identified with that over the Splugen, the union of which, along the Rhine, forms the great line of social and commercial intercourse with Coire, Wallenstadt, the Lake of Constance, Germany on the right, the whole course of the Rhenish provinces to the forts of Holland, and, in a word, between the shores of the Levant and the German Ocean.

The opening of this new pass, which had previously been only practicable for beasts of burden, was acted on in the course of 1816. Down to the period which, ten years before, witnessed the completion of the great routes over Mount Cenis and the Simplon, the passes over the Brenner and Tende were the only media of transport upon which wheel carriages could be employed. But now that peace was re-established, national prejudices subsiding, and a spirit of commercial enterprise revived, the Grisons entered into arrangements for carrying their plans into effect. After six years' labour, kept up with great skill and activity, and often under circumstances of much personal risk, this magnificent route was finally opened in 1824, and is now one of the best and safest thoroughfares of the Alps.

The road from Coire to Haldenstein is highly interesting. The beautiful verdure of the meadows, the sloping hills covered with vines, the craggy mountains partly covered with the same trees, partly overspread with wood, and partly showing only their rugged fronts, form altogether a striking prospect. Crossing the Rhine, the small village of Haldenstein is reached.

The barony of Haldenstein was formerly under the protection of the seven ancient cantons of Switzerland. Since the year 1568, it became an independent sovereignty, under the protection of the three leagues. In the middle of the sixteenth century it was possessed in right of marriage by John de Cashron, French ambassador to the republic of the Grisons, and at his death pssaed into the hands of another family, and ultimately into those of one person.

The whole barony consists of a small semicircular plain, which lies between the Rhine and the bottom of the Caludar, about five miles in length, and scarcely one in breadth. It occupies also part of the mountain which is too steep to be inhabited. It contains two villages, those of Haldenstein and Sewils. The people were serfs until the year 1701, when the ruling baron granted them several immunities. Long after that time he had the exclusive privilege of hunting and fishing, a claim of two days' work annually from each of his subjects, and a load of dung from every peasant. He appointed the judge

in the criminal court, received the fines for offences, from which he paid the expenses of the process, and had the power of pardoning. He nominated the president and part of the jury in civil causes, and in all cases of appeal, judges in the last resort. In the year 1611, the Emperor Matthias conferred the right of coining money on the Baron of Haldenstein.

The ancient castle of Haldenstein, from which the barons took their titles, has long been in ruins. Above it, on the mountain sides, is another ruined castle called Lichtenstein, from which it is said the princes of that name derived their title. One of the princes was indeed so convinced of his descent from the ancient possessors of this castle, and so proud of their antiquity, that he was at the cost of forcing a stone from these ruins for the foundation-stone of a superb palace which he built at Vienna, that it might be said to contain some materials of the original castle in which his ancestors once resided.

Misocco is charmingly situated. In the middle of the valley is the ruined castle of Misocco, a feudal seat of the powerful lords of Misox or Mosox, sold by them in 1482 to Trivulzio, the celebrated Milanese general, and destroyed by the people of the Grisons. Its beauty was greatly diminished by a terrific storm and inundation which occurred in August, 1834. With resistless force, the waters tore up whatever was in their course, spreading desolation around. A huge mass bears an inscription as a memorial of the catastrophe.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE JULIER PASS— THE INN—THE ENGADINE—THE BERNINA PASS.

Dr. James Johnson, when prosecuting his philosophical researches on the Rhætian Alps, was an eye-witness to their frightful devastation. Great disasters were severally experienced by the cantons of Uri, Vallais, and Tessin, but we limit ourselves to the catastrophes which occurred in this part of Switzerland. A storm, coming from the west, extended itself over the whole country of the Grisons, and continued its ravages, without interruption, to the following day. Innumerable cataracts, suddenly discharged from the mountains, carried away everything that opposed their course. An immense quantity of trees, fifty houses, and upwards of thirty bridges, were either destroyed or entirely swept off by the torrents. The magnificent route between Coire and the Splugen, and chiefly in the Schamserthal, was almost entirely obliterated; the vast embankments were broken down, and that beautiful valley was transformed into a lake, when the waters, swollen to a height far exceeding the disastrous inundation of 1817, carried off several inhabitants and much cattle. In this district alone, the damage was estimated at upwards of one million of florins. Other valleys suffered severely. In the Oberland the bridges were all, or nearly all, destroyed. In the village of Splugen five men perished; a handsome building lately erected, a dozen other houses, the great stone bridge over the Serända, were all swept down by the torrent, and it was only with the greatest difficulty and hazard of life that the bridge over the Rhine was saved. Between Splugen and Naufanen the dykes gave way, and several houses and sheds of cattle were borne down by the torrent. In one of these houses, the family were quietly seated at their evening meal only an hour before.

The Julier pass, in the Grisons, is estimated at 8,134 feet above the level of the sea, and its ascent may be effected from Stalla, called also Bivio, in about two hours. From the avalanches which threaten the traveller in other parts of Switzerland, this portion of the country is remarkably exempt. But then his expectations must not be high of looking again at the grand or the sublime, lest there be a frequent result.

On the summit of the pass there are two roughly hewn granite pillars, called Julius's Columns. The stone was dug from the neighbouring mountains, it is supposed, by the Romans. Murray says: "They are about four feet high, and destitute of inscription; but may have been set up as mile-stones in the time of Augustus, who caused a Roman highway to be carried from Chiavenna, over the passes of the Malöja and Julier. A carriage-road was formed across the pass of St. Mauritz in 1823; but as no attempt was made till very lately to improve the approach to it through the Oberhalbstein, little advantage was gained by it. Flocks of Bergamesque sheep are often found on the highest pastures, near the summit of the pass, in summer. A still more easy descent leads into the Engadine, to the village of Silva Plana."

The Pass of the Albula is described as follows, with his usual felicity, by the so-called Derwent Conway:—

"At seven o'clock I left Bergun, and immediately began to ascend. From Bergun to the first interior valley, there is a road practicable for small carts; for there some hamlets are scattered, and there, too, lies an Alpine village. This road mounts by the side of a torrent, skirting some little fields of scanty produce, and soon enters a narrow gorge, which affords room only for the torrent and the narrow road that is excavated out of the tremendous rock that towers above it. There is here the cheapest road-maker in the world. The mountain is the road-maker, and never relaxes in its labours: it is of a crumbling nature, and, by incessant contributions, it constantly fills up the cavities which are formed by the rains. When the road had wound round this rock, I found myself entering a tolerably extensive Alpine valley, on all sides surrounded by the rocky peaks and snowy summits of the Albula. Here, too, as at Bergun—here, too, as in the more fruitful valleys—man had found a home, and found that life was sweet. There was his habitation—there the flocks, his riches; and if there was no village inn, where the Grisons might assemble to congratulate each other upon their privileges, there was the little bridge that spanned the torrent, or the fir-tree that lay by the way-side.

"This valley is about a league in length; and, after having traversed it, the path—for it is no longer a road—ascends a narrow defile among the bold rocks that lie around the little Lake of Wissenstein. I found the ascent laborious; but the scenery around amply compensated the labour, for it was of the most varied and striking character. Fine girdles of dark fir spanned the waists of the rocks, whose gray and rugged heads rose in vast amphitheatre. Below the firs, and among the lower rocks, lay the freshest verdure, watered by innumerable rills that were seen higher up in white threads of foam among the rocks. Here and there was a châlet—here and there a little flock; but these became rarer. The path surmounted the fir; and at a sudden turn I found myself on the borders of a little lake, and beside the châlet, where the traveller may find mountain fare. This lake lies extremely high, and possesses the character of every lake found in such elevations—a character, in some things, perhaps slightly varying, but whose general features must necessarily be alike. A few stunted firs were scattered about the lower end, where the water was shallow; but on all the other sides, it lay still and dark and treeless, beneath the frightful precipices that towered above.

"The ascent from the lake is extremely rapid; it remains in sight more than an hour, and is then shut out by a ledge of the higher rocks that are connected with the summits of the mountain. And now a scene opened before me to whose sublimity, I fear, I shall be able to render but imperfect justice. When I speak of this scene, I do so with a perfect recollection of other scenes that I have beheld in other parts of the Alps, in the Pyrenees, in the Carpathian mountains, and in Norway; and I feel that I may do perfect justice to all of these, and yet assert the superiority of this part of Mount Albula, in all that constitutes that kind of sublimity which arises from the presence of desolation. The defile I had now entered was from one to two miles broad, and three or four in length; it was environed by the highest summits of the mountain. These rose almost perpendicularly from the defile, in some places showing precipices of two or three thousand feet; in other places presenting a front of towers and pinnacles, and displaying enormous gaps, where nothing but the torrent had entered, and vast caves where the eagle only had ever rested. Above all, the highest peaks—powdered with snow, but too rugged and pointed to allow it a resting-place—jutted into the sky, leaving to the spectator below a horizon as limited as the defile. But all that I have yet spoken of, though of itself sufficient to form a picture of great power, falls infinitely short of what remains to be described. Within the whole of this bounded horizon, not one blade of verdure was to be seen—not one of those mountain plants, those

Alpine flowers, that often bloom on the borders of eternal winter, and that, springing on the chasms of the baldest rocks, lend, at times, the charm of gentleness and beauty to the most savage scene. But here desolation had reared his throne, and ruin lay around it. The whole extent of the defile was one mass of enormous stones that lay piled upon each other; it was as if two mountains of rock had here waged war, and been shivered in the conflict. Do not suppose, in figuring these scenes to yourself, that rocks and stones lie scattered over the extent of this defile. This would be but a very imperfect description of what it is. In many places the stones are piled upon each other to the height of some hundred feet; and to what depth they may lie even on the track by which you pass, no one can tell. This, however, I know—in ascending higher than this defile, the river is seen to enter it in several concentrated streams, and, below the defile, it is again seen to enter the lake I have mentioned; and, in passing through the defile, at some deep openings and gaps, you may hear the distant rush of waters far below, indicating, by the faintness of the sound, the great depth at which they find a channel.

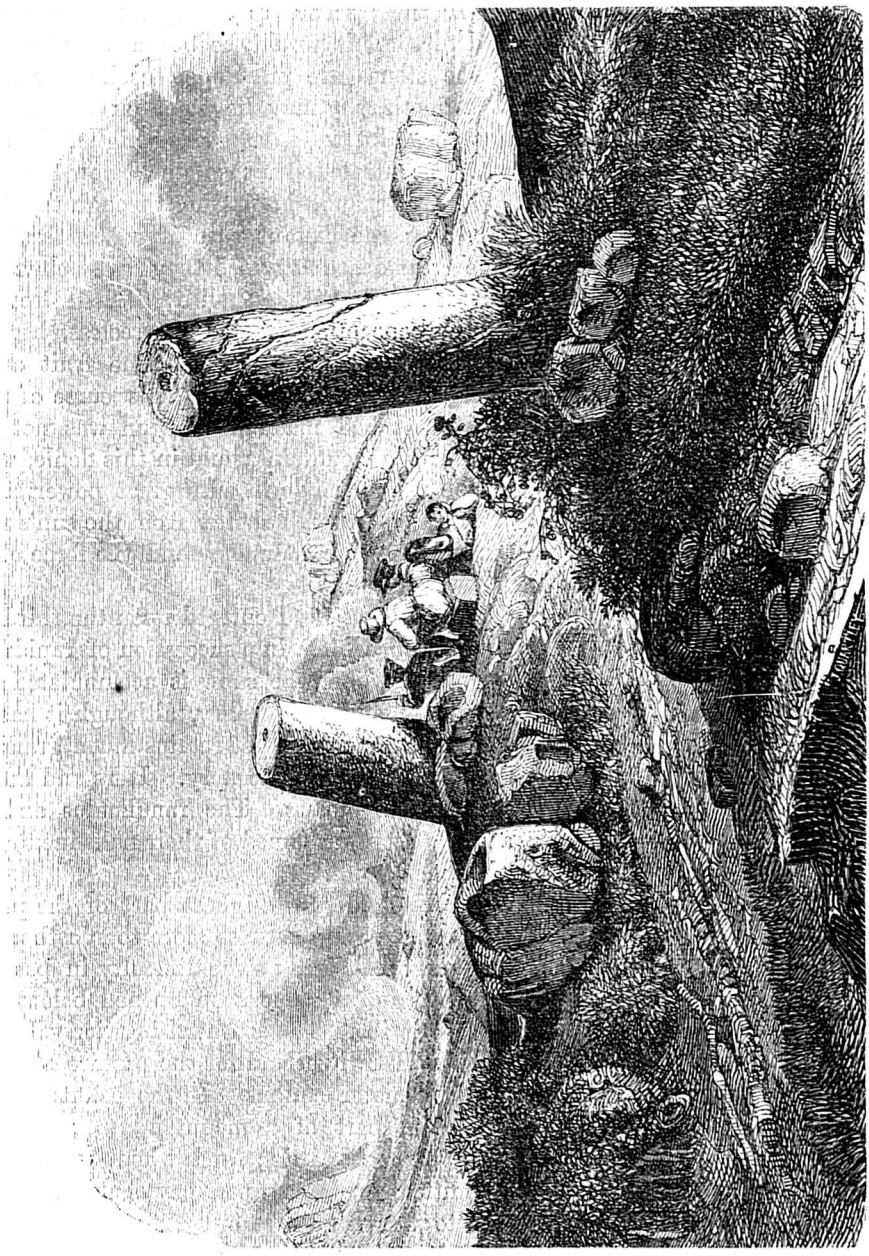
"I have never been more strongly impressed by any scene than by this. It realised, more than any scene I had ever beheld, the conception of chaos, 'treeless, herbless, lifeless.' Not even the fowl of the desert could have here found one fruit of the wilderness, nor one gushing stream whereat to slake his thirst. This curse of utter sterility I myself experienced. The breakfast I had made at Bergun was not well calculated for a journey in a hot dry day across the mountains; and in this defile, where not a breath of air could enter, and where the sun shone down with great power, a well of the desert would have been welcome. I found, however, a shelter from the sun's rays; and it is only amid scenes like these that we are able to understand the force of the expression, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

"When I had traversed this defile by a gradual ascent, I entered upon the third and last division of the pass. Here I found the stream, which, in a succession of rapids and cataracts, comes from the highest interior valley, where the snow is accumulated to a great depth. The ascent here is extremely rapid; and the scenery, although it has lost that character of utter desolation which presides lower down, yet retains much grandeur, mingled with a few of those graces that are found in Alpine scenery. Here and there I found a scanty herbage, and innumerable beautiful mosses. The ranunculus and the mountain anemone bloomed at my feet; and the rocks, ashamed of their nakedness, were covered with the crimson blossoms of the rhododendron.

"About an hour and a half after leaving the defile, the highest part of the pass is attained. Here one is still in a valley, though its sides do not rise more than a thousand feet above it. I found a good deal of snow, and occasionally some difficulty in passing; but, after an hour's walk, I began to descend, and a scene soon opened below very different from that which I have attempted to describe. The southern interior valleys of Mount Albula are among the most esteemed in all Switzerland for the pasture of cattle, which are brought there even from some of the remoter cantons. In the country of the Grisons, every village has its mountain, or its part of a mountain, to which the inhabitants have free access for the grazing of their cattle; and when herds arrive from places beyond its liberty, they are permitted to graze, upon payment of a certain small portion of the produce of the dairy, to the village enjoying the liberty of the mountain.

"It was a beautiful sight to look down on the southern side of Mount Albula; the most charming verdure covered the slopes and the valleys, and the flocks of a hundred hills seemed there to be congregated. The distant, and not unmusical, chime of their thousand bells, mingled with the faint lowing, came sweetly up the mountain; and the beauty and interest of the scene was greatly increased by the recollection of the lifeless, desolate wilderness that I had newly quitted.

"Scenes of grandeur and sublimity are indeed glorious, and by them we are called from the littleness of life to a contemplation of the majesty of that which is more enduring. Unutterable, indeed, is the charm that holds us in the depth of the silent valley, and among the dark and mighty mountains; but still there is, in pictures of life and happiness,

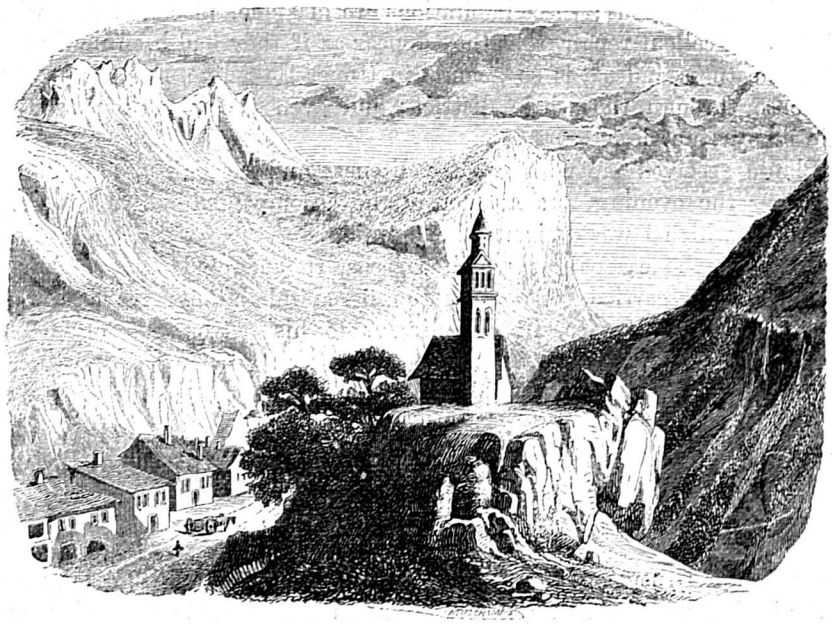


PILLARS ON MONT JULIER.

in scenes of a more tranquil and gentler kind, a language that speaks more universally to the human heart; and this I found in the contrast between the desolate grandeur of the defile and the green and life-like aspect of the mountain slopes.

"Less than an hour brought me among the cattle, and another hour led me to their habitations. For the double purpose of quenching my thirst, and of seeing the interior of

these mountain-dairies, I left the track to visit one of them. One or two large and fierce-looking dogs opposed my entrance; but a shepherd, who had doubtless his own interest in view, smoothed the way, and conducted me into the interior. In the outer part of the châlet there was room for upwards of three hundred cattle, and the inner part consisted of two rooms, one where the milk is kept, and the other where the cheese is made. There is besides a kind of loft, where the men employed in the dairy sleep. For every fifty cows there is generally one man. They are each allowed about 16 florins per month, which, at the value of a florin in that country, is about twenty-nine shillings. They are, of course, allowed nourishment besides, which consists of bread, salted meat, and as much cheese, butter, and milk as they please. The term of their employment is generally about four months. It is evident, therefore, that the occupation of a shepherd of the Alps requires some knowledge. It is not merely looking after the cattle, and leaning upon his crook: he must know all the mysteries of the dairy, which are neither



TEUFEL CASTLE, NEAR THE JULIER PASS.

few nor simple; and judging from the excellence of its productions throughout the greater part of Switzerland, these shepherds must be well versed in their trade. I found those of Mount Albula civil, communicative, and tolerably intelligent. They seemed to feel considerable pride in showing me their utensils, which, indeed, they well might, for nothing could be cleaner, or in more excellent order, than the utensils which contained the produce of the dairy, in all its varieties of milk, cream, butter, and cheese. Every traveller has spoken of the excellence of the milk he has drank among the Alps, and I must needs add my testimony to that of others; though I must acknowledge that I thought it inferior to the milk I have drank in Norway, and I may perhaps add, in the Highlands of Scotland. It is certainly no recommendation to the thirsty traveller—at least, it ought to be none—that milk is rich. It is indeed a delicious, but scarcely a refreshing beverage; and if the traveller will take my advice, he will follow my example, and drink the milk which has been already deprived of the cream.

"After leaving the dairy, I went rapidly down the mountain, and, passing through

the region of fir, I found myself, in about two hours, in the lowest defile, from which I occasionally caught glimpses of the valley below; and, about five in the afternoon, I reached the village of Pont, in the Ober, or Upper Engadine. I need scarcely add, that the descent into the Engadine is less, by at least 2,000 feet, than the ascent from Bergun —the village of Pont lying at an elevation of no less than 4,800 feet above the level of the Mediterranean."

"The Inn, during its progress in this part," says Coxe, "is very unlike most of the rivers which I traced in my former route. The Rhone, the Reuss, and the Aar, for instance, fall, near their sources, in a continual cataract, over fragments of rock, and through the most wild and uninhabited tracts of country; while this river directs its course through a cultivated and populous district, in an equable, unbroken stream. The country is picturesque, and its beauties are of a milder cast than are usual in these Alpine regions. The burghs, or villages, are pleasantly dotted about the plain, at the distance of about a mile from each other. Each village contains about fifty or a hundred houses, standing contiguous; these habitations are of stone, plastered and whitewashed, and are in such excellent repair, that they appear as if they had been newly constructed. The spirit of neatness, indeed, is so general in Upper Engadine, that I scarcely observed one bad house through the whole district; and even the barns are as good as the cottages in many countries.

"Mr. Planta received me with great politeness and cordiality, and invited me to supper; and as the evening was not set in, he accompanied me to what is called the camp of Drusus, which I was desirous of examining.

"You recollect the campaigns which Drusus, the adopted son of Augustus, and brother of Tiberius, carried on against the fierce inhabitants of these mountainous countries; and which Horace, in compliment to his patron, has alluded to in the following passages :—

'Videre Rhæti bello sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem et Vindelici;'

and afterwards—

'———— arces
Alpibus impositas tremendas
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.'

"This campaign of Drusus against the Rhætians was attended with great success, and he defeated the barbarous inhabitants, before deemed unconquerable (indomitosque Rhætos), with great slaughter. The supposed remains of his camp consist of several deep pits, and a mound of earth about thirty feet high and sixty paces in circumference. These works did not appear to me to be of Roman construction; probably they are nothing more than a rude fortification thrown up during the turbulent times, when the barons of the country were engaged in perpetual acts of hostility; a desire to render them venerable by the remoteness of their origin and the splendour of the Roman name, seems the only cause of their being attributed to Drusus."

Upper Engadine, the Valley of the Upper Inn, is divided into two communities, called Setto and Sopra Fontana Merla, from their situation above or below that spring. They have both the same court of criminal justice, which is held at Lutz, and consists of the landamman of Setto, who is president, and sixteen jurymen, called Trouadors, taken equally from each district. Justice is more equitably administered in this court than in any other throughout the Grisons, excepting at Coire; a circumstance which arises from the following causes. The code of criminal laws was composed in 1563 by one Juvalta, who had been envoy from the Republic of the Grisons to Venice, and had there imbibed more enlarged conceptions of jurisprudence than at that time prevailed among his rude countrymen. This code was

drawn up in Latin, and in 1644 was translated into Romansh. The fines enjoined for criminal offences do not belong to the judges but to the community. The expenses of the process are defrayed, and a salary is allowed to the judges, from the public fund; the judges by these means, being not so much interested to convict the prisoner, are not so ready, as some of their predecessors in office, to employ the horrid expedient of torture for the purpose of enforcing confession.

Another cause of the equity observable in this court is the mode of electing the judges. They are not, as in many of the other communities, chosen by the people collectively assembled, but by sixteen deputies who represent the several districts. By these means the election is carried on with more prudence, and with a greater attention to the qualifications of the judges, than can be expected amidst the confusion of a popular meeting.

The same deputies choose all the civil magistrates by a majority of voices; and finally decide all legislative and political questions, which have before been separately proposed to the several districts which they represent. Their constituents have the power (which they frequently exercise) of peremptorily directing their vote. It is, however, no inconsiderable alleviation of the mischiefs frequently attendant on governments purely democratical, that the whole body of the populace on no occasion assemble on one spot, but discuss matters in detached parties, and send the result of their deliberation by their representatives.

Upper Engadine is a very beautiful valley, yet, on account of its elevation, it produces nothing but pasture, and a small quantity of rye and barley. The winter sets in early and ends late, during which time sledges are the ordinary vehicles. The air, even in the month of August, is sometimes cold and piercing, and the corn in the midst of summer is occasionally much damaged by the hoar frosts. Hence the Italian proverb—

"Engadina Terra Fina, se non fosse la pruina."*

As the district does not always yield sufficient productions for the maintenance of the inhabitants, many of them migrate into foreign countries; the gentry in the military line, as is common through Switzerland; others in the capacity of mechanics, tradesmen, and merchants; their favourite occupation is to keep coffee-houses or pastry-cooks' shops in different parts of Italy and France. Generally two persons enter into partnership to carry on the same trade: one stays in his own country, and the other attends the business for a year, when he is relieved by his partner, and returns to his family for the same term. These partners are commonly as faithful as they are industrious; they annually bring considerable sums of money into this district, which is esteemed the richest among the Grisons.

Many of the inhabitants feed numerous herds of cattle in the summer months upon the Upper Alps, and export large quantities of cheese and butter. In the autumn, when pasture begins to be scarce, they send a great part of the cattle for sale into the Tyrol. The inhabitants live very much upon salted meat, particularly in winter, on account of the dearness of fodder. The bread of the country is mostly brownish; it is baked in little round cakes, only two or three times in the year, and becomes so hard that it is sometimes broken with a hatchet; it is not an unpleasant food with cheese or butter, which are very common. The greatest part of the butter is made on the Alps; it is afterwards melted, put into bottles, and frequently continues good during the whole year. The wine of the Valteline is much esteemed, and is by no means scarce in this country; it bears keeping to a very considerable age. Some wine has been tasted from the cask, of a very fine flavour, and more than fifty years old, although it grows sour in the space of three years in the warm climate of the Valteline.

* Engadine would be a fine country, if there were no frosts.

The people are for the most part remarkably polite and well bred; "they bow to me," says Coxe, "as I pass, with great civility, and will perform any kind offices in the readiest and most obliging manner. I am, indeed, no less delighted with the manners of the inhabitants, their politeness and hospitality, than with the romantic scenery of the country. Although many of the natives spend a great portion of their time in foreign parts, they seldom lose their attachment to Engadine; and return with great eagerness to their family and friends after their occasional absence."

The inhabitants of Upper Engadine are computed at about four thousand, and out of these, four or five hundred, upon an average, earn their livelihood in foreign countries.

THE BERNINA PASS.

The valley of Upper Engadine, from Celerina to a few miles beyond Scampf, is nearly level; it is enclosed between two ridges of mountains, which are highest at Celerina, and gradually diminish in height and ruggedness. About Zutz and Scampf is the finest part of the valley; it there produces some rye and barley, and the mountains are clothed with verdure to their very summits. Beyond Scampf the plain ends; and the river Inn, which had hitherto winded in a gentle course, is contracted into a narrow channel, and falls into continual cataracts. The road ascends and descends along the sides of the mountains, and the country is thickly overspread with woods of fir and pines.

A small bridge is thrown over a precipice, and overlooks a foaming cataract. It is

called, in the language of the country, *Pont Alta*, or High Bridge, and forms the separation between Upper and Lower Engadine. The road from the lake of Siglio to Pont Alta is sufficiently broad to contain two or three carriages abreast.

The House of Austria offered to defray the whole expense of this undertaking. The

LAKE OF THE BERNINA.

inhabitants of Upper Engadine, although they declined with a spirit of disinterestedness the offer of indemnification, immediately carried the plan into execution within their own territories; but the intrigues of the citizens of Coire, whose interest would have greatly suffered by the new arrangement, together with an inveterate persuasion that

good roads would render the country too accessible to the neighbouring powers, prevented the people of Pregalia and Lower Engadine from co-operating in this useful project; accordingly that part of this road which runs through their districts remains in its original state.

Cernetz is situated in a small rich plain, bounded by two ridges of mountains converging at both extremities. This plain produces wheat, barley, rye, flax, and abundance of rich pasture. There is an essential difference between the climate of this little plain and that of Upper Engadine; it is much warmer, and has all its natural productions much further advanced towards maturity. Large quantities of wood are felled upon these mountains, and floated down the Inn as far as Inspruck. In this plain the Inn is joined by the large torrent Spælg, that descends from the mountains of Bormio. By the side of this torrent, and at the extremity of a narrow pass leading to Bormio and Munster, there is a square tower, which in 1624 the Marquis de Cœuvres garrisoned with a body of French and Grison troops, in order to check the motions of the Austrian army posted at Munster. The pass is still further fortified by a stone wall, carried from the foot of an inaccessible rock to the tower, and from thence to the torrent.

The Marquis de Cœuvres, to whom the guard of this important pass was committed, was son of the Marquis d'Etrées; he was brought up to the church, and created Bishop of Noyon; but upon the death of his elder brother renounced the ecclesiastical line, and embraced the profession of arms. He distinguished himself in several campaigns under Henry IV., and was afterwards employed in the reign of Louis XIII. as ambassador to Turin and Rome. In 1624 he was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the republic of the Grisons, and commander-in-chief of an army, composed of French and Swiss troops, sent to the assistance of the Grisons during the war of the Valteline. He penetrated through Coire into Lower Engadine, and seized, without delay, the important pass just described; by this manœuvre he secured the only avenue by which he could open a passage to Bormio, the reduction of which place was followed by an almost immediate submission of the Valteline. For these important services, the Marquis, on his return to France, was created Duc d'Etrées, and raised to the highest honours. He died in 1670, in the one hundred and second year of his age.

Huldric Campel, the author of a valuable work on the Grisons, was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century, at Suss, in Lower Engadine, and made remarkable proficiency in every species of literature. He was one of the earliest reformers in this country, and became, by his active zeal, as well as by his extensive erudition, a great instrument in spreading the Reformation through the district. An event of little consequence, which happened in his family, gave rise to the sudden and wide dissemination of the new doctrines, and ended in the abolition of the Roman Catholic religion.

While he was absent, in 1537, upon the prosecution of his studies, his wife was delivered of a daughter, which was so sickly and weak, that it seemed upon the point of expiring. Gaspar Campel, father of Huldric, a man strongly addicted to the reformed doctrines, refused to have the child christened by the Popish priest of the parish, nor would suffer even the midwives to sprinkle it, according to the custom of the Romish church with holy water; and, as there was no reformed minister at hand, he performed the ceremony of baptism himself. This act was looked upon in so hateful a light by the Roman Catholics of Suss, that they assembled in a tumultuous manner, and attacked Gaspar with such fury, that he narrowly escaped assassination. His enemies then brought an accusation against him before the diet, which at first referred the cause to arbitration; but no satisfactory decision being obtained from this mode of proceeding, a public conference was ordered to be held in the church of Suss, before deputies from the several communities, upon the following question: "Whether, if a child is born and

likely to die before a priest can be sent for, the baptism performed by a layman was preferable to that by midwives?"

This ridiculous inquiry led to discussions of great moment. The reformed ministers refused to acknowledge any authority but that of the Holy Scriptures, while the Catholics considered the writings of the Fathers and decrees of the church as infallible; each party, thus regarding every point through a different medium, could not be prevailed on to adopt the arguments of its antagonist; and the dispute lasted seven days with little prospect of any satisfactory conclusion. A system of accommodation, however, at length ended the matter. The deputies decided, that in cases of extreme necessity, where no priest was present, either a layman or the midwives might baptize, that the former was preferable to the latter; but, what was of the greatest consequence, they inculcated, that in regard to the other controverted points of faith debated in the course of this argument, every person might safely hold that doctrine which from full conviction he was persuaded to be accordant with the word of God. This conference was productive of the most beneficial effects; for the people, who flocked thither in great numbers, were taught to consider the Holy Scriptures as the only authority in controverted questions; and within the space of twenty years, the Reformation was completely established throughout Engadine.

To return to Huldric Campel. He not only approved his father's conduct in the affair of his daughter's baptism, but became a zealous proselyte to the new doctrines. Having entered into holy orders, he undertook the care of a reformed church in the valley of the Pretigau, where he was indefatigable in the performance of his duty and the propagation of the Protestant religion. In 1550 he was drawn to Suss by the friends of the Reformation, as a person the most qualified to combat the Roman Catholic church. His labours were attended with such success, that a short time after his appearance in his native place, mass was abolished, and the Reformation publicly adopted. Nor was Suss the sole theatre of his exertions; at Cernetz, and several other places, the persuasion of his eloquence, and the force of his arguments, gained a numerous train of converts.

He passed the decline of his life at Schlins, where he was pastor, and persevered to the last period of his existence in disseminating and defending the doctrines of the reformed churches, as ably by his eloquence as he recommended them by his example. Amidst the occupation of religious duties, he found leisure to continue his history of the Grisons to 1580. He died the following year at Schlins, in an extreme old age, leaving a name highly respectable in the religious and literary annals of his country.

The road from Cernetz to Scuol is a continual ascent and descent. The small plain of Cernetz soon ends, and is succeeded by a rude assemblage of rocks and forests. Suss is situated in a narrow pass between the river Inn and a contiguous ridge of rocks a little beneath the ruins of an old castle; close to it is a small fertile plain, which agreeably diversifies the wildness of the rocks and forests.

In the whole of the Engadine, the land belongs to the peasantry, who, like the inhabitants of every other place where this state of things exists, vary greatly in the extent of their possessions. If a peasant owns from eight to fifteen cows, and land sufficient for their support, as well as for growing what is consumed in his own family, he is esteemed in good circumstances. He consumes whatever part of the produce of his dairy is needed at home; and he sells the surplus, chiefly the cheese, which he keeps till the arrival of the travelling merchant, who buys it for exportation. Generally speaking, an Engadine peasant lives entirely upon the produce of his land, with the exception of the few articles of foreign growth required in his family, such as coffee, sugar, and wine. These he finds at the house of the innkeeper, who, in the Engadine, is always a retail dealer in such articles; for there is not a shop of any description in the Lower Engadine, and only one or two in the Upper Engadine. The peasant has his

own cheese, butter, milk, eggs; and kills a pig or a cow occasionally, if he can afford this, keeping a part of it fresh, selling a little to those who are not rich enough to kill any of their stock, and salting the rest for the use of his family.

There cannot be said to be any regular markets throughout the Engadine, so that it is difficult to say what is the value of the different articles of subsistence. There is no occasion for markets, because it is nobody's interest either to sell or to buy. Sometimes, however, meat is offered for sale in small quantities; and sometimes an over-abundant, or a scanty supply of the articles of the dairy, tempts some one to sell, and forces others to buy. Wine is at all times moderate in price throughout the Engadine, and good in quality. Of course none is grown there; it is all imported from the Valteline. The Grison of the Engadine is supplied from his own property with flax, which is grown, prepared, spun, and woven without ever leaving his house. He has, also, his own wool, which is converted into a blue coat, without passing through the hands of either the dyer or the tailor: the latter vocation is invariably exercised by the females of the house.

The people set a high value on their own advantages. "How can we be otherwise than

VALLEY OF SILVA PLANA, ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ENGADINE.

happy and contented," said they to a traveller, "when we have ample means of living, and are dependent upon nobody for the least portion of that which contributes to our ease?" This he admitted was much; and when he hinted at the want of society, and the rigour of a nine months' winter, they made light of the latter, and immediately began to put him right in the view he took of their society. They assured him, that in winter no place was gayer than the Engadine. They said they had balls and parties every week, at which they danced merrily and long, drank freely of the good wine of the Valteline, and ate of the excellent pastry for which the Grisons have attained so high a reputation. They admitted that their winter was indeed long and rigorous; but then, of what consequence was this, when plenty of wood was to be had for nothing? Such is, in truth, the privileges enjoyed by the villages of the Engadine. Every village has a certain mountain limit, within which all the wood is free, and may be cut down and carried away by any one who chooses to take that trouble. A privilege like this, doubtless, smoothes the severities of a rigorous winter.

Conway saw this part of the country under the most favourable circumstances: "It is certain," he says, "that I found every one contented; and in the Engadine, nothing more need be desired. It is not, indeed, in all cases a proof that a people enjoy

the greatest possible happiness, merely because we find them contented with their condition. Ignorance and superstition may make a people contented with slavery. Of this we have, unfortunately, examples among the European nations. Sloth, and a low state of moral feeling, may render men contented with beggary and wretchedness, in a land the most favoured, where plenty might reign, and luxury revel: but the Engadine is not so situated; and in place of grieving, as the patriot or the philanthropist may, at the spectacle of contentment, where contentment is indicative but of degradation, this general contentment among the Grisons of the Engadine is not to be deplored, for there is neither ignorance nor superstition, beggary nor wretchedness among them; and the Engadine is not a country where discontent could produce any advantage to its inhabitants, because nothing can change their condition. The country is incapable of greater cultivation than it has received. All has been done for it that industry and an extreme love of gain can devise. Wherever an ear of rye will ripen, there it is to be found. But in a country lying three and six thousand feet above the level of the sea (and this applies to the bottom of the valley, not to the mountain sides, which are greatly more elevated), industry wages an equal war against the elements. Summer does not begin till June, and ends early in September; and even during its continuance, the diligently cultured fields are often laid waste by a desolating storm of hail, or entirely swept away by the resistless torrents that descend from the mountains."

The road to Ardetz follows the course of the Inn, which murmurs below in a deep narrow channel, heard but not seen, "From Ardetz (over which hangs, upon a lofty rock, a ruined castle called Steinberg) I descended," says Coxe, "along a very steep craggy path to the river Inn, which I crossed, and mounted a rapid ascent, leaving on my right hand the valley of Scharla, in which there are silver mines belonging to the House of Austria. They were formerly very rich, and yielded a considerable advantage, but are now exhausted. I passed through the straggling village of Trasp, and close to a castle of the same name, situated upon the highest point of a perpendicular rock. Count Dietrichstein, as lord of the castle, is a prince of the German empire; it was given to his family by the emperor Leopold, on condition that its possessor should always vote in the diet of the empire for the House of Austria. The formality of a garrison is maintained in this castle by a single Austrian soldier."

A very lofty chain of mountains, called the Bernina, separates the valleys of the Engadine and of Bregaglia, on the north, from Valteline on the south. They are of various elevations. They are crossed by several arduous paths, but the most frequented is the Bernina pass. "It is a wide path," Murray says, "practicable at its two extremities for cars, and traversed annually by seven hundred or eight hundred mules."

It is a truly pleasing incident of travel, when enjoying the scenery of such a land as that we are now about to leave, we are associated with those who sympathise with our feelings, and heartily respond to our expressions of delight. But to prevent frequent disappointment, it is well to remember, that many seem to go abroad for no such purpose: to say they have been at any place of which they hear, or they think it desirable to mention, appears to be their chief object, and only associated with another, whose claims must not, on any account, be set aside. Many a traveller might have sat for the picture which Mr. Noel has very vividly sketched:—

"On board a certain steam-boat, a traveller, while we were dining at the table d'hote, paced the deck with apparent indifference to the entertainment; but nothing was farther from his thoughts; his sagacious eye was marking some dishes which experience or an intuitive knowledge of good cooking led him to regard as promising. His choice being made, he waited patiently till the bustle of twenty voices vociferating garçon, and five or six waiters, with the rapidity of lightning, flying from point to point, had subsided into the loquacious contentment which marks that a large company have dispatched a good

dinner. And now his turn was come. The day being fine, and the scenery beautiful, every one was on deck, and the Englishman was almost as solitary in the cabin as Virgil's bird upon the sea-shore, which

" 'Sola in siccâ secum spatiatur arenâ.'

But the Englishman did not mean to waste his time by strutting like the bird: the air had made his appetite keen; a purple rotundity of visage marked that he was not indifferent to good cheer, and he was there for nothing else than to feed. There was remarkable deliberation and order in the proceedings; which were thus opened:—

" 'Waiter, garçon, bring me some dinner: comprenez?'

" 'Very well, sir.'

" 'Cutlets, pommes de terre au maitre d'hotel, and sliced carrots.'

"In a short time the cloth was laid, and the napkin was on his knee, three dishes smoked under his nose, and his plate before him invited him to action. But before the waiter could retire, he exclaimed, 'Bring three plates.' The waiter stared. 'Trois assiettes, I say.' The waiter was confounded: what could he mean? Upon which the Englishman, seeing that neither his English nor his French was understood, rushed to the steward's room, seized three plates, returned to his table, followed by the waiter, whose imagination was completely baffled by this rapid movement, and, placing the three plates upon the three dishes, exclaimed, 'Comme ç'a; voila.'

" 'There was still another preliminary to be settled.

" 'What wine, sir?' said the waiter, putting the list into his hands. His eye glanced over it with contempt. The most costly Burgundy, champagne mousseux, the Johannisberg, and the Hockheim solicited his palate in vain; and he replied, 'Have you got a bottle of porter?'

" 'What, sir?'

" 'Have—you—got—a—bottle—o—porter, I say? Comprenez?'

"Alas! the waiter did not comprehend one word that he said; but happily, it being a time of profound repose in the vessel, a second waiter was at hand, to whom the question was repeated.

" 'No, sir, no.'

" 'Then why have you put it in the list?'

" 'We have ale, sir.'

" 'I asked for porter.'

" 'We have none, sir.'

" 'Why do you deceive people by putting it in the carte? Bring a bottle of ale, then. Comprenez?'

"After this the Englishman, lifting up the cover of each dish for a moment, took from it some of its smoking contents, and then closed it again as carefully as a miser would relock his hoard. Just then the waiter re-appeared with the bottle; and was in the act of inserting the corkscrew, when the Englishman, starting up, exclaimed with energetic indignation, 'If you draw it, I will not pay you one farthing. Comprenez?' If his words were unintelligible, the waiter could understand the deepening claret of his cheek, and the keen sparkle of his eye, and was arrested in a moment; when the other, snatching the bottle, and placing it still corked by his side, muttered something about 'spoiling the thing altogether.' But now his energy and decision had triumphed; and I left him in his spacious cabin, with plenty of time before him, with his hot dishes within reach, and his ale ready to foam at his command, beginning to replenish the interior void with a profound contentment, which the fine scenery through which we were rapidly gliding could not for a moment disturb."

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE—ARTS AND MANUFACTURES—FINE ARTS—INSTITUTIONS—RELIGION.

It is desirable, before we proceed to the north of Italy, that we should now dwell briefly on the condition of the people of Switzerland; and more particularly on those circumstances which, as yet, we have only too slightly touched, or altogether passed over. This will, therefore, be our present purpose.

Switzerland is a country of various races, and this circumstance, as well as the difference of situation and climate, and of institutions, language, and religion, contribute to give distinct moral features to the various parts of the population. Generally speaking, the western Swiss bear a certain affinity to their French neighbours of Burgundy and Franche Comté, being like them, chiefly descended from the Burgundians, whose kingdom extended on both sides of the Jura; while the eastern and northern Swis resemble their German neighbours of Suabia and Tyrol. The inhabitants of the central Alpine cantons have peculiar features, physical as well as moral, and they have remained more unmixed from foreign irruptions and immigrations than the rest.

According to Olivier, a Swiss contemporary writer, the inhabitant of the Alps is strongly attached to his native locality, firm and tenacious even to obstinacy, proud and single-minded; his feelings are deep and energetic; he is prone to enthusiasm, and to a kind of poetical abstraction. The inhabitant of the regions of the Jura is more civilised, more developed, more industrious, more progressive. In politics, liberty in the Jura is of the modern kind, the offspring of reasoning and of speculation; in the Alps it is a natural and individual sentiment.

The Swiss are generally fond of their country, and feel proud of being Swiss. Amongst all, both in the mountains and the plains, may be observed a frank, bold bearing and gait, and a freedom of sentiment which proclaim them as citizens of a free country. There is also a love of domestic comfort, propriety, and of the decencies of life among all classes, and in a greater degree than is found among the corresponding orders in France or Italy. The differences in the appearance of the country and the houses, the superior cleanliness, tidiness, and care, forcibly strike the traveller who crosses the Jura or the Alps into Switzerland. The feeling of order, the habit of reasoning and discriminating, the steady, slow perseverance, the disposition to grave and serious thoughts, the shrewdness and humour, distinct from cunning and wit—all which are qualities generally characteristic of the Teutonic nations—have been regarded as belonging in great measure also to the Swiss, who are for the most part descended from Teutonic races.

In the western part of Savoy the people are chiefly employed in agriculture, but in the great valleys, the principal of which are Faucigny, Tarentaise, and Maurienne, the rearing of cattle is the chief resource of the inhabitants.

Besides the nobility, which is numerous but not rich, there are three classes of people in Savoy. The first class consists of bourgeois, or citizens, who are freemen of the

different towns, and who are generally proprietors, having an income sufficient for their subsistence. The freedom may be purchased, on certain conditions; the purchase money goes to the support of the hospitals, and other public uses, and part of it serves to defray the expenses of a city feast on the reception of the new member.

The second class consists of farmers, whether tenants or proprietors, cultivating their own land: they live frugally, but are generally comfortable. The third class is composed of artisans and agricultural labourers; the former are mostly foreigners, or the sons of foreigners, and they are well employed and paid; but the agricultural labourers are generally poor, and live wretchedly. It is from this class that travellers derive their notions of the misery of Savoy; but it is not so great as is commonly supposed. With the wages he receives, the labourer can purchase sufficient wholesome food for himself and his family, according to the frugal manner in which they live. But then he has to deduct about seventy days in the year, consisting of Sundays and other holidays, as he is paid by the day; and during winter he either has no employment, or works at reduced wages. These difficulties induce many to emigrate. The inhabitants of the mountains are in better circumstances than those of the towns and valleys, owing to the rich pastures which the Alps spontaneously afford.

Emigration during winter is general among the poorer peasantry of the higher valleys. The men leave their homes in the autumn, and proceed to France or Italy in quest of work, while their wives take care of the house, and spin and weave during the long winter evenings, for they make all their clothing at home. At the beginning of spring, the men return to work in the fields, or drive the cattle up the Alps. The younger emigrants wander further, and remain sometimes absent for years. They proceed to Lyons and Paris, where they find employment as chimney-sweepers, shoe-blacks, hawkers, and errand-boys, and are to be seen at the corners of the streets of the French metropolis, where they are said to bear a good character for honesty and sobriety.

There is a difference remarked between the emigrants of the different valleys. Those from the Maurienne, which is the poorest, are the most numerous, and also the humblest in their vocations. They are chiefly chimney-sweepers, or shoe-blacks. Those from the Tarentaise, though they begin with the same callings, often raise themselves in some branch of trade; and many have established houses in various parts of France. The emigrants of Faucigny are mostly carpenters and stone-masons. They possess much mechanical ingenuity, and are the best informed among the mountaineers of Savoy. The best chamois-hunters are also to be met with in Faucigny; and they follow that dangerous sport with an ardour only extinguished by death.

The people of Faucigny export cattle, cheese, butter, flax, and honey—which last is very much esteemed. Those of Maurienne and Tarantasia export likewise cattle and mules to Piedmont and to France; they supply the markets of Turin with butcher's meat, hides, butter, and cheese. Most of the cheese said to be from Mont Cenis, and somewhat resembling Stilton, is made in the Maurienne. The cheese of Tarantasia resembles the well-known Swiss cheese called Gruyere. The people live chiefly on the produce of their dairies: they eat rye-bread, or cakes made of oatmeal and rye, which are baked twice in the year, chesnuts, and now and then a piece of salt meat. The attachment of the Savoyards to their native mountains is a feeling which continues during life. In almost every little town or village there are gifts left by natives—as may be seen in the churches—natives who, after many years' residence in distant countries, have returned home in their advanced age.

The Savoyards take particular care of their churches; which even in the forest and most mountainous parishes are neat, and often handsome, though their own habitations are rudely constructed, and often dilapidated. The parish church, often at a great distance from the various hamlets scattered on the mountain sides, is the only place of

meeting in these districts. There, once a week, the various families see each others' faces. After a week's separation from all the rest of mankind, amidst wild solitudes, where nothing is heard but the noise of the torrent, and the roar of the storm, the meeting at church must excite peculiar emotions.

The arrangements for marriage are not a little singular. When a young man is first admitted to spend the evening at the house of a maiden to whom he wishes to pay his addresses, he watches the order of the fireplace, where several billets are blazing. If the fair one lifts up a billet, and places it upright against the side of the fireplace, it is a sign that she does not approve of her suitor. If she leaves the blazing wood undisturbed, the young man may be sure of her consent. The preliminaries of the contract are soon arranged. The bridegroom makes a present to his betrothed as a pledge of his sincerity, and the following Saturday the contract is signed. At the marriage festival, twenty-four hours are passed in rejoicings, for this is the most important event in the simple history of these mountaineers.

The pastoral populations of the Waldstatten have been free from time immemorial; they enjoyed liberty, indeed, while the rest of Switzerland was cultivated by serfs. The plateau or table-land of the country, which lies between the two mountain regions, is the scene of agricultural labours; it also contains the largest and wealthiest towns; it enjoys a greater degree of ease and comfort; and the inhabitants are more fond of material enjoyment; they are less shrewd and ingenious, more satisfied, and less anxious about accumulating wealth than the mountaineers, either of the Jura or the Alps. The inhabitants of the mountain cantons are fond of money, which is scarce in their country, and travellers have complained of their grasping disposition, especially the innkeepers, muleteers, and guides. Gross cases of imposition, accompanied by rudeness, now and then occur, for which there is little chance of redress, as the local magistrates are connected with the innkeepers, or are innkeepers themselves, and the local courts in the small democracies of the Alps are not very scrupulous or just.

A recent traveller says: "It is a pity that the inducement to travel through a country so interesting as the Grisons—interesting from the grandeur of its scenery—interesting from the peculiarities of its natural and moral aspect—should be in any degree counterbalanced by the unpleasant knowledge, that every man's object is to cheat you; and that, moreover, any attempt to resist even the grossest robbery will be followed by abuse and insult, sometimes even by violence; and yet such is the state of things throughout the country of the Grisons. I do not allude to what I would call *simple imposition*. Overcharges a stranger must submit to; and the traveller will do wisely in making up his mind to bear these quietly. But the imposition practised upon travellers throughout the Grison country is of a different kind, and amounts to robbery. This is less excusable, too, among the Grisons than in any other part of Switzerland, and must be attributed amongst them to an innate want of honesty. In the more travelled parts of Switzerland, intercourse with strangers may have corrupted the natural simplicity of the natives. When the continent was first opened to the English, they scattered their money with the most lavish hand, measuring their bounty, not by the wants of the natives and the scale of things abroad, but by the high war-prices of England; so that, upon the principle that a thing is worth what it will bring, the Swiss adapted their demands to this rule; and, even at this day, although the majority of travelling English act with greater prudence, there are still many exceptions; and when you offer a Swiss something reasonable and just for his services, nothing is more common than to be told, that *un Monsieur Anglais* gave so and so the other day for a similar service, naming a sum two or three times greater than you have offered. But the Grisons have no such examples of folly to bring in support of their extortions; and these extortions are, besides, far greater, as well as of a different character. I scarcely ever changed a piece of money in

the Grisons, that an attempt was not made to give less than its value; and at the same time, presuming upon my ignorance of Swiss coinage, money either altogether false, of depreciated value, or useless in the country of the Grisons, made a part of the change. Moderate overcharges I do not complain of, because I lay my account with them. But these, when very gross, become mere robbery; and of this description was the demand made at Ilanz, where I now am. I had bread, milk, and two eggs for supper—this was all the house afforded; and for breakfast I had bread, butter, sugar, and hot water to make tea, which I carried with me. The whole of these could not have been worth one franc; and in the morning, when I demanded my bill, I was told it amounted to *nine francs*. I requested to know the particulars. Supper three francs, breakfast three francs, bed three francs. I told the landlord the charge was quite absurd. He shrugged his shoulders. I told him it was at least three times what would be charged for the same accommodation in England. '*C'est possible?*' said he, with the greatest coolness; '*mais nous sommes à present en Suisse.*' I told him I would not pay it. 'How can you help it?' said he with the utmost effrontery; and, in short, I purchased leave to go upon my journey, by submitting to be robbed. I could mention several other instances of robbery to match this. And with respect to begging in the Grisons, how do the peasants manage to reconcile their cupidity with their independence? They manage in this way:—they employ their children to beg in the neighbourhood of Coire; and, on the road to the baths of Pfeffers, where the inhabitants are accustomed to see strangers, you cannot pass a hamlet without being assailed by children, while the parents, richer perhaps than you are, stand at the door with an air of Grison independence. But this is not all; when I have refused to give anything (and, I need scarcely say, I always did refuse), I have been frequently hooted at, and pelted with stones; and, upon one occasion, when I turned back, to bestow a little wholesome chastisement upon some boys past the age of children, two or three men, and as many women, all of whom had seen the misconduct of the boys, rushed from the cottage-door, and showed by their menaces that I should act wisely in submitting to be pelted with stones in so free a country as the Grisons. So much for Grison honesty, and Grison civilisation."

Ggenerally speaking, however, the Swiss are warm-hearted and hospitable; they are kind to strangers, and their country can boast of having afforded, at all times, an asylum to the unfortunate and the persecuted. The Italian Protestants in the sixteenth century, the Vaudois, the French Protestants who were driven out of their country by the intolerance of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth, all found an hospitable reception in Switzerland. The Roman Catholic emigrants, priests, and laymen, who escaped from France at the time of the great revolution, found sympathy and assistance from the Swiss, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. In later times, political emigrants of various countries, both in the time of Napoleon and since that period, have taken refuge in Switzerland, not without the risk, on the part of that country, of being involved in hostilities with powerful neighbouring states on account of the imprudent and guilty conduct of several of the refugees.

The Swiss have been always inclined to the military profession, and their political institutions, which require every young man to be drilled and to serve in the militia for a certain period, strengthen this propensity. Most cantons of Switzerland have for centuries furnished, and some still continue to furnish, regiments for the service of foreign powers. This practice has been much animadverted upon, especially of late years, by men who have not made a sufficient discrimination between encouraging foreign enlistment and merely tolerating it as an unavoidable evil. Much declamation has been mixed up with the subject, about Swiss republicans being mercenaries in the service of foreign despots, without considering that men who enlist for money trouble themselves little

about forms of government, their motive being either to get a better living than they have at home, or a love of adventure and a wish to see foreign lands.

Still, as Grattan remarks: "It is impossible to trace without a feeling of repugnance the relations, whether foreign or domestic, in which Switzerland was engaged during a period which, in spite of martial achievements, must be deemed the most deplorable and disgraceful of her history. It became the only object of state policy in Switzerland to drive a lucrative traffic with the blood of its inhabitants, and though the article must be acknowledged to have fetched a price, it is not the less a scandalous blot in the history of the country, that so vile a trade should so long have remained the only one pursued with any energy by the people and its leaders. It is true that the Helvetic seats of government were surrounded with more splendour than ever. Ambassadors crowded thither from the emperor and the pope, and from many other monarchs, princes, nobles, and free towns, soliciting with emulous zeal their friendship and alliance, and bidding against each other for the iron arm of Switzerland, by offers of absolution, special privileges, rich presents, large pensions, and high pay." Bullinger, at a subsequent period, records "that a lewd and wanton life was commonly practised, with gluttony, gaming, dancing, and all manner of wantonness, day and night, especially where diets were held, as at Zurich, Lucerne, and Baden: the latter, it may be observed, was a most licentious place. The common people in town and country were drawn away from honest labour to idleness, lewdness, and warlike undertakings, and reckless and abandoned habits thus prevailed everywhere."

It became long since a practice to have a Swiss servant as the porter of a baronial residence on the continent; and the visitors of the churches there will not fail to have noticed the Swiss soldier, who acts as a kind of beadle, and who is frequently in attendance on the vicar when he passes round to the various occupants of the chairs at a mass, with his collecting-box in his hand, and the petition, "*Pour les pauvres.*"

At present, most cantons have forbidden foreign recruiting, and the Swiss have of late had regular regiments only in the service of the pope and the kings of Naples. Formerly they had about 15,000 men in the service of the kings of France, about half that number in the service of Holland, besides several regiments in Spain, in Piedmont, and at Naples. Those cantons from which the respective regiments were drawn, received an annual subsidy from the State for whose service they were recruited. The regiments were raised by the colonels, who were proprietors of their respective corps. The agreement of each regiment was for a certain number of years, after which the officers retired on full pay for the rest of their lives. The fidelity of the Swiss soldiers to their colours was proved in the two French revolutions of our own times.

In turning now to the productions of the people, the salt-works at Bex are entitled to some remarks. Coxe thus describes his visit to them:—"Upon our arrival at the salt springs, I put on a workman's jacket, and went into the mountains about three thousand feet almost horizontally. The gallery is six feet high and four broad, and as much hollowed as if cut with a chisel; it is hewn in a black rock, veined in some places with white gypsum. The salt is procured from springs which are found within a solid rock perforated at a great expense; the richest source yields twenty-eight pounds of salt per cent., and the poorest but half a pound. Near these springs are several warm sources, which contain a mixture of salt, but are so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to flame when a lighted candle is put into the pipe through which they flow. After travelling in this subterraneous passage near three quarters of a mile, I observed a great wheel of thirty-five feet diameter, which raises the brine from the depth of about seventy feet. From this place is a shaft three hundred feet high, which is cut through the mountain to the surface, for the purpose of introducing the fresh air. I noticed two reservoirs hollowed in the solid rock for holding the brine, one was one hundred and

sixty feet square and nine in depth. Since my first expedition in 1776, the workmen had pierced the rock twenty-five feet deeper, and cut a gallery a hundred feet in length; they had also begun to form a third reservoir, to contain five thousand five hundred cubic feet, which was nearly half finished. The brine deposited in these reservoirs is conveyed by means of two thousand pipes, about a league, to Bexvieux, where the salt is extracted."

About thirty years ago, when the brine springs were found to be failing, M. Charpentier suggested that a search should be made for rock salt. A fresh enterprise was now commenced; shafts and galleries were constructed; and a rich vein was traced to a distance of about four thousand feet, and this led to a new process. After blasting the rock salt with gunpowder, it is crushed and thrown into large reservoirs. Each one is filled with water three times, the second and third solutions being weaker than the first; and the salt water being raised to the roof of long sheds by pumps, comes trickling down in drops, and the watery portions are, in consequence, evaporated. Crystallisation follows, and the salt is afterwards boiled.

Switzerland has been, at least in part, a manufacturing country for centuries. So early as the thirteenth century, woollen and linen cloths were produced in the cantons of Appenzell and St. Gall; and the manufacture has been continued to the present day. In 1820, these cantons drew from England upwards of a million pounds in weight of cotton yarns. Since then, however, spinning-machinery has been multiplied and perfected in Switzerland; and it no longer provides France with the aforementioned article. Switzerland, a few years ago, consumed annually 50,000 piecesof raw calico, but from the establishment of weaving-machines, Switzerland will soon beable, if she is not now, to furnish herself with that commodity.

Switzerland imports from England cast-iron, steel, pewter, tin, fine hardware, a small quantity of printed cottons, woollen stuffs, tea, pottery, India and China silk-dyeing ingredients, and colonial productions, when they are cheaper in England than in the continental parts of Europe. Switzerland, on the other hand, furnishes very few articles to England, and they, principally, consist in embroidered muslins, Turkey-red calicoes, and a few printed goods upon the same red ground.

A Swiss gentleman remarked, a few years ago: "Machinery has never been established, to any considerable extent, in our canton (Appenzell), because the inhabitants are too fond of their individual liberty, and would submit with difficulty to the restrictions and regulations which they would be compelled to observe in an establishment conducted entirely by machinery. But the establishment of machinery in England, and in the other cantons of Switzerland, has been favourable to our district, inasmuch as a greater demand has been created for weavers and embroiderers, whose labour at all times offers a greater profit to the working classes than spinning by hand; for, in order that the same individual may become a manufacturer and a weaver, it is only necessary for him to command a credit of 10lbs. of spun cotton. The inventions for accelerating weaving have also been advantageous in diminishing the price of goods, and in increasing the demands of the consumer; but it cannot be denied, at the same time, that these advantages may be followed by great calamities; for when machines are enabled to supply the wants of the whole community, and when the cultivation of cotton shall have arrived at its greatest perfection, a crisis may take place of which it is now impossible to foresee the consequences. We console ourselves, however, with the hope, that they will be less afflicting for us than for any other nation. The introduction of machines to manufacture bobbinet has not produced any general influence in the country."

The working classes are divided into four different sections: manufacturers, weavers, winders, and embroiderers. There are manufacturers of every grade and description, from the individual who only manufactures the quantity which himself and his family can weave, up to those who have a hundred weavers or more than a hundred

embroiderers; for the manufacturer who employs embroiderers does not meddle with weaving. These manufacturers, who either sell their goods unbleached to the traders at home, or bleached to foreigners, breakfast upon coffee and milk, butter, honey, or green cheese. Their dinner is composed of soup and bouilli, or a dish of some floury or mealy ingredient, potatoes, or porridge. Their beverage is cider or milk. Many of them sup upon coffee, as at breakfast, and they seldom drink wine, except when they go to the inn on Sunday evenings, or by accident on some other day in the week. There are some parishes where it is the custom to go to the public-house every evening; but that custom soon exercises a baneful influence upon the morality of the younger part of the community, as well as upon the wealth of the whole population. The manufacturers are in general very economical, and their greatest expense is in having neat and convenient houses and handsome Sunday clothes. They take a great interest in public affairs, and pride themselves particularly upon their probity and honour. They furnish the greatest number of the magistrates, and amongst them are principally chosen all the parochial authorities; and as the magistrates are not paid, but serve their country from a sentiment of duty and of patriotism, they fulfil this trust with great fidelity. Among the working classes, those who are economical, skilful, and industrious, acquire handsome fortunes, and their profits are, of course, in proportion to the sum which is offered for their manufactures.

The merchants who employ weavers generally buy spun cotton, and, after preparing it, give it to the weavers, who make it into cloth, and return it to the owner upon being paid the price which has been agreed upon, that is, so much per yard, per piece, or per handkerchief.

The weaver, as soon as he has the means, purchases a small estate, or at least a small house, and very frequently the manufacturer furnishes him with the means of doing so. The acquisition of landed property is greatly facilitated in this country by the system of mortgage which exists. It is very easy to borrow money upon mortgage, and by that means to purchase, for 200 or 300 florins, property amounting to ten times the value. This arrangement, however, has the disadvantage of rendering landed property extremely dear, and, consequently, should the manufacture not continually prosper, or if the produce of the soil is not valuable, the purchasers are not able to pay the interest of the money which they have borrowed, and failures become frequent. These misfortunes, however, are only felt by individuals; the state loses nothing by it, for the property is then sold considerably cheaper, and the purchaser gains what the seller has lost. These arrangements have also another advantage; by spreading the population over the whole extent of the country, the soil is necessarily better cultivated, and the health of the weaver is better ensured, inasmuch as when he is not constantly employed in manufacturing he is able to employ himself in agriculture; and lastly, as his interests compel him to remain habitually with his family, the morality of the entire population is better preserved.

This class of workmen-proprietors forms the great mass of voters in the popular assemblies; and as it is this class who live in the most retired manner, never frequenting the inns but on the days which are appointed for popular amusement, or by accident on a market-day, it is scarcely possible to predict beforehand in what way their electoral suffrages will be given.

The weavers, forming another class, have no landed property; they are merely tenants, and, consequently, often change from place to place. This class in general is not very industrious; it is endowed with little talent, and is often irregular in conduct. It is, perhaps, too the least economical of all, and becomes sooner reduced to a state of poverty. It is also amongst this class that the greatest improbity is to be found. These people live very cheaply when obliged to do so, taking only a little coffee or milk three times a day, with potatoes, the cost of which altogether does not exceed the amount of three

kreutzers per diem; but naturally they prefer better living when they can obtain it. Generally they make an arrangement with the chief tenant, or farmer, to be permitted to cook at his fire and to warm themselves in the same apartment with the family; and this arrangement saves them from buying wood. They purchase milk from the farmer for about three or three and a half kreutzers the quart, and they assist the farmer in his out-door labours. The old men, the women, and the children, when they are not at school, wind off the thread for the individuals of the family who are employed in weaving. Most of the young men of this class frequent the inns on Sundays, and amongst them the most dissolute manners are to be observed.

All the weavers in Switzerland make use of coffee, milk, oatmeal, and potatoes, which compose their principal food. A few indulge themselves with meat and half a pot of cider on Sundays. They work from thirteen to fourteen hours a day, but they do not constantly weave. They cultivate their farms, take care of their cattle, and carry their work to the manufacturers, who are sometimes from one to three leagues distant from their residence.

The merchants who deal in embroidered goods purchase plain muslins, and choose the patterns or sketch them themselves, after which they have them engraved by the best artists. The pattern is then printed or stamped upon the muslin, and then handed over to the embroiderers to be completed. Each workman only performs a certain part, so that a piece of embroidery, where there are three or four different figures or patterns, passes through the hands of as many workmen. It is generally women or young lads who perform this work.

For many years past the law has not allowed any person to be admitted to the sacrament who does not know how to read. The major part of the population also know how to write; and, latterly, grammatical instruction in the native tongue has been added to the education previously given to children. They are also taught the rudiments of arithmetic. Singing is considered to be extremely useful as a branch of public education. Drawing teaches children to admire the beauties of nature, and to form a correct idea of different objects. After children have left the public schools at the age of twelve, they continue to receive every eight days, and afterwards once a month, until the age of seventeen, lessons of repetition. At the age of seventeen they receive the instructions necessary to the sacrament, after which they are declared of age, assist at the popular assemblies and perform their part of military duties.

At a meeting in 1835, the Society of Public Utility brought forward the subject of the influence of commerce and manufactures upon the education of the people. The necessity of schools of art and industry, and the means of associating the progress of instruction with the efforts to amass wealth and to widen the relations of trade and commerce, were the topics discussed. One of the speakers used the following language: "We may learn, alike from the past and the present, that, when fishing and hunting form the sole occupations of a people, little progress is made in intellectual culture; there is no security against poverty, no impulse given to civilisation.

"Agriculture itself is a feeble ally of mental improvement, unless associated with other industry, or forced to seek a distant market for the produce of its labour. Until it can extend its communications beyond those of internal consumption, as it was enabled to do in the eighth and ninth centuries, it never brings with it a real civilisation; while in remoter times the laborious Phœnicians, the inventors of glass, of coins, and writing, spread their knowledge and their arts by trading enterprise along the coasts of Africa, into Spain, to the shores of the Atlantic, and even to the Baltic Sea.

"So the crusades, which extended our commercial relations into Asia, and brought the produce of Asia home to Europe, planted the seeds of European liberty; and when the inventions of the compass and of gunpowder led to the discovery and conquest of the

new world, commerce created riches, gave to the invention of printing its immense influence, and introduced the Reformation and popular instruction as its natural followers.

"And now new powers are heralded by steam machinery. Rapid, and easy, and economical communications open a wider vista for future ages. They penetrate already beyond the limits of Europe. Our anxieties as to a population increasing and unprovided for are diminished as the vast fields of distant lands are expanded to our view. There will be exhibited—there will be cultivated, unexplored sources of opulence to us—undeveloped germs of happiness for them.

"We, too, are called to labour in this fertile field; zealous and assiduous, then, be our labours. Let us invite amongst us the intelligence, the improvements, the discoveries of mightier nations. Let us welcome their mechanical wonders; let us import everything which will teach us what we do *not* know, or improve us in what we do. Ours be no narrow jealousy to exclude the superiority of a neighbour. What is there to alarm us in the restrictive policy of egotism and isolation? Let us entice all perfection to our hearths and our homes. We shall have nothing to apprehend from the rise or fall of greater interests, if we make their rise and their fall minister to our instruction and well-being; if we will but learn prudence, perseverance, uprightness, courage, and confidence, our prosperity, our policy, and our virtues will all be strengthened together."

The society had proposed the following question:—

"Ought Switzerland to adopt, without any restrictions, the principle of commercial liberty? Are there any cases in which the principle should be modified?"

Numerous replies were addressed to the committee. They were unanimous in favour of unrestricted liberty, and during the discussion almost every opinion had the same tendency. The president energetically declared it was his conviction that the interests of the country required that the Swiss should remain passive amidst the restrictions around them, and look for their success to their activity, and to the intellectual power of their own industry.

M. Muralt, of Zurich, explained how the prohibitory system of other countries was acting favourably on the manufactures of Switzerland, by raising them out of the petty home consumption, and opening to them the markets of the whole world. He strongly urged the removal of every impediment to external commerce, the abolition of all tolls and taxes upon transit, which he called a sad legacy of the ignorance of past times. He was supported in his view by burgomaster Hess, of Zurich, who showed how much these difficulties impeded the introduction of new manufacturing establishments. The deputy of the canton de Vaud expressed a desire and hope that the portion of Switzerland he represented would go beyond the rest in an example of liberalism, and the ex-avoyer of Berne responded with the wish that ere long no other interior line of demarcation should be known than that which geographers traced on the map to distinguish one canton from another.

One of the largest and most interesting branches of Swiss industry is the watchmaking trade. It is carried on to an immense, and still increasing, extent in the mountainous districts of Neuchâtel, in the French portion of the canton of Berne, and in the town and neighbourhood of Geneva. It has been a source of wealth and comfort to many thousands of the inhabitants, who, in the rarely-visited villages of the Jura, have gathered around them a large portion of the enjoyments of life. Switzerland has long furnished the markets of France; and, though the names of certain French watchmakers have obtained a European celebrity, yet it has been stated by M. Arago, that an examination into this trade had elicited the fact that not ten watches were made in Paris in the course of a year, the immense consumption of France being furnished from Switzerland, and the Swiss works being only examined and rectified by the French manufacturers. The contraband trade into France was immense, and no custom-house

regulations could stop the introduction of articles so costly and so little bulky. The manner of smuggling watches was to sew from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty in the smuggler's waistcoat, and a *gilet de montres* so prepared was considered a fair charge for the adventurer. The insurances varied from five to ten per cent., and perhaps the helplessness and carelessness of a protecting and prohibitory system was never more strikingly exhibited than in this attempt to shut out the Swiss watches from the Swiss markets. In France not a shadow of benefit resulted, not an additional watch was manufactured in the country, neither producer nor consumer reaped the slightest advantage. The smuggling trade was as regular and just as extensive as the legitimate trade could become; but meanwhile the whole frontier had become infested with bands of revenue defrauders, bold and reckless spirits, whose habit and profession are the violation of the laws, and whose existence is both opprobrium to legislation, and a warning to the framers of foolish, pernicious, and impracticable statutes.

The Jura mountains have been the cradle of much celebrity in the mechanical arts, particularly in those more exquisite productions of which a minute complication is the peculiar character. During the winter, which lasts from six to seven months, the inhabitants are, as it were, imprisoned in their dwellings, and occupied in those works which require the utmost development of skilful ingenuity. Nearly 120,000 watches are produced annually in the elevated regions of Neuchâtel. In Switzerland, the most remarkable of the French makers, and among them one who has lately obtained the gold medal at Paris for his beautiful watch movements, had their birth and education; and a sort of honourable distinction attaches to the watchmaking trade. The horologers consider themselves as belonging to a nobler profession than ordinary mechanics, and do not willingly allow their children to marry into what they consider the inferior classes.

Scarcely a century has elapsed since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population of this part has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watch-making trade. Meanwhile, the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. It is from this period also that dates the change that has taken place in the country of Neuchâtel, where, notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil, and the severity of the climate, beautiful and well-built villages are everywhere to be seen, connected by easy communications, together with a very considerable and industrious population, in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence.

Thus, in defiance of the difficulties which it was necessary to overcome, in spite of the obstacles which were opposed to the introduction of the produce of their industry into other countries, and, notwithstanding the prohibitions which enfeebled its development, it has at length attained a prodigious extension. It may be further remarked, that, from the upper valleys of Neuchâtel, where it first originated, it has spread from east to west into the valleys of the Jura, and into the cantons of Berne and Vaud; and, further, that all these populations form at present a single and united manufactory, whose centre and principal focus is in the mountains of Neuchâtel.

This species of industry has had to contend against the various vicissitudes which have from time to time assailed other branches of human occupation. One of these, affecting a particular class of workmen, happened some fifty years ago, and was owing to the invention of machinery, by which the movements, or separate pieces of watch machinery, were produced. The workmen, who were accustomed to make these articles, could not sustain the competition which was entailed upon them by the manufacture of the same

articles by machinery; and they experienced in consequence thereof a great deal of misery and distress. Several of them were reduced to pauperism, while others were enabled to support themselves by embracing other branches of the same profession. This crisis, however, was not followed by consequences so long and fatal as might, in the first instance, have been apprehended; and it may now be safely asserted, that since the invention of these machines the manufacture of these objects has received a considerable increase, for an infinitely greater number of watches are actually completed and perfected than at the time when all their component parts were constructed and finished by manual labour; and in many respects, also, there is now more exactness and perfection in their execution.

The great advantage which the Swiss possess in competition with the watchmakers in England, is the low price at which they can produce the flat cylinder watches, which are at the present time much in request. The watchmakers of Great Britain buy largely, both in Geneva and Neuchâtel, and scarcely a single watch pays the duty of twenty-five per cent., because the risk of clandestine introduction is small. The average annual export to England is from 8,000 to 10,000 watches, and the average price about £10 sterling. The jewellery sent from Geneva to England represents a value of about £60,000 per annum. The watches of English manufacture do not come into competition with those of Swiss production, which are used for different purposes, and by a different class of persons. Notwithstanding all the risks and charges, the sale of Swiss watches is large, and it has not really injured the English watchmaking trade. The English watches are far more solid in construction, fitter for service, and especially in countries where no good watchmakers are to be found, as the Swiss watches require delicate treatment. English watches, therefore, are sold to the purchaser who can pay a high price; the Swiss watches supply the classes to whom a costly watch is inaccessible.

Since the period when the habit of travelling has become so extended, a great change has taken place in the Swiss watchmaking trade; English travellers formerly bought largely at Geneva, and few watches were sent directly to England. At the present time, the sales to the English at Geneva have much diminished, and the direct exports to England much increased. In many shops in England there is a considerable assortment of Swiss watches; and since these were more common in England, English production has increased. The presence of the Swiss watches has alike extended the demand and improved the character of the English manufacture. The works of watches are made principally at Fontainemelon and Beaucourt, in France. The unfinished work is called an *ébauche*, and is polished and perfected by the Genevese artisan.

The manufacture of repeating-watches led, very naturally, to another species of industry. Attention to the various tones of the metal—and, it may be added, the education of the people in the science of harmony—soon connected music with machinery; and musical rings, seals, watches, and boxes were produced in considerable numbers, the first experiments having been costly, but practice so reduced the price as to create a large market, and still leave a considerable profit. Out of the success of this new branch of manufacture others grew—musical automata of various character—some combining great perfection of motion with external beauty and perfect harmony, concentrated in an exceedingly small space.

The jewellery trade is very considerable at Geneva, and employs a great number of workmen, but, like all manufactures depending on the caprices of fashion, it is subject to great fluctuations. The history of this trade is instructive, as showing how easily an unprotected manufacture accommodates itself to the vicissitudes of supply and demand. At a former period, snuff boxes for the Italian markets, watch chains, and ornaments for Turkey, formed the staple articles. As pearls and enamel grew out of fashion,—when Italy was invaded, and Turkey, by her internal dissensions, and her debasement of the

currency, had almost ceased to carry on a foreign trade,—it was expected the manufactures of Geneva would very sensibly suffer; but a succession of new articles, trifling if looked at apart, yet most important in the aggregate, were introduced one after another. The jewellery of Geneva invaded markets where that of Paris had had exclusive possession; and Paris itself became a great depôt and a large market for the consumption of Genevese jewellery. There have been many controversies in Geneva as to allowing the precious metals to be alloyed beneath the legal standard; but there has been always hitherto a vehement resistance to any depreciation.

Of the workmen employed in Geneva a large proportion are foreigners. One of the causes of the settlement of strangers is the large emigration of intelligent workmen, particularly those connected with watchmaking, who fix themselves in foreign countries, and who are speedily replaced by artisans of an inferior order. As the general character of society is intelligent and instructed, the labouring population partakes of the tone of civilisation which distinguishes the place.

Lace-making was also introduced at the same period as the art of watch-making. The former was imported by the refugees from France, who had been compelled to seek an asylum in a Protestant country in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Lace-making principally occupies the female sex, and a woman may fairly earn from one to three francs a-day, according to her skill and assiduity in her work. For a period of rather more than a century, lace-making was a very lucrative occupation to the population of these mountains; but since the invention of machines for the manufactory of lace, this branch of industry has entirely decayed. Most of the persons who were occupied in lace-making have successively embraced some branch of watch-making. Others continue to make blond lace, though their earnings are very trifling; but from the facility of transfer to other occupations, the destruction of this branch of industry has not occasioned any very considerable inconvenience.

Wooden toys and ornaments may close the notice of these productions of the Swiss. Widely scattered have been their châlets and farms, their lions, bears, and chamois; and no less so, their hunters, shepherds, and peasant girls, all nicely carved in wood. The cottage, the shop, and the hotel alike exhibit them for sale; and numbers are carried away by tourists, as the memorials of pleasant weeks and months, spent among this interesting people. Often, too, though they may not see—

> "The cottager that weaves at her window,
> Pillow and bobbins all her little store;"

a sight now extremely rare in England itself, yet the carver in wood may be observed in such circumstances, plying his humble, yet ingenious, handicraft. Higher branches of art may also be noticed, in articles both useful and ornamental, particularly in shops at Berne, as tables and other pieces of furniture, which are carved and painted very tastefully.

As to the fine arts, Switzerland has had several good painters, especially landscape painters and engravers. The canton of Ticino has produced several distinguished architects and sculptors. The Swiss school of painting—that is to say, the school of Geneva—is fully entitled to the distinction of an original one. It comprises, however, only two divisions—landscape painting and portrait painting—in which its artists have risen to celebrity, and in which it is destined still to make progress. Diday is the founder of the landscape school, and he has confined his practice almost exclusively to the Alpine grandeur of his native country. In delineating these, he has certainly attained great skill, and has produced works which will live; but in all the qualities of a great painter, he is surpassed by his pupil, Calame. He is full of the poetry of nature, and he represents the Alps with a vividness of effect which no one before him had ever

attained. Calame is also a first-rate etcher and lithographer; and his series of Alpine views, in aqua fortis, discover extraordinary power and originality. There is a celebrated portrait painter of Geneva named Hornüng, whose works have been much approved of by amateurs, both in London and Paris. He is followed by some young artists, and the Swiss school of art, though small, is in a healthy condition.

That there is no little talent and taste for drawing at Geneva, is evident from the following fact. The celebrated De Candolle made use, in a course of lectures as professor of botany, of a very valuable collection of American plants, entrusted to him by a Spanish botanist, who having occasion for his collection sooner than he expected, sent for it again. De Candolle stated the case to his audience, with the expression of his regret, when some ladies who were present offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection in the course of a week. The drawings, filling thirteen folio volumes, and amounting in number to eight hundred and sixty, were accurately executed by one hundred and fourteen female artists, in the time specified. One of the ladies made forty of the drawings. In most cases, Simond, to whom we owe the fact, says, "the principal parts only of each plant are coloured, the rest only traced with accuracy; the execution, in general, very good, and, in some instances, quite masterly. There is not, perhaps, another town of twenty-three thousand souls where such a number of female artists, the greater part of course amateurs, could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost; and one of them having been accidentally dropped in the street, and picked up by a girl ten years old, was returned to M. de Candolle, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. On another occasion, several drawings were carried to a wrong house, but there too they found artists able and willing to do their part. This taste for the arts is general, is universal."

One artist of Switzerland is too remarkable to be now passed over. Gottfried Mind, a native of Berne, acquired a singular celebrity. He painted bears with remarkable skill, but his drawings of the feline race obtained for him the honourable, but rather awkward title of the "Raphael of Cats." No painter before him had ever succeeded in representing, with so much of nature and spirit, the mingled humility and fierceness, the suavity and cunning, which this animal presents, or the grace of its various postures in action and repose. Kittens he particularly delighted to represent. He varied, with marvellous diversity, their fine attitudes while at play round their mother, and portrayed their gambols with admirable effect. Each of his cats, too, had an individual character and expression, and was, in fact, a portrait which seemed animated; the very fur appeared so soft and silky as to tempt a caressing stroke from the spectator.

In the course of time, the merit of Mind's performances was so well understood that travellers made it a point to visit him, and to obtain, if possible, his drawings, which even sovereigns sought after, and amateurs treasured carefully in their portfolios. His attachment was unbounded to the living animals he delighted to represent. Mind and his cats were inseparable. Minette, his favourite cat, was always near him when he was at work; and he seemed to carry on a sort of conversation with her by gestures and by words. Sometimes the cat occupied his lap, while two or three kittens were perched on each shoulder, or reposed in the hollow formed at the back of his neck, while sitting in a stooping posture at his table. Mind would remain for hours together in this posture without stirring, for fear of disturbing the beloved companions of his solitude, whose complacent purring seemed to him an ample compensation for any inconvenience. His secondary attachment was for bears; and he was a frequent visitor to the place where some of these animals were kept by the municipal authorities. The artist and the bears soon became well acquainted. They ran to meet him whenever they saw him approach, and received with very sensible demonstrations of attachment and gratitude, the bread

and fruit with which he always came provided. Mind died at Berne, in November, 1814.

The principal associations for learning or scientific purposes are, the Helvetic Society, established in 1763; the Swiss Society of Public Utility, established in 1820; the Helvetic Society of Natural History, established in 1815; the Annual Helvetic Grand Concert; the Society of Zoffingen, the Military Society, the Society of Physicians and Surgeons, and some others. Savings' banks and insurance societies are now pretty numerous in Switzerland. Hospitals for the infirm poor exist in every town, and some of them are richly endowed. The indigent receive assistance from the funds of the commune to which they belong. It is therefore of great importance for every man to be inscribed as a freeman of a commune. There are also numerous local charities and subscriptions for the poor. But there is a class of poor who seem to be considered as outcasts; they are called "Heimathlosen," or people without a domicile, and who are rejected by all the cantons: they are people descended from individuals who lost their civil rights in their respective cantons, either in consequence of change of religion, or of misdemeanours for which they were sentenced to banishment, or of illegal marriages; or, lastly, from foreigners settled in Switzerland who did not purchase their citizenship. The stigma thus cast upon their fathers descends upon the children to the last generation, and they have no right to assistance. These "Heimathlosen" have become a real plague to Switzerland; they are vagrants, mendicants, hucksters, pilferers, and often robbers, like the gipsies of other countries. The subject has been discussed in the Federal Diet of late years, and several cantons have offered to come to an arrangement for distributing these individuals among the cantons, and restoring them to society.

Elementary instruction has been greatly improved of late years, in many of the Swiss cantons. Those most distinguished in this respect are Zurich, Bâle, Schaffhausen, Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Vaud, in which the number of pupils of the elementary or commercial schools form about one-sixth of the entire population. The cantons which are most behind in these respects, are Uri, Schwitz, Unterwalden, Appenzell (interior), the Grisons, Ticino, and the Valais. Many parishes have no schools. Some of the cantons have schools for the education of schoolmasters. But, in most places, especially in the country communes, the people of this class are miserably paid.

The secondary instruction is given in the gymnasia, which exist in most of the principal towns of cantons, besides secondary, or grammar-schools, in most of the other towns. In some, the old system is followed—Latin, rhetoric, and little more being taught; in others, the secondary schools are divided into literary schools, for those who are intended for the higher walks of life, and "*Real-schulen*," or schools of arts for the others.

With regard to scientific instructions, there are the universities of Bâle and Zurich, and the academies of Geneva, Berne, and Lausanne, in which degrees of divinity, law, and arts are granted. There are public libraries at Zurich, Berne, Bâle, Soleure, Lucerne, St. Gall, Aarau, Lausanne, and Geneva. Subscription libraries exist in all the Protestant cantons, as well as in that of Lucerne. Newspapers and reviews, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, are also published in Switzerland.

One practice is too remarkable to be omitted. It is the habit of women of all ages in Geneva, to bestow on one another endearing epithets; thus, "mon cœur," "mon choux," "ma mignone," "mon ange," and similar tender expressions may frequently be heard in familar intercourse with the people of that city. And this arises from boys and girls even from their birth, being associated with other children of the same age and sex; treaties are even concluded between parents, before the birth of a child. Boys under the designation of the same *volée* are thus connected, and remain united as such at college, and until they are dispersed over the world; and even then, they always retain

a strong predilection in favour of their early companions. Girls, on the other hand, are regarded as of the same *société du dimanche*, and meet at some of the parents' houses every Sunday, but neither fathers nor mothers, nor even brothers or sisters, except of the same society, are present. A sort of light supper, as of pastry and fruit, is given them, of which they partake at discretion, and do and say just what they please. Simond, the first we have met with to state the fact, says: "A sort of natural subordination establishes itself among them; the cleverest and most good-natured, the strongest and the wisest, soon acquire an influence over the others, which increases gradually with age. They feel no jealousy of a superiority insensibly established and acknowledged by themselves; it reflects credit on the whole *volée*, or *société*, the merits of one number are the boast of all, and thus twelve individuals are led to take the best among them for their model. There have been examples of young female orphans extremely well educated by their *société*, others have there found means to counteract the bad education they received at home; but there is not one instance of a whole association being contaminated by the vicious propensities of an individual."

In Roman Catholic Switzerland there is a priest for about every hundred and fifty persons; while in the portions of the country accounted Protestant, there is but one minister to seven hundred of the people. The difference is ascribed to the parishes being smaller in the former case than in the latter, and to several priests being attached to one establishment. Of priests and monks there are said to be indeed more than five thousand. There are sixty convents, and about two thousand nuns. Of one part of the Romish system, Mr. Noel gives the following illustration:—"On our road from Thusis to Coire we passed, in the village of Katzis, a building which our coachman called a Heiligen Haus; and as the chapel door was open, we entered. Behind a grating which separated the west gallery from the body of the building some nuns were intoning their lugubrious latin. Their faces, partially visible through the skreen, were directed towards the east end of the building, where several figures were placed to sublime their devotions. First, on each side of the altar stood two gilded images, most perfectly expressing stolidity and utter vacancy of mind: then, in a niche on the south wall, stood the figure of the Romish Queen of Heaven, represented as so athletic, that, instead of holding her baby to her bosom, she extends her arm horizontally with the palm of the hand, also horizontal, and then, on a dirty pocket-handkerchief, spread over her hand like a table-cloth, holds up both her baby and all the dirty finery with which he is loaded. Apparently the Romish Queen does not always indulge in such expense, for near the centre of the chapel is another figure, in which she is represented by such a doll as might frighten a grenadier, holding in her left arm her baby, who is perfectly naked, except that a huge red ribbon is fastened round its neck, about twice as long and twice as broad as his whole body. But the most glorious object before which these nuns chanted their Latin is the image of a military saint, who holds in his hand a grim visage, such as pictures represent the head of Goliath in the hand of young David. But this Grison knight has made a great mistake; for instead of severing the head of his enemy he has somehow decapitated himself, and yet, though he stands thus headless, his trunk is surmounted by a triple crimson plume, which would have moved the envy of Richard Cœur de Lion, or any other feathered crusader, by its brilliant loftiness. What seemed, however, to be a plume of crimson ostrich feathers, proves, on inspection, to be a fountain of blood, so rich and strong that the jets of Versailles or St. Peter's at Rome could scarcely be finer. The strength of the blood-jet can only be accounted for by the zeal of the saint; who, at the moment of cutting off his own head, was boiling like the Geysers of Iceland, so that the blood sprang up with proportionable force; and thus, by the genius of the artist, it boils, and will boil as long as Grison nuns are to be edified by catholic methods in that convent. What the priests could mean by portraying that

goose of a saint I know not, unless they intended to intimate to their disciples, that whoever becomes a Romish devotee must begin by parting with his understanding."

Another instance of superstition may be noticed in connexion with the Abbey of Einsiedeln, of which Murray has given a full account, as well as of the ceremonies of a recent jubilee. To take only a fragment of the narrative, he says: "This place is annually visited by many thousand pilgrims, especially on the 14th September, and whenever the 14th falls on a Sunday, the festivities are greater than usual. For the last ten days, even before we left Baden, and while in the French territory, we have met at almost every step troops of pilgrims plodding on their way to this Swiss Loretto. The parties seemed generally members of one family, or of one village, from the similarity of their dress, and they were invariably repeating their aves and paternosters aloud as they passed along, or uniting together in singing a hymn. They consisted almost entirely of the lower class of peasants, who repair to this spot from both far and wide. Alsatia and Lorraine, the Black Forest, Suabia, the Grisons, Bavaria, and the whole of Switzerland, all contribute their quota to augment the throng. The average resort annually, between the years 1820 and 1840, was one hundred and fifty thousand."

Very few parishes have more than one Protestant minister. There is no Swiss national church; but in each canton, that formula of doctrine and order which has seemed best to the ruling powers has been established by public sanction. In respect of doctrine there is no great difference, so far as creeds go, between the different cantonal churches, almost all of them holding professedly by the ancient Helvetic Confession; and in point of order they are more or less strictly conformed to the Presbyterian model, though in some cases with a slight infusion of the episcopal element, and in others with certain leanings to the congregational system. Thus, as respects the appointment of the ministers, in some cantons the choice rests exclusively with the people, who have power to appoint and power to remove, independent of any superior control; in other cantons the government nominates the clergy, and the people have not a veto on the appointment; in other cases, the people send up a list to the government, with whom the final appointment rests; in some cases a right of interference belongs to the body of clergy already in office; and in one case, that of Neuchâtel, the clerical body absorb the entire power, subject only to the supervision of the King of Prussia, who never interferes with their movements. For the most part, the Presbyterian parity is preserved amongst the clergy, the office of *doyen*, which is the highest rank among them, being simply that of *primus inter pares*, the first among equals, and lasting but for one year at a time in the case of each occupant. In the canton of Bâle, however, some vestiges of the Episcopal subordination are retained; the first minister of the minster church in the city of Bâle, holding a certain official pre-eminence amongst his brethren; and his colleague, the second minister, bearing the title of archidiaconus, or archdeacon. The tenure by which the ministers hold their parishes is also very different in different cantons, some being elected for life, or until any fault worthy of deposition is committed; others for a term of years, and others from week to week.

"In the mountain districts," says Dr. W. L. Alexander, "catholicism appears in much the same guise as it bore before the Reformation: it is the religion of an honest, untutored, and superstitious race, who receive it in all its integrity, submit to it with undisguised sincerity, and regard with horror all who would call it in question. In the Italian states there is more of astuteness, more of mere formalism, less depth of feeling and sincerity of devotion, but not less of bigotry or ignorance. In the French cantons catholicism appears under a more cosmopolitan guise; it is the religion of a people acquainted with letters, accustomed to the usages of cultivated society, apt to be assailed by arguments directed against their faith, and consequently more versed in crafty devices and plausible reasonings. The Jesuits, who ever since the foundation of their order have

been the mainstay of the church of Rome, though their atrocious proceedings at times have excited the indignation of Roman Catholic sovereigns, and brought down the condemnation of the pontiff himself, have long been an active party in Switzerland, seeking to propagate as well as secure the Roman Catholic faith, and for that end engaging in deep political intrigues, and in some instances plunging the country into civil war. Their head-quarters are at Fribourg; and in Soleure, Schwitz, and the Valais they are strong and active. In the last of these cantons they procured, so late as the year 1845, the passing of a law proscribing all assemblies, discussions, and conversations reflecting on the Roman Catholic church, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The law also prohibited the possession of any book *indirectly* attacking the religion of the state; so that, for having any book whatever which the Jesuit priest might pronounce unfriendly to Roman catholicism, a person might be amenable to the authorities. A Swiss writer has justly said, 'The Jesuits are the enemies of Switzerland, because they hate and would obliterate Swiss feeling and Swiss nationality. They are the enemies of Switzerland, because they detest and aim at overthrowing its freedom. They are the enemies of Switzerland, because wherever they are, they try to appropriate the civil power, to abrogate institutions, and to degrade the Swiss people into the condition of slaves under a priestocracy. In fine, they are the enemies of Switzerland, because they oppose all true intellectual education, and would put chains on men's minds, that they may the more easily enslave their persons.' "

Mr. Noel gives a still fuller portraiture:—"Would you know, reader, what these Jesuits are? They have been expelled from almost every kingdom in Europe for their political intrigues; their political intrigues forced the emperor of China to drive them from Pekin and Pet-che-li. Their founder, Ignatius Loyola, was first a debauchee; then he despised himself, macerated his flesh, and mastered it; then grew into an ascetic, and becoming red hot with enthusiasm, was thought by others, and thought by himself, to be a saint; and by his enthusiasm won power over the enthusiastic. As happens generally, this enthusiasm burnt out; but it left behind it habits, opinions, aims, enmities, friendships, adherents, power, and the prospect of boundless empire. And now Ignatius became another man; the enthusiast grew into the chieftain. His fanaticism was past, his strong intellect and his force of character remained. Cold, calculating, guileful, and able, by his own experience of enthusiasm, to play on the enthusiasm of others, he climbed step by step, till his throne was as lofty and as splendid as the throne of the pontiff; and he held an unrivalled army of hardy, devoted, and disciplined bigots under his absolute command. Now read the orders which he gave them, which, though dead, he gives them still, and which each Jesuit slave still obeys. I took them from the Institute, the great work of his genius, the Jesuit's Bible. 'Most carefully let us strain every nerve to manifest the virtue of obedience, first to the chief pontiff, then to the superiors of the society, so that in all things in which obedience is consistent with charity, we may be prompt at the voice of each, as though it was the voice of Christ, obeying whatever is enjoined with speed, with joy, and with perseverance, persuading ourselves that every command is just, renouncing every opposite sentiment and judgment of our own by a sort of blind obedience . . . . and let each persuade himself that those who live under obedience should permit themselves to be carried and governed by Divine Providence, acting through their superiors, as though each was a corpse, which permits itself to be carried any where and to be handled in any manner; or like the stick of an old man, which serves him who holds it wheresoever or in whatsoever thing he wishes to use it.'

"They are therefore to go to any part of the world at any moment, on any mission, without the least reluctance, and to call what may appear white, black, if the church asserts it to be so. Blind and chained with fetters of brass, for the love they bear to their society, their Delilah, the fathers grind like Samson in the prison house (see Judges

xvi. 21), under the orders of their general and their superiors. Their souls are corpse-like; but their minds are a living enginery, overspreading the earth, and worked by one master engineer, towards one end, the subjugation of the human race to their sway.

"They began in enthusiasm, they have gone on in policy: they had devotedness, they have ambition: they obtained power by great sacrifices, they keep it by vigorous exertion. Half men, half machines, they give themselves up to their Machiavellian leaders, as Christians give themselves up to God. The Christian offers himself a living sacrifice to Christ, and burns like a flame of fire in his ennobling service: the Jesuit offers himself to be kicked, trampled on, or buried like a corpse; to be used any where and in any thing, or thrown away at pleasure, as a stick, by an ecclesiastical politician: the Christian renders to Christ a thoughtful, intelligent, and generous devotedness; the Jesuit bows with blind obedience to the will of tyrants whom he has sworn to serve: Christians are Christ's army, to struggle for the mental and moral emancipation of mankind; Jesuits are the Pope's Cossacks, to deceive and enslave them."

There has been much in the religious state of Switzerland of late years, to afflict those who love the religion of the Bible, while events have not been wanting to excite hope of a better condition. Another reformation is still needed; and this can only take place from the diffusion through the length and breadth of the land, of divine truth, accompanied by that Almighty energy which can render it effectual to the enlightening of the mind and the purifying of the heart.

THE RIALTO.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE STELVIO PASS—THE ORTLER SPITZ—THE VALTELINE.

THE great military road over Mont Stelvio was constructed by the Emperor of Austria, as a new line of communication between his German and Italian states, and as having the advantage of not traversing any portion of territory belonging to another government. From Vienna two roads communicate with this pass, meeting at Prad. Shortly after leaving this village, the road begins to ascend the magnificent mountain of the Ortler Spitz. A little beyond the barrier, this mountain suddenly discloses itself with an appalling effect, as it is seen from its summit to its base robed in everlasting snows, while enormous glaciers, descending from its sides, stream into the valley below the road. Immense masses of rock, in themselves mountains, throw out their black and scathed forms in striking contrast with the brightness of the glaciers which they separate. Mr. Brockedon considers the whole ascent from Drofoi as without a parallel in Alpine scenery.

The road, which is admirably constructed, winds round the northern side of the deep ravine into which the glaciers sink, and so near to them that a stone may, with little effort, be thrown upon them. The summit of this extraordinary pass is the highest that has been made traversible for carriages in the world; it being 9,272 feet above the sea, 780 feet above the line of perpetual snow in this latitude, and nearly half a mile perpendicularly higher than the pass of the Simplon. Yet the road on the summit is usually clear of snow by the end of July, and, except from occasional falls, continues so till September. A descent of 993 feet leads down to the inn and custom-house on the Monte Brauglio, over which there is a passage from the Valteline to the valley of the Adige. This was formerly a line of considerable commerce; but as this route traversed a small part of the territory of the Grisons, the Austrian government made the new road ascend, by the defile of Drofoi, to a *col* a thousand feet higher.

From the Monte Brauglio, a zigzag road leads down to the Wurmser-loch, a deep and appalling ravine, through which the Adda falls from rock to rock. This was formerly considered one of the most dangerous passes of the Alps, but is now rendered secure by galleries, either excavated in the rock or constructed by masonry. The extent of the road thus sheltered is 2,226 feet, besides 700 feet more so cut out of the side of the mountain as to be sufficiently guarded by the impending rock. This defile leads down to the Valley of Bormio. The little town of that name was formerly enriched by the transit of merchandise from Venice to the Grisons by the old pass. The district of Bormio terminates at the narrow defile of La Sarra, which was then secured by a wall and a gate. Here the traveller leaves behind him the cold region, and descends with the Adda into the rich district of the Val Teline or Valteline.

Valteline is a longitudinal valley on the Italian side of the Rhætian Alps, drained throughout its length by the river Adda. This river rises at the foot of the Stilsfer Joch, over which the new road made by the Austrian government leads from the Tyrol into

Lombardy, across the district of Bormio, or Worms, which lies east of the Valteline, and then entering it at the defile of La Sarra, flows in a general direction from north-east to south-west, until it enters the valley of Como, at the western extremity of the valley. Valtelina Proper is about forty-five miles in length, but including Bormio, which is a continuation of the same valley, it is fifty-five miles in length. It is bounded on the north by the Grisons, the main ridge of the Rhætian Alps dividing the valley of the Adda from that of the Engadine; on the south-east by the Tyrol, from which it is separated by the lofty group of the Ortler and the Stilsfer Joch; on the south by the Lombard provinces of Brescia and Como; and on the west by the upper part of the Lake of Como, and by the district of Chiavenna, with which it is politically united.

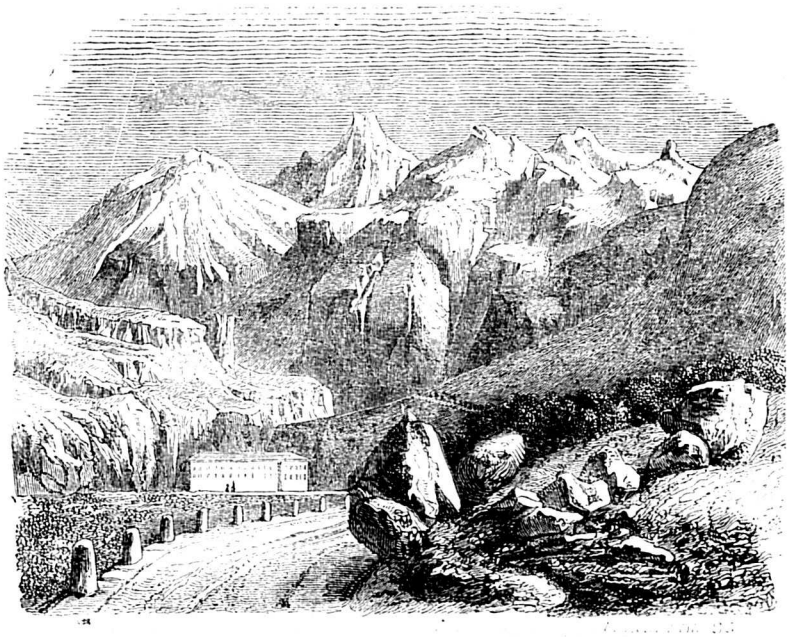
Chiavenna consists chiefly of the valley of the Liro, a stream which rises at the foot of Mount Splugen, and, flowing from north to south, joins the Maira, which comes from the Grisons. A few miles lower, the united stream enters the Laghetto, or upper Lake of Como. From the Splugen to the lake is a distance of about twenty miles. The three districts of the Valteline, Bormio, and Chiavenna have been united for ages under the same administration: first under the government of the Grisons, and, since the beginning of the present century, under the government of Lombardy. For this reason they are frequently included in historical archives under the general name of the Valteline.

Under the former government great dissatisfaction long existed, and the crisis of rebellion was accelerated by an act of flagrant injustice. Many inhabitants of the Valteline, suspected of favouring the Spanish court, and particularly those who had opposed with the greatest zeal the introduction of the reformed doctrines, were arrested and conveyed into the country of the Grisons. Mock courts of justice were established in several places, by which the prisoners were fined to a large amount; and some were even sentenced to the torture.

Among the sufferers was Nicholas Rusca, a priest of Sondrio, who had gained the universal esteem of the Catholics by his unremitted resistance to the Protestant doctrines, and who, for the rigid austerity of his manners, was greatly revered by the multitude. A man named Chiappinus, and three gondoliers of Venice, were arrested under the suspicion of a design to assassinate Scipio Calandrinus, the president minister of Sondrio, at the instigation of Rusca; a confession of guilt, and of Rusca's privity, being drawn, under fear of torture, from Chiappinus. The governor of the Valteline referring the matter to the diet of the Grisons, Rusca was cited before that assembly, but declined to appear; either, as his enemies pretended, from a consciousness of guilt, or, as his friends alleged, from a dread of putting himself in the power of the Grisons, so violently incensed against him. Having escaped from the Valteline, he waited at Bedano, where his cause was publicly pleaded before twelve judges deputed by the Grisons. Being acquitted of the charge, he returned to Sondrio, where with zeal, influenced by persecution, he continued to oppose the establishment of a Protestant school at Sondrio—a favourite measure of the opposite party.

His enemies, baffled in their first attempt, brought against him a charge of a more public nature: they accused him of opposing the decrees of the Grisons, and of exhorting the inhabitants of Morbegno not to bear arms against the king of Spain, the protector of the Catholic religion. In consequence of these insinuations, a troop of sixty Grisons arrived at Sondrio by night, and seizing Rusca, carried him to Tersis, where he was not only impeached of high treason in the temporary court of justice then assembled, but, against every principle of equity, was likewise again examined for having abetted the assassination of Calandrinus; and as he peremptorily denied these charges, he was condemned to be tortured, and the horrid sentence was inflicted three times in the dead of night. Extreme suffering failing to extort from him any confession of guilt, he was, on

the following night, twice subjected to the same dreadful agony; and, with a frame that was weak and full of infirmities, he expired amidst the tortures.



THE STELVIO PASS, NEAR BORMIO.

GALLERIES IN THE STELVIO PASS.

A spirit of fury was now raised among the people too violent to be appeased. The emissaries of Spain did not fail to increase the general ferment, and to suggest the most

plausible motives for immediate insurrection. They represented, that as the Grisons were convulsed by factions, and France disturbed by internal commotions, a most favourable opportunity presented itself to shake off the yoke under which they groaned; and,

THE STELVIO PASS.

aroused by these suggestions, the inhabitants resolved to commence hostilities by a general warfare against the Protestants.

The day appointed for accomplishing this horrid design was the 20th of July, 1620.

SUMMIT OF THE STELVIO, AND THE ORTLER SPITZ.

In the dead of night, Robustelli, the leader of the conspiracy, accompanied by about a hundred followers, arrived at Tirano, and having assembled the chief Catholics of the place, laid before them the purpose of extirpating the Protestants; and the dreadful

proposal was read with all the zeal of resentment inflamed by fanaticism. At break of day, the signal for the massacre being given by ringing the bells, many of the inhabitants issued from their houses, and repaired to the market-place in anxiety and terror. The conspirators now fell on the Protestants, and encouraged the people to follow their example by destroying the enemies of the Catholic faith. Few words being required to exasperate an incensed and superstitious multitude, every person seizing the first arms that presented themselves, scoured the streets, stormed the houses, and assassinated the Protestants.

During this dreadful scene, the podesta, his family, and some of the principal Protestants, took refuge in the town-house; but the Catholics soon forced a passage, and burst into the apartment where the fugitives were collected. At the sight of the podesta and his wife on their knees, presenting their infant children with uplifted arms, their fury was for a moment suspended. But the barbarity of the inflamed multitude was implacable: the fugitives were first imprisoned, and then put to death, without distinction of sex or age.

Some of the conspirators were now despatched to Teglio: they were dressed in red, as a signal to the inhabitants that the rising at Tirano had succeeded. The Catholics soon collected themselves into a body, and repaired to the church where the Protestants had assembled for divine service. One of them levelled his piece at the minister, who was preaching, but missing his aim, the Protestants arose, drove out the Catholics, and barricaded the doors. The assassins then climbed up to the windows, and from them discharged their guns into the midst of the crowded audience; and at length the doors were burst open, and all the Protestants were put to death: some, so called, renounced their profession, and so escaped with their lives.

Another party made their way towards Sondrio, where the governor of the Valteline resided. Apprised of their design, that magistrate ordered the inhabitants to take arms, and summoned the people of the neighbouring districts to his assistance; in obedience to this injunction, both Protestants and Catholics began to assemble, but the former were intercepted and destroyed. Some attempting to escape towards the Engadine and Pregalia, were overtaken in their flight, and involved in the common ruin. Even women practised every species of outrage on the bodies of the massacred. The Catholic troops, meanwhile, entered Sondrio, and exciting their partisans with the cry of "Down with the enemies of the Catholic faith!" made a general slaughter of the Protestants. There was, however, one display of mercy. The governor was first imprisoned, but on the consideration that he had always treated the Catholics with mildness, was dismissed with his family, and escorted in safety to the confines of the Valteline.

It would be revolting in the highest degree to enumerate any further particulars of this horrid massacre, or to trace its devastations in the several towns of the Valteline. It continued without intermission for three successive days; nor were its horrid effects confined merely to those who were assassinated upon the spot. Many who had escaped into the country were hunted down like wild beasts; others, after eluding the fury of their pursuers, were consumed by hunger and fatigue; and numerous dead bodies were discovered in the woods, caverns, and torrents. Several Catholics who were allied to the Protestants shared in the general disaster; even women and infants were slain in the most deliberate manner. Some Protestants saved their lives by abjuring their religion, and many, who refused to purchase their safety by this concession, were burnt alive.

In the midst of this dreadful carnage, one instance of singular humanity deserves to be recorded. Bartholomeo Peretti, the principal Catholic at Berbeno, being exhorted to put all the Protestants of that town to death, apprised them of their danger, and assisted them in effecting an escape. But this act of clemency was the occasion of his own

destruction, and he was executed as an enemy to religion. All the Protestants being destroyed or driven out of the country, the remaining inhabitants renounced their allegiance to the Grisons, and framing a new form of government, threw themselves under the protection of the king of Spain, who sent an army to their support.

The people of Bormio followed the example of the Valteline, with this difference, that they did not massacre, but only expelled the Protestants. Having entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the inhabitants of this valley, they also erected themselves into an independent commonwealth.

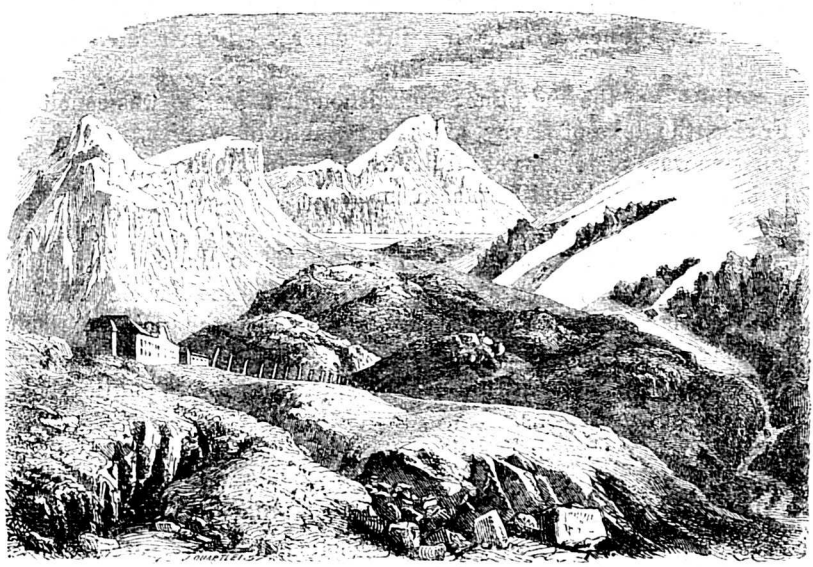
The Grisons, divided among themselves, were totally unequal to the chastisement of their revolted subjects. The Catholics were desirous of employing the mediation of Spain for the purpose of recovering the Valteline; while the Protestants, inclined to vigorous measures, proposed an application to the Swiss cantons, Venice, and France. After violent dissensions, which were not terminated without bloodshed, the Protestant interest prevailed, and a deputation was sent to the powers above mentioned.

Zurich and Berne instantly despatched a body of troops, while the Catholic cantons refused to act against those of the same persuasion with themselves. Venice, alarmed at the growing power of the house of Austria, and desirous of a passage through the Valteline, gave a flattering answer to the request of the Grisons, but deferred sending any actual succour. France too, having just emerged from a civil war, was more disposed to negotiate than to act with decision. Bassompierre was despatched to Madrid to solicit the restitution of the Valteline; and although a league was concluded between the king of France, the duke of Savoy, and the republic of Venice, to assist the Grisons unless the Valteline were restored, yet all that could be obtained from the Spaniards was, that the forts of the valley should be placed in the hands of the pope; but as the pope was a secret partisan of the house of Austria, and inclined to favour the rebellion of the Valteline, it was evident that he would restore the forts to the Spaniards upon the first opportunity. In this interval, the united troops of the Grisons, Zurich, and Berne, being defeated with great slaughter, the Valteline seemed upon the point of being for ever dismembered from the Grisons, when the French court, suddenly changing its plan of operations, entered into the war with a zeal as sincere as it was politic, and vigorously interposed on behalf of the Grisons.

This revolution in the French politics was owing to the ascendancy of Cardinal Richelieu, who no sooner began to preside in the cabinet, than the kingdom seemed to awaken from that deep lethargy into which it had sunk during the feeble administration under which it had previously been placed. Richelieu, instantly perceiving the importance of the Valteline, without wasting a moment in deliberation, demanded an immediate restitution of that country, and enforced this demand by sending a detachment of troops to the assistance of the Grisons, under the command of the Marquis de Couvres.

The general, animated with the spirit of the new minister, penetrated into these parts, joined his army to the Swiss and Grisons, and in two campaigns drove the Spaniards from the Valteline, Chiavenna, and Bormio. The two latter provinces were immediately restored; but when the Grison deputies repaired to the French general at Sondrio, to demand the cession of the Valteline, Couvres proposed that the exercise of the Protestant religion should be abolished throughout the valley; that the inhabitants should appoint their own magistrates, and pay a yearly tribute of 20,000 crowns; and he showed himself so strongly inclined to circumscribe the authority of the Grisons over the inhabitants of the Valteline, that he was suspected of being bribed by the latter. But it soon appeared that this conduct was occasioned by directions from his court, and proceeded from a reconciliation which, unknown to the Grisons, had taken place between the kings of France and Spain.

Richelieu, the soul of the French monarchy, having now brought to maturity his project for subjugating the Huguenots, was too great a politician to be embarrassed with a foreign war at the eve of a civil commotion; and well aware that he could not obtain possession of the Valteline without an expense of troops, which he could ill spare, temporised for the moment, and made overtures to Philip IV. The latter, harassed by the long continuance of hostilities, seemed equally desirous of an accomodation; accordingly preliminaries of a new treaty were immediately adjusted by the contracting powers at Mosson, in Arragon. It was agreed, that the Valteline should again be restored to the Grisons under the following conditions: that no other religion but the Roman Catholic should be tolerated; that the inhabitants should elect their own governors and magistrates, either from themselves or from the Grisons, but always from persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion; and that the governors should be confirmed by the Grisons. In return for these privileges, it was stipulated that the inhabitants should pay an annual tribute, the amount of which was to be settled by mediation. In consequence of this treaty, concluded on the 5th of March, 1626, the French resigned the forts of the Valteline into the hands of the pope, and evacuated the country.



THE STELVIO PASS, BORDERS OF TYROL.

In conformity with this alliance, the inhabitants having elected Robustelli, who began the massacre, for their governor, and appointed twelve magistrates, sent a deputation to Coire to demand the confirmation of the Grisons. The latter, however, were by no means disposed to accede to a treaty so destructive to the rights of the sovereignty which they possessed over the Valteline. Openly excited by the republic of Venice, and secretly encouraged by the French minister, they refused to acknowledge the treaty of Mosson. But as they were not in a state to support their claims upon the Valteline by force of arms, they could only remonstrate and negotiate, without producing any immediate effect.

Affairs continued in this state for three years, until Richelieu, having completed the reduction of the Huguenots by the taking of Rochelle, found himself in a situation to turn the whole force of France against the house of Austria, the diminution of whose power he had long meditated. He now threw off the mask; the dominions of the house

of Austria were invaded on all sides, and every part of Europe became the theatre of his vast designs. Among other enterprises, the Valteline engaged no inconsiderable share

THE VALTELINE.

of his attention. The Duke of Rohan was despatched to the Grisons with a formidable army; and, having worsted the Spanish troops in various encounters, dispossessed them of the Valteline.

Upon this decisive success, the French abated much of their solicitude for the interests of the Grisons; and although they began the war with a positive demand of an unconditional restitution of the Valteline, yet they were no sooner in possession of the country, than they again professed, as on the former conquest, a great tenderness for the privileges of the inhabitants. They refused to surrender their acquisition to the Grisons, unless upon terms more favourable to the people than had been offered even by the treaty of Mosson.

The Grisons having no prospect of assistance from any other quarter, found themselves under a necessity of acceding to these humiliating stipulations. The French, with a view probably of retaining the Valteline in their own hands, continued to delay its restitution, and clogged every subsequent negotiation for that purpose with conditions still more unfavourable. The Spaniards, artfully availing themselves of these circumstances, held out to the Grisons the most flattering overtures of accommodation. The latter, encouraged by these well-timed offers, and incensed at the repeated instances of duplicity they had lately experienced, rose up in arms, and drove the French from the Valteline. The treaty of Milan was the consequence of this revolution; a close alliance was concluded between the Spaniards and the Grisons; and the Valteline was restored to the latter, under the guarantee of that very power which had originally excited the inhabitants to revolt.

This treaty, contracted in the year 1635, secured to the Spaniards the passage of the valley, which had been the great object of the war, and restored the Valteline, Chiavenna, and Bormio, to the Grisons under the following articles: An act of oblivion; the immunities of the subject countries to be confirmed as they existed before the revolution of 1620; no other religion but the Catholic to be tolerated therein; no person of any other persuasion to be permitted to reside, excepting the governors, during the two years they should continue in office, and the Protestants possessed of lands, who should not be permitted to remain in the country above three months in the year; the privileges of the ecclesiastics to be restored in their full latitude.

A few alterations were made in the government of the valley, and some regulations introduced, for the purpose of stemming the torrent of injustice and corruption that prevailed in the courts of justice before the revolution; they consisted chiefly of a new method of nominating the governors, and of the creation of the office of assessor. The articles were guaranteed by Spain, and inserted in the capitulation, or treaty, and ratified in 1639, at Milan, in the presence of the deputies from the Valteline.

The deputies reproached the Spaniards for having summoned them to Milan, in order to be present, in silence and with tears, at the subversion of their liberty; and when the treaty was announced to the inhabitants of the Valteline, a general despair spread itself through all ranks. The people universally lamented that they had been deluded into a revolt under a promise of protection; that they had expended, during this fatal war, above twenty-five millions of florins, nearly £2,000,000 sterling, for no other purpose than to secure an alliance between Spain and the Grisons, and to be restored to their original masters, exasperated by their revolt, and preparing to renew the former acts of injustice and tyranny which had driven them to rebellion. Nor were these murmurs ill-grounded; for except the total exclusion of the Protestant religion, no material alteration was made in the fate of this valley.

Since this treaty, the laws have been no less perverted than before, the exactions of the governors have continued as exorbitant, and the courts of justice as iniquitous and corrupt. The change in the administration of justice proved no alleviation; the creation of the assessor's office serving only to give the sanction of law to the most iniquitous proceedings, or to vary the mode of oppression. This innovation has been, moreover, attended with this bad effect to the bulk of the inhabitants, that whereas,

before the rebellion, the nobles were principally subject to the rapacity of the Grison judges, the people have become more exposed to exactions since the pacification.

As a natural consequence of such a state of things, complaints arose, and availing himself of them, General Bonaparte seized, in the year 1797, on the bailiwicks of the Valteline, Chiavenna, and Bormio, which had been for centuries dependent on the Grisons, and incorporated them with the Cisalpine republic. At the same time, all the property, houses, and lands belonging to citizens of the Grisons, which were situated in those districts, were confiscated to the amount of some millions of florins, and many families were thus ruined. In 1814, the Valteline passed under the dominion of Austria, together with the rest of Lombardy. The Austrian government, after some negotiations, recognised the claims of the Grison citizens who had been robbed of their property by the Cisalpine republic, and in 1823, granted them, or their heirs, an indemnity of 2,109,694 francs.

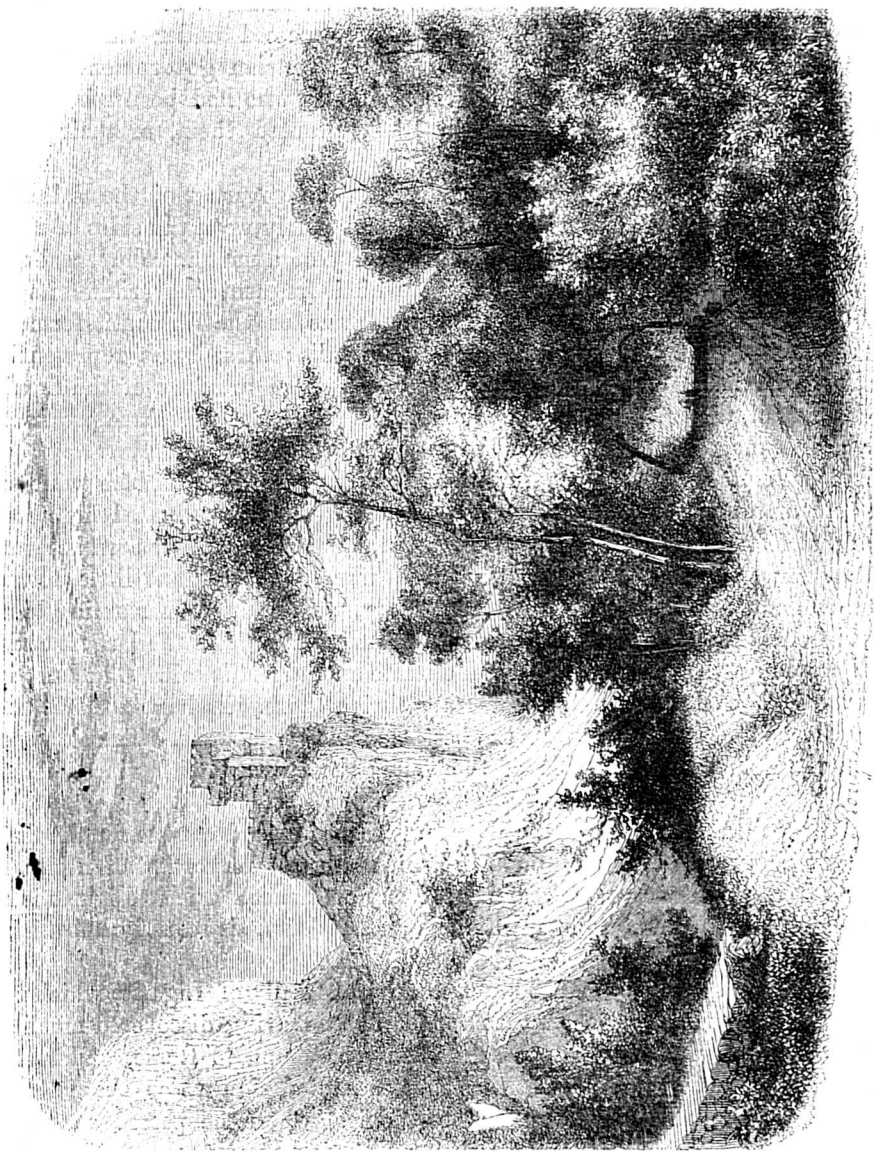
Sondrio is the capital of the valley, the residence of the governor of the Valteline and of the vicar. The town, partly built in a plain, and partly upon the sides of a rock, is placed in a very romantic situation at the extremity of a narrow valley, and occupies both sides of the Malenco, a furious torrent which frequently overflows its banks. Many of the houses are very ancient; for the arms of the Visconti, formerly the sovereigns of this country, are painted upon their walls; these arms representing an enormous serpent crushing a man between his teeth. The province of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, under the crown of Austria, constituted of the three provinces, the Valteline, Chiavenna, and Bormio, bears the name of *Delegazione di Sondrio.*

The first chesnut trees are seen immediately below La Serra. The wine of the Valteline has an extensive celebrity. The mulberry-tree is cultivated here for silk-worms; and so fertile is the soil, that two harvests of maize and other corn are gathered within the year. The road passes through a number of pleasant little towns and picturesque villages, crossing the Adda repeatedly, and afterwards running along its left bank to Colico, the port of the Valteline. Valteline Proper is the largest and finest part of the whole province; it has a genial climate and a fertile soil. The heat is very great in summer. All the fruit-trees of Italy thrive there. It has excellent pastures and meadow-land, and its cheese rivals the best made in Lombardy. The slopes of the lower hills along the northern side of the valley are covered with vines, planted in terraces.

The Valteline, from its neighbourhood to Italy, has imbibed a taste for the fine arts, and there are many collections of pictures which are not unworthy of notice. This country, however, has produced few artists of any eminence. Pietro Ligario is almost the only painter who deserves to be mentioned, and his name is scarcely known beyond the limits of the Valteline.

Ligario was born at Sondrio, in 1686, of the ancient family of Ligario, which took its name from a neighbouring village of that appellation. Having discovered much talent, and a taste for the elegant arts, he was sent when very young to Rome, under the care of Lazaro Baldi, from whom he learnt that exactness of design which characterises the Roman school. From thence he repaired to Venice, where he passed some time in studying that exquisite colouring for which the Venetian masters are so admirable and distinguished. He made himself first known at Milan, where he met with some encouragement; and in 1727 he returned to the Valteline. He found, however, but little employment, until he was honoured with the patronage of Count Desalis, envoy from Great Britain to the republic of the Grisons. As he rose in reputation his business increased; but being always very poor, he was frequently compelled to finish his productions with such haste, as rendered it impossible to give all of them that perfection which he was capable of bestowing. Hence arises that inequality which is so remarkable

in his paintings. There is scarcely a church in the Valteline which does not possess one of his pictures: his most celebrated pieces are the martyrdom of St. Gregory, in one of the churches at Sondrio, and St. Benedict, in a chapel of a nunnery near the town. These were his latest performances; and as, contrary to his usual custom, they were finished with great labour and exactness, may be considered as the test from which we ought to estimate his abilities as a painter. The figures are well grouped, the principal



VALLEY OF BOLZEN.

characters distinctly marked, and the expression of the heads is admirable; the style of colouring is lively without being gaudy, and chaste without being dull. A few days after he had painted St. Benedict, he was seized with a violent fever, and expired in 1752, in the 67th year of his age. Ligario is described by the connoisseurs as a painter who united correctness of design to beauty of colouring. He is remarkable for grouping his figures to the best advantage, and his heads are drawn with a noble simplicity. It

has, however, been objected that his figures often resemble statues; and the folds of his drapery fall with too much precision, like the wet drapery in the sculpture of the ancients. The character of his faces is chiefly Grecian; but it is remarked that they are too similar to each other, and look like the portraits of persons who are of the same family.

VALSUGANA, NEAR TRENT.

Beside painting, Ligario was skilled in music, mechanics, and agriculture, and has left behind him specimens of no ordinary acquaintance with each of these arts. He made, for his own amusement, an organ of very large dimensions, and constructed a clock with a cylindrical pendulum, remarkable for the accuracy of its movements. He was so much addicted to the study of agriculture, that he wrote instructions to his family on the cheapest and best method of cultivation. He endeavoured to infuse into his son and

daughter, Cæsar and Victoria, a fondness for the polite arts. They both followed their father's profession; but although not without some degree of merit, they failed of equalling his reputation. Victoria was chiefly distinguished for her skill in vocal and instrumental music.

In leaving the Valteline, it should be stated that Coxe has given us an account of his ascent of the Muret; and we introduce it, lest the reader should overlook the neighbouring eminences. He says:—

"I quitted Sondrio, and went up the valley of Malenco, yielding vines, chesnut trees, rye, oats, and pasturage. As I ascended, the sides of the mountains were clothed with birch and firs, and their summits produced nothing but a scanty herbage. The inhabitants of the valley appear healthier, better clothed, and more industrious, than the other peasants of the Valteline. In consequence of their distance from the seat of government, or of being in general too poor to excite the rapaciousness of the Grison governors, they are, perhaps, less oppressed, and for the most part possess a small portion of land. The valley is narrow, and watered by a torrent which forms a continual cataract. The road is a footpath, by the side of a precipice, and carried over huge fragments of rocks. I passed the night in a solitary hut at the bottom of the Muret; the next morning mounted a rugged ascent in the channel of a small stream; observed nothing but bare rocks, without the least appearance of vegetation; came to the top of the Muret, and passed over a large mass of snow and ice.

"In these Alpine situations the traveller sees, within the space of a few hours, nature in all her shapes. In the Valteline she is rich and fertile; here she is barren and stupendous. These regions are so dreary and desolate, that if it were not for an occasional traveller, the flights of a few strange birds, the goats browsing on the rugged Alps, and the shepherds who tend them, nature would appear quite inanimate. In these elevated spots, while I was

'Placed above the storm's career,'

I noticed the pleasing effects produced by the vapours and mists floating in mid air beneath me—circumstances finely felt and described by the author of "The Minstrel:"—

'And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost:
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous sea of vapour, tost
In billows lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!'

"From the top of the Muret I descended about three hours a craggy, desolate, and uninhabited country; and noticed the gradual increase of vegetation as I approached the road leading to Chiavenna, a little above Casazza. This passage over the Muret, which serves for the transportation of wine and other merchandise from the Valteline to the Grisons, is only open about five months in the year."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CITY OF TRENT—ROVEREDO—THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.

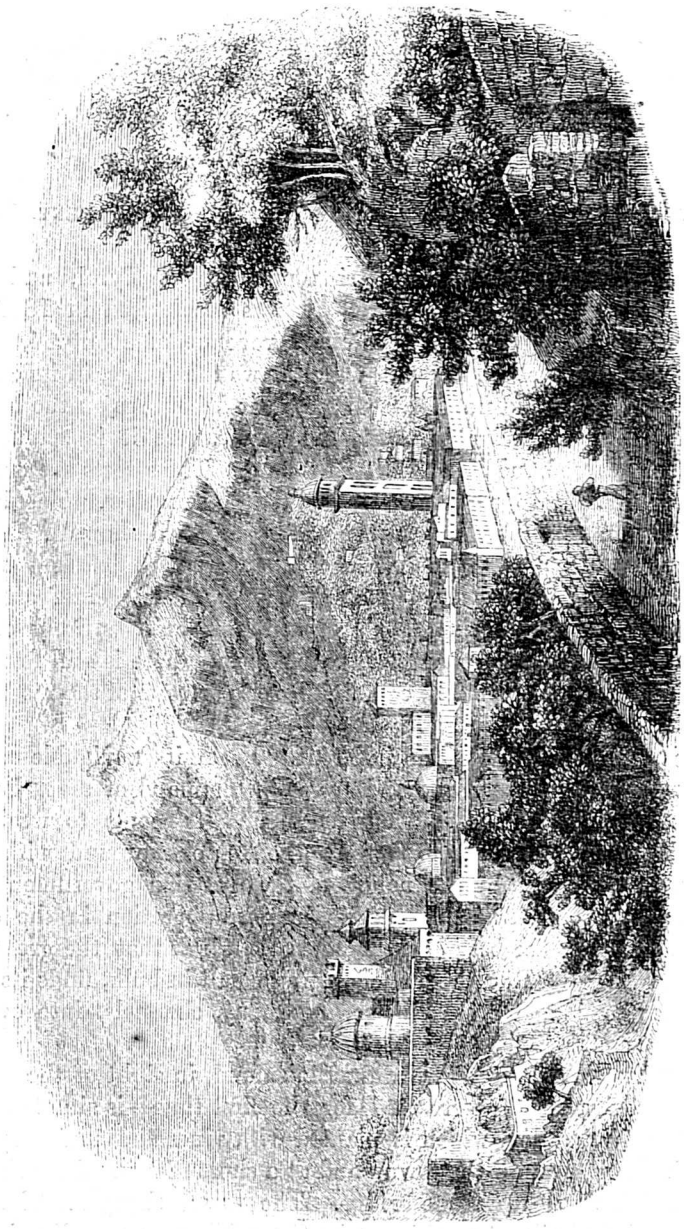
THE city of Trent is situated in the Austrian province of Tyrol, and was once an independent bishopric of the German empire. It was secularised in 1803, though the bishop is still denominated a prince, and enjoys a revenue of about £4,000 a year. It lies in a deep and romantic valley, through which flows the Adige, in its course from the Alps to the Gulf of Venice, and not far from where it debouches on the beautiful plains of Lombardy. The river is navigable up to the city, where it is spanned by a plain wooden bridge, about three hundred and fifty feet long. The streets are narrow, gloomy, and dirty, and have nothing to recommend them to the traveller. The bishop's palace is antique, but has an unsightly appearance: it is adorned, however, with very fine gardens. The cathedral is a remarkable building, and though deficient of any regular style of architecture, is highly carved and ornamented. The chief attraction of the city is the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which is built entirely of red marble. Here it was the Roman Catholic council assembled; and here is still found a very fine picture, in a high state of preservation, containing the portraits of the most distinguished members of that ecclesiastical conclave.

A considerable commerce is carried on in Trent. From its navigable connexion with the Adriatic, from its central position, and from its command of several of the Alpine passes, its merchants might soon rise to eminence, and its people to wealth; but their efforts to extend their trade, and to supply the regions around with the comforts of other nations, are checked by the policy of the Austrian government. There are, however, some considerable silk manufactories in good operation in the city; and the ladies of Europe, in using the best silk thread, little think that the greatest part of it is the production of Trent. But this article, being small in bulk, finds its way through the Austrian douaniers; and from thence, by many channels, into every corner of Europe.

Roveredo, taken by storm by the Archduke Sigismund, in sight of the whole Venetian army—on which occasion bombs were used for the first time—is situated in the middle of the pleasant Lazarina valley, which is planted with vines and mulberry-trees, on the river Leno, which flows through the town, and at a short distance from the left bank of the Adige, over which there is a stone bridge. The town, though not large, has many handsome houses, chiefly built of marble. The Corso Nuovo, especially, is adorned with fine edifices. The castle, surrounded with high walls, is also worthy of notice. The town is the seat of several courts of justice, and has a gymnasium, three monasteries, an English convent with a school for girls, a public library, and some charitable institutions. The inhabitants manufacture silk, leather, and tobacco, and have a considerable trade in silk and twist.

Ascending from Roveredo, the valley and city of Trent present an enchanting appearance. The country around is rich and beautiful. Lofty hills, covered with vineyards

and gardens, producing the richest fruit, are finely contrasted with the bold and naked mountains which form the background. All the hills in the neighbourhood are dotted with elegant country seats and houses of the city gentry, who, more than in most German cities, seek the country as a residence. This arises from the unhealthiness of



TRENT.

the town itself, which has a climate as hot as the tropics in summer, and almost as cold as Greenland in the winter. Those rural residences often display very great taste in their construction and brilliancy in their appearance—every one perched on its own separate eminence, amidst blooming trees and flowering shrubs, while the bright blue river flows from the gorge of the mountains, and winds round the hills and the south-west quarter of the city; these, as you approach, form the only ornaments of Trent.

Its name is familiar to the world on account of the famous council held there, which was first opened in 1545, and extended through a period of eighteen years. This has conferred on this secluded Tyrolese city a celebrity which will never be forgotten. There the most avowed and strenuous efforts were made to check the work of God—the progress of

ABOVE TRENT, COURSE OF THE ADIGE.

the glorious Reformation. Under the pretence of reviewing the state of the popish hierarchy, the deep-laid scheme for the extermination of all heretics was determined on. From the walls of the church of Santa Maria, the fatal tocsin was sound d which involved the whole of Germany in the flames of civil war, with some occasional cessations, for a hundred years. It deprived the empire of nearly one-half of its inhabitants,

by the sword and by famine, devastated its fairest fields, and demoralised all that came within its influence. The cry of millions, whose dust is scattered through the plains of Saxony, the hills of Bohemia, and the banks of the Elbe, who were sacrificed to the tender mercies of Rome in those days of her violence, because days of her power, is doubtless now ascending to heaven: "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

The convocation of that council had been ardently desired, not only by all the states in Christendom, but, at first, by Luther himself, who expected that such charitable results might arise from it as would tend to compose the dissensions of the world. But the pope, then Paul III., had other objects in view. Having a ready tool prepared to his hand, in the ambitious emperor of Germany, Charles V., and being well supported by the cunning of his legates in the council, whose abilities soon gained an influence over the crowd of ignorant and indigent Italian bishops which formed the bulk of the assembly, all the corruptions of Popery were retained. One of its first acts was to canonise the apocryphal books, and to class them with the inspired records alone held sacred by the Jews and the first Christians; another was to authorise the Latin Vulgate of the Scriptures as the only translation to be consulted. Doctrines, which had been hitherto received with some latitude of interpretation, were confirmed by the highest authority of Rome; and many mere traditional rites were declared to be essential parts of worship. The breach between Protestantism and Popery, instead of being closed, was widened, and rendered for ever irreparable; the line between Christ and Antichrist, formerly almost indefinable in the judgments of even some good men, was drawn in so marked and decisive a manner, that it has served to keep asunder the principles of Divine truth from the soul-destroying superstitions of Popery to the present day. The members of that council thus closed the door—till then, it may be said, partially open—to shut out every ray of light that might tend to the reformation of their system, while they held up the spectacle to all the world of their determination to adhere to every error till the Scripture should be fulfilled, and great Babylon should "come up in remembrance before God."

The history of the proceedings of the council of Trent has been penned by three different authors. Father Paul, of Venice, wrote an account of it when the event was yet recent, and some of its members still alive. Though a bigoted papist himself, he exposes the intrigues and artifices which marked the whole affair with consummate skill. This roused the Jesuit Pallavicini, fifty years afterwards, to publish a most artful apology for its proceedings, and the most subtle interpretation of its decrees. But Varges, a Spaniard, who attended in the suit of the imperial ambassadors, writing confidential letters to the Bishop of Arras, as the events took place, may be considered as the best authority on the subject. These letters, which were published, clearly show that it was anything but the "spirit from above" which guided their policy; as neither simplicity of heart, nor sincerity of manners, nor love of the truth, was found among the members of the council of Trent. Its decrees were, however, subscribed by six cardinals, four of them being legates; three patriarchs; twenty-five archbishops; one hundred and sixty-eight bishops, besides many of the inferior clergy.

The Protestant princes were already in arms, and had assembled a considerable force to meet the onset of the emperor, who had been reinforced by all the papal troops, and a division or two of Flemings from the Low Countries; but the former, although commanded by men of courage and character, lost their advantage by delay. Charles, by his superior energy and policy, gained several successes over the reformers; and, in the end, the elector and the margrave fell into his hands. The pope, however, fearing lest Charles should turn his victorious arms against Rome itself, withdrew his troops, and found means to check the emperor's triumphs. This gave the reformers a breathing time to

prepare for new struggles. Being now commanded by Maurice, who had seized Saxony, the electoral dominions of his imprisoned kinsman, he hotly pursued Charles with his troops, and nearly succeeded in making him a prisoner. He entered Innspruck at midnight, only a few hours after the emperor and his attendants had left it, with all their baggage, money, and papers, to be plundered by the Saxons. Charles, in miserable plight and suffering deeply from the gout, fled in rain and darkness over the Alps, and at length arrived at Villach in Carinthia, but scarcely thought himself secure in that remote town.

From this time, it may be said, the star of that ambitious and politic monarch set for ever. The short remainder of his reign shows nothing but reverses: he became deeply dejected in his mind, as well as overwhelmed with his bodily infirmities. At length he determined to abdicate all his crowns, and give up the entire sovereignty of his several dominions to his son Philip, retaining only for himself a pension of a hundred thousand crowns. He retired to the monastery of St. Justus, at Placentia, in Spain, where he amused himself with trifles for a time. At length he fell into the deepest asceticism and self-mortification—celebrating, on one occasion, his own funeral obsequies in person. This last act of folly was too much for his shattered constitution; he was seized the next day with fever, which shortly terminated his life, at the age of fifty-eight years and six months, about three years after his retirement from public affairs.

Soon after Pope Paul III., who had convoked the council of Trent, and was the presiding evil genius of all the woes it entailed, also ended his violent and imperious reign, at enmity with all the world, but chiefly with those of his own household. The principal members of his family were soon after condemned to the punishment their ambition merited and their crimes had deserved. Though the Reformation was not yet secure from the attacks of its enemies, and had to pass through many trials, its principal persecutors all disappeared from the theatre of Europe about the same time.

The character of the Tyrolese, it may be remarked before we pass onwards, has many peculiarities which distinguish them from their neighbours. They are of an honest, frank, and very independent spirit, and are strongly attached to their native land; the object of the numerous emigrants being merely to save a small capital, with which to purchase a piece of land in their own country. They are fond of manly games, and are a poetical and musical people. The German population are, however, unhappily addicted to intemperance, and to this kind of excess are ascribed the many affrays, often attended with the infliction of dangerous wounds, which are more numerous in the Tyrol than in all the other provinces of the empire together. The inhabitants of southern Tyrol have more of the Italians in their manners, language, and even their dress, while the north retains more of the character associated with distant times.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CITY OF THE SEA.

THE city at which we have now arrived has an intimate connexion with the country we have recently traversed. For if the map be consulted, it will be seen that the part of the Mediterranean that washes the eastern coast of Italy is called the Adriatic Sea; and that its upper or northern portion receives all the waters which flow from the southern declivities of the Alps. These numerous streams discharge themselves in close succession along a line which equals thirty degrees in length, and which comprises the north-western corner of the Adriatic, and nearly the whole of its northern coast.

The southernmost river is the Po, which comes, charged with waters, from both the Alps and the Apennines; the northernmost, or rather the most easterly, is the Lisonzo, which has its origin in the mountains of Carniola. The most considerable of the many streams which the sea or gulf receives between these extreme points, are the Adige, the Brenta, the Musone, the Piave, the Livenza, the Lemene, and the Tagliamento. Every one of these rivers has a rapid course, and brings down, especially in the rainy season, enormous quantities of mud and sand, which, as soon as they reach the sea, and are released from the violence of the stream, are quietly deposited. The head of the Adriatic has thus become a bed of soft mud, extending between twenty and thirty miles from the shore, and covered with water not exceeding, for the most part, one or two feet in depth. This immense expanse, which cannot be considered either sea or land, is called the *Laguna*, in English, the Lagoon. It is navigable throughout only by skiffs, drawing a few inches of water, but wherever the rivers have cut a few channels for their passage, or artificial canals have been excavated, ships of considerable burden may ride securely.

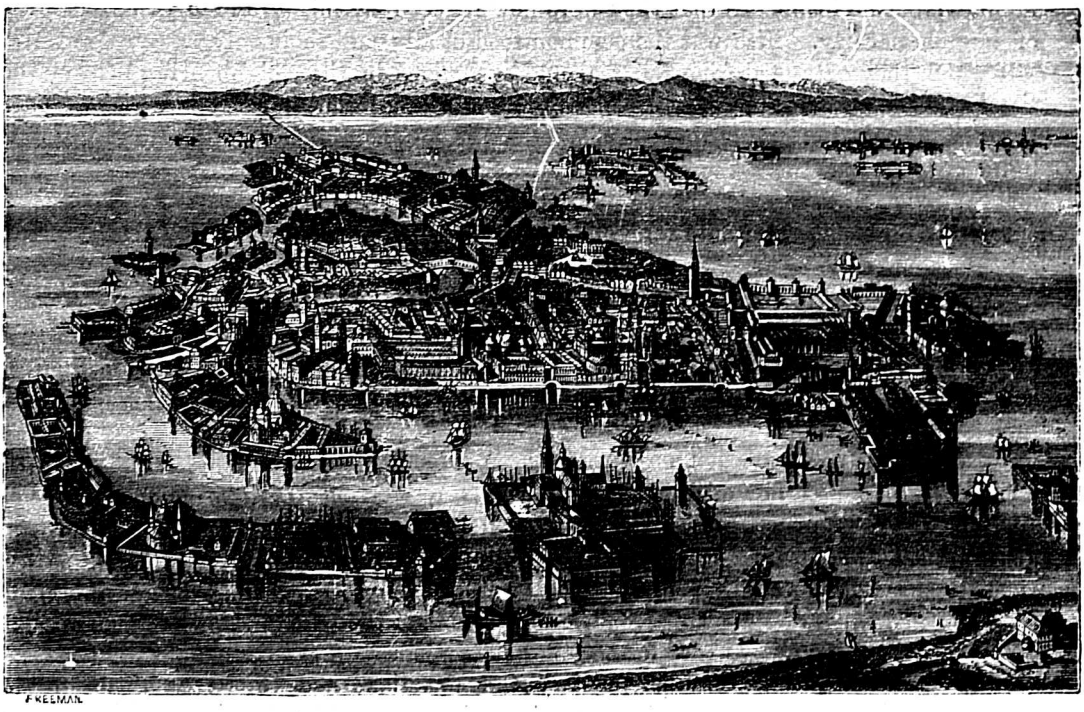
The Lagoon is not open to the sea; its outer edge is embanked by a succession of long, narrow, sandy islands, or slips of land, which serve as so many natural breakwaters, and form, in fact, an impregnable barrier against the waves of the Adriatic. The entrances through this outer barrier are few, and the subsequent navigation through the still small waters of the Lagoon most intricate and difficult; so that much skill, and a long acquaintance with the windings of the deeper channels, are necessary for a safe pilotage through the labyrinth which they present.

The face of the Lagoon is sprinkled with a number of small islands, whose soil is of a firmer character than that of the shoals and mud-banks above which they are elevated; some are clustered together, with only narrow channels between them, and others are scattered remotely, as so many outposts. It is upon a group which lies at the point where the western and northern coasts of the Adriatic meet, that the queen of these waters appears—the city of Venice.

Mr. Rose describes the Lagoon as a great mud estuary, and likens it, in its relation to the Adriatic, to a side-closet, shut off from a room by a partition, but communicating with it by doors. The embankment which protects the Lagoon from the inroad of the

waves is the partition, the openings in it are the doors, and in a line with them, though not uniformly straight, are the passages or channels which bring ships to Venice. These openings of course break up the embankment into certain compartments, which comprise, beginning from the north, a long spit of land, on the side of the territory of Treviso, divided from the continent by back waters, estuaries, and canals.

In ancient geography the name Venetia was applied to a large district which lay to the north of the Adriatic, and which constituted, according to the division of Augustus, the tenth division of the Roman empire. Before the irruption of the Barbarians into Italy, fifty cities are said to have flourished in peace and prosperity within the limits of this province; the chief among them were Padua, important for its wealth and its ancient renown, and Aquileia, which was once the great bulwark of Italy on its north-



VENICE.

eastern frontier, and, in the time of the geographer Strabo, the great emporium of the Illyrian trade. Their tranquillity was disturbed by Alaric and his Goths, in the year 452; and according to the common supposition, a number of refugees from the conquered province sought shelter in the small islands of the Venetian Gulf. Fifty years afterwards, the inroads of Attila and the Huns gave rise to a second and more extensive emigration; the citizens of Aquileia then betook themselves to the isle of *Gradus* (or, as we now call it, Grado), near the mouth of the Lisonzo, while those of Padua retreated to the *Rivus Altus*, on which the city of Venice subsequently arose. Thus, as the poet says,—

——————————— "A few in fear
Flying away from him, whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice,"

and the savage conqueror, who so well displayed his ferocious pride in that memorable saying, was undesignedly the instrument of founding a republic which revived in the feudal state of Europe the art and spirit of commercial industry.

The condition of the islanders about seventy years afterwards is described in a letter addressed to their "maritime tribunes," by Cassiodorus, the minister, or Prætorian prefect, of Theodoric, the Gothic king of Italy. The writer quaintly compares them to water-fowl, who had fixed their nests on the bosom of the waters, an image which is repeated by a poet of our own, when he says that—

——————— "Like the water-fowl
They built their nests among the ocean-waves."

The prefect allows that the province of Venetia had formerly contained many noble families; but he insinuates that they were now reduced by misfortune to the same level of humble poverty. Fish was the common food of all; and their only treasure was the salt which they extracted from the sea, and exchanged in the neighbouring markets of the continent. Want, however, had begotten enterprise; the exiles had already become familiar with the dangers of the ocean, and their vessels, continually increasing in size and number, visited all the harbours of the Adriatic. The extent of their maritime means may be generally inferred from the request which the epistle of Cassiodorus conveys; he exhorts the tribunes, in a mild tone of authority, to animate the zeal of their countrymen for the public service, which required their assistance to transport the magazines of wine and oil from the province of Istria to the royal city of Ravenna.

The tribunes to whom the letter of Cassiodorus was addressed are supposed to have been twelve officers annually elected in the twelve principal islands. The tribunes met, on certain days, in council, to discuss and regulate public matters. In cases of importance, however, they convoked a "concio," or general assembly of the people, which decided by acclamation on questions proposed by the tribunes. Little more is known of the early form of government. The number of tribunes appears to have varied at different times, but all were chosen annually by the people. This state of things lasted for about two centuries and a half, during which the Gothic kings of Italy, and afterwards the eastern emperors, although they did not interfere with the local government, seem to have considered the inhabitants of the Lagoon as their subjects, and at times required their services.

In the earlier periods of their history the Venetians had to struggle with many difficulties. Their infant commerce was grievously oppressed by the pirates which everywhere infested the coast of the Adriatic; and even in the shelter of their lagoon, the frugal merchants were not free from the inroads of those lawless wanderers. But their strength grew with the dangers which they had to encounter; and in 804, when attacked by Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, they employed large ships of war in their defence, and repulsed the invaders. At a very early period the Venetians began to trade with Constantinople and the Levant; and notwithstanding the competition of the Genoese and Pisans, they continued to engross the principal commerce in eastern products till the discovery of a route to India by the Cape of Good Hope turned this traffic into a new channel. The crusades seemed but to augment their wealth, and to extend the commerce and possessions of Venice. A naval armament was fitted out at Venice, under Vitalis Micheli, for the service of the crusaders, which shows the power and wealth which the people had acquired. Two hundred galleys assembled, and after vanquishing the fleet of the neighbouring republic of Pisa, they captured Ascalon, in Syria, and other towns. In after times, similar arrangements were prepared, and met with so much success on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, on the coast of Africa, and

in the Holy Land, that the envy of the Greek emperors was excited, and a series of fierce engagements ensued between them.

An event occurred towards the close of the twelfth century, which led to the Venetian ceremony of the "Doge marrying the sea." Pope Alexander, being threatened with an attack from Frederick Barbarossa, solicited the aid of the Venetians. This was granted; and on Barbarossa despatching a fleet of seventy-five very large galleys to the attack of Venice, forty-eight of his vessels were captured or destroyed. The pope, who had taken refuge in the city, signified his gratitude to the Venetians by presenting the doge with a ring, which he accompanied with the following declaration: "Take this ring, and present it to the sea, in token of your dominion over it. Enjoin your successors to perform annually the same ceremony, that succeeding ages may learn that your valour acquired this great prerogative, and has subjugated the ocean, even as a wife is subject to her husband." The absurd ceremony of "marrying the sea" was annually performed for many centuries after this event. The doge, attended by the senators, the chief nobility, and the foreign ambassadors, entered a splendid vessel, called the *Bucentaur*, which was fitted up with great elegance, was gilt from prow to stern, and covered with an awning of purple silk. Having sailed out to the sea, preceded by the gondolas of the nobility, the doge threw a gold ring into the waters, saying, "We marry thee, O Sea, in token of that true and perpetual dominion which the republic has over thee." The fallacy and folly of the entire proceeding require neither illustration nor enforcement.

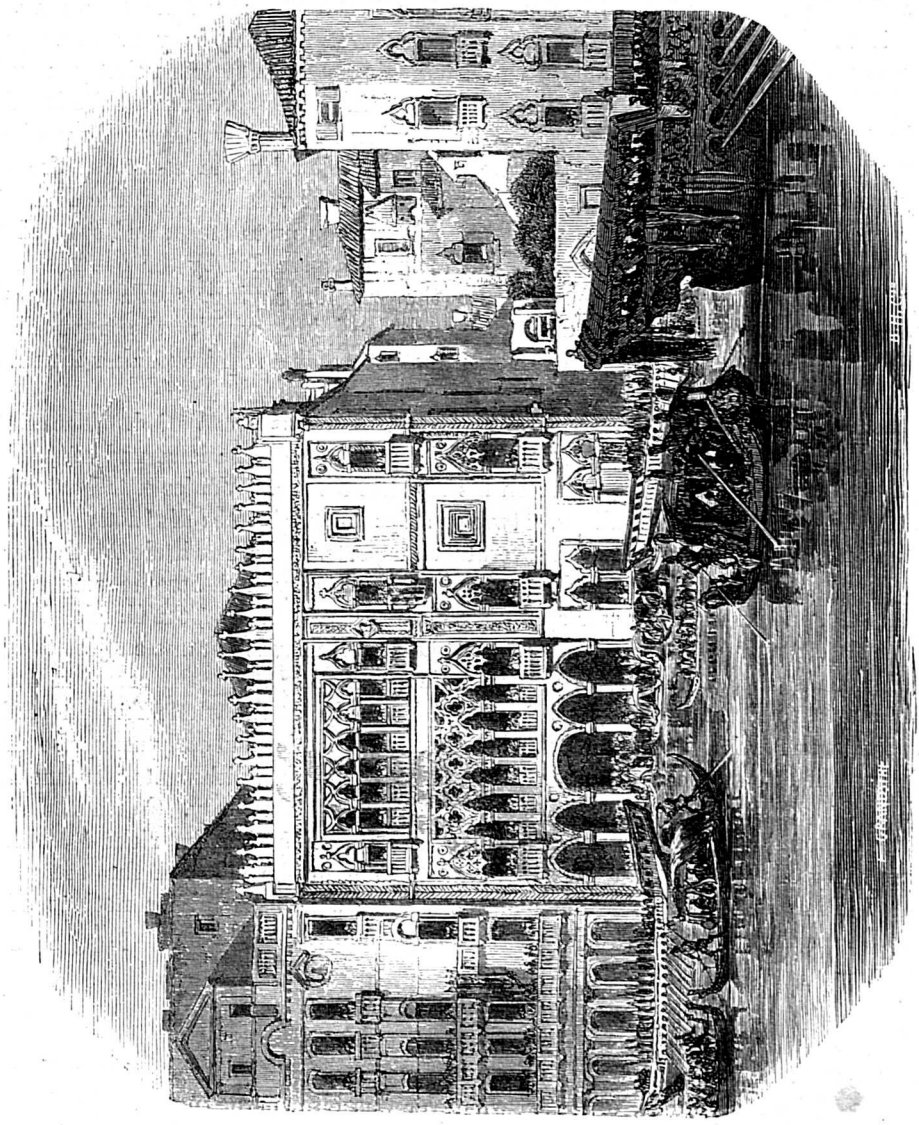
The maritime importance of Venice did not terminate at this period. The eastern emperor having been deposed, his son solicited the aid of the Venetians, and of Baldwin, earl of Flanders, to reinstate his father on his rightful throne. Venice fitted out a large armament, consisting of sixty galleys, "twenty ships of war"—the distinctive character of which is not precisely known—and several "transports." In gratitude for the service thus rendered to Earl Baldwin—who by its instrumentality had become emperor—he permitted the Venetians to wage war against, and to take possesion of, the Greek islands in the Archipelago; and ultimately the whole of the Greek islands became subject to them. They secured also a chain of forts and factories extending along the coasts of Greece, from the Morea to Dalmatia, while they monopolised almost the whole foreign trade of Egypt. The preservation of these commercial advantages Venice had early usurped over the Adriatic, and the retention of her colonies and distant trading establishments, were measures pursued by the government with great skill and inflexible constancy. With the single exception of Rome, Venice, in the fifteenth century, was by far the richest and most magnificent city of Europe; and her peculiar situation in the midst of the sea greatly contributed to impress those by whom she was visited with still higher notions of her wealth and grandeur. She had arisen "like an exhalation from the deep," a gorgeous fairy scene,—

> "A vast metropolis, with glistening spires,
> With theatres, basilicas adorned."

"The revenues of the republic," to use the language of Robertson, "as well as the wealth amassed by individuals, exceeded whatever was elsewhere known. In the magnificence of their houses, in the richness of furniture, in profusion of plate, and in everything which contributed either towards elegance or parade in their mode of living—the nobles of Venice surpassed the state of the greatest monarch beyond the Alps. Nor was all this the display of an inconsiderate dissipation; it was the natural consequence of successful industry, which, having accumulated wealth with ease, is entitled to enjoy it in splendour." The same writer tells us, that about the year 1420, the naval force of the republic consisted of 3,000 trading vessels of various dimensions, on board of which were

employed 17,000 sailors; of 300 ships of greater force, manned with 8,000 sailors; and of 45 large carracks, with 11,000 sailors: while in the arsenals were employed 16,000 artificers.

The government of Venice was certainly one of the most singular that has ever existed. In her earlier period she was governed by *doges*, the word signifying "dukes," from the Latin *dux;* and thus *dogate* and *dogado* are formed from *ducatus*, "a duchy." The doges were anciently sovereigns; but latterly, the prerogatives devolving upon him who held this

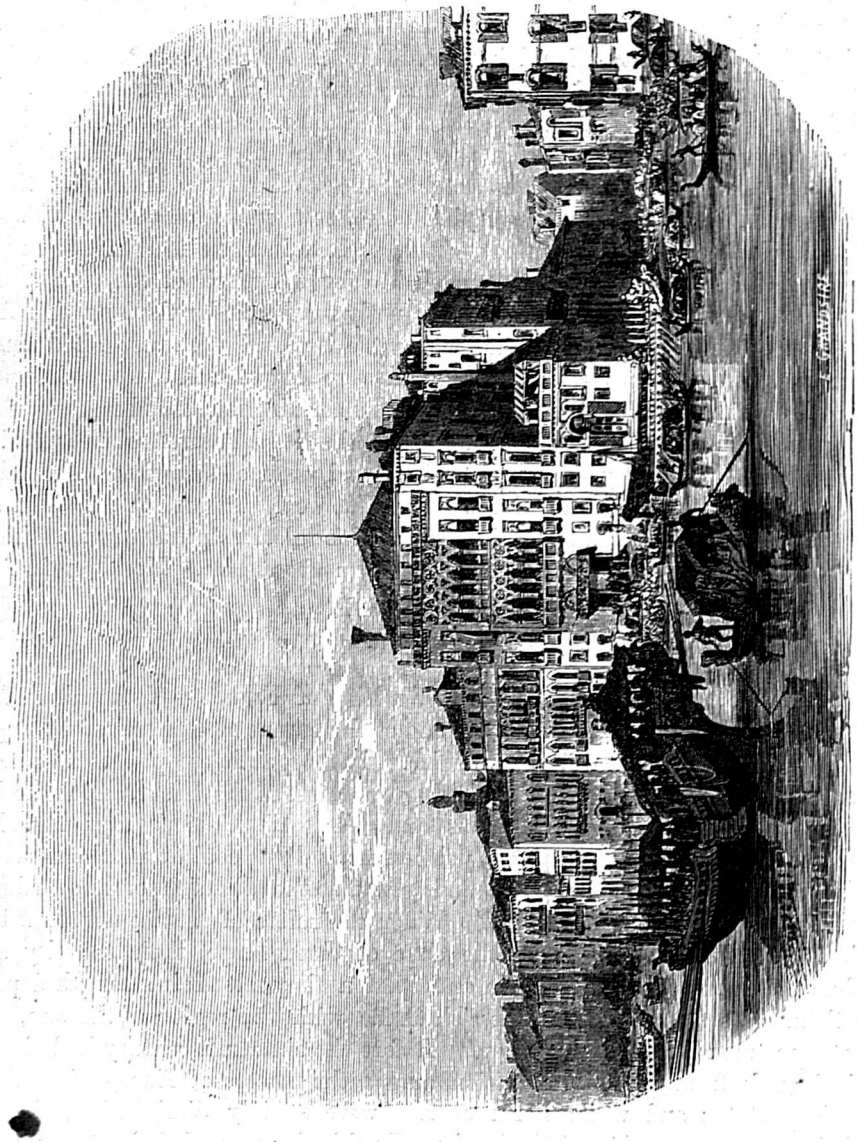


GRAND CANAL OF VENICE—LA CADOVA PALACE.

rank were, to give audience to ambassadors, but not to make answer as from himself in matters of importance; and as first magistrate, he had also to preside at all the councils. The credentials with which the senate furnishes its ministers were written in his name, but usually signed by the secretary of state, who also sealed them with the arms of the republic. The despatches sent by ambassadors were addressed to him, and yet he dared not open them except in the presence of his councillors. All the magistrates rose and

saluted the doge when he came into council, but he rose only to foreign ambassadors. He was, in fact, "a mere pageant of state."

The office or dignity of the doge at Venice was formerly elective for life. He was "the chief of the council, and the mouth of the republic," being regarded as the chief minister, though not the sovereign of the people. In reality, he was merely "the phantom or shadow" of the majesty of a prince, all the authority being reserved to the



GRAND CANAL OF VENICE—THE PALACE PISANI.

republic. He only lent his name to the senate, and his power was diffused throughout the whole body, though the answers were all made in his name. His own replies were always couched in very cautious and general terms, otherwise he was certain to meet with a reprimand. Under this form of government, which has been styled a loose mixture of monarchy and democracy, the Venetians suffered much from domestic troubles: the authority of the doge was respected so long as he was popular and successful, but the caprices of a fickle multitude always exposed him to the chances of a violent

death. "It is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Roscoe, "that out of the first fifty doges of Venice, five abdicated, five were banished with their eyes put out, five were massacred, and nine deposed." The Turkish sultans themselves have scarcely experienced a worse fate.

The popular element which had long existed in the government of Venice was ultimately greatly diminished. A grand council was established, which included almost all the principal citizens; and though the people on several occasions resorted to violence in endeavouring to recover their lost authority, they were wholly unsuccessful; and after various struggles, it was resolved in 1319 that the grand council should no longer be elected, but that the dignity should be hereditary in its members.* The aristocracy was thus established on a solid foundation; but no sooner had this been done, than the dignified families became jealous of each other; and to avert the chance of any individual acquiring a preponderating influence in the state, a carefully devised scheme of indirect election to all the higher offices was established, at the same time that the nobles subjected themselves, the doge, and everybody else, to a system of despotism, which not only determined the public and private conduct, but, in some measure, even the very thoughts of individuals. This was accomplished by a council of ten, instituted from the body of the grand council, and it was greatly furthered by the selection from the council of ten of three state inquisitors, who were invested with unlimited authority. The proceedings of this most formidable tribunal were shrouded in the most impenetrable secresy; but it was believed at the time, and is now certain, that it did not wait for overt acts, but proceeded on suspicion and presumption; that it had secret prisons; and that it made free use of the agency of spies, torture, and even of assassins. An individual disappeared, by what means no one knew; but if it were supposed that he had fallen a victim to the fears or suspicions of the inquisitors, his relatives prudently abstained from all complaint, and even from making any inquiries about him. Nothing, in fact, but implicit obedience to established authority, and a perfect abstinence from every sort of political preference and remark, could enable any individual, however high or low, to sleep securely in Venice.

In the year 1508, the pope, the emperor, the king of France, and the king of Spain, entered into a confederacy, known by the name of the league of Cambray, for the purpose of humbling or destroying the power of Venice. The republic escaped with some losses, and had soon afterwards to encounter the rising greatness of the Turks. But the hour of her decline had approached. "Columbus and Vasco de Gama," says Mr. Roscoe, "humbled a power which neither popes, princes, nor sultans could unsettle or overthrow —their discoveries tore away its pomp and glory, as the diffusion of knowledge in a subsequent age humbled those of Rome." When the rulers of Venice first heard that a passage had been found to India by the Cape of Good Hope, their sagacity at once foresaw the consequences, and already in anticipation they felt their strength departing; they saw themselves shut out from the rich traffic with the region of the sun, and the "golden stream turned to enrich another." Before the sixteenth century had closed, the republic had sunk from her high position among the powers of Europe, into the rank of a secondary state; and while her resources were rapidly diminishing, she had to withstand the powerful enmity of the Turks. In this she succeeded for a long while,—long enough, indeed, to ward off from Christendom the dangers which menaced it at the hands of the infidels, and to entitle the republic to the proud appellation of "Europe's bulwark against the Ottomite;" but the treaty of Passarowitz, in 1718, left her with scarcely more than a fragment of her vast dominions in eastern Europe. Yet, even while thus declining, Venice maintained in some degree her ancient state and splendour;

* Daru, vol. i., p. 518.

and as her rulers had the wisdom to conceal her weakness under the guise of moderation, she continued to be treated with respect,

> ——————— "till a tempest shook
> All things most held in honour among men,
> All things the giant with the scythe had spared,
> To their foundations, and at once she fell."

It would have been strange indeed, if a state, worn out and enfeebled as Venice was, had safely passed through the storm which followed the French Revolution. After maintaining for some time an unwilling neutrality, and allowing her territories upon the continent of Italy to be repeatedly overrun by Austrians and French in the course of their warfare, she exhibited symptoms which excited the displeasure of Bonaparte.

The resolution of the Directory, after the 18th Fructidor, not to despoil Venice, was, however, repeatedly and strongly expressed. Barras wrote to Bonaparte on the 8th September :—"Conclude a peace, but let it be an honourable one ; let Mantua fall to the Cisalpine republic, but Venice must *not* to the emperor. That is the wish of the Directory, and of all true republicans, and what the glory of the republic requires." Napoleon answered, on the 18th September :—"If your ultimatum is not to cede Venice to the emperor, I much fear peace will be impracticable ; and yet Venice is the city of Italy most worthy of freedom, and hostilities will be resumed in the course of October." The Directory replied :—"The government now is desirous of tracing out to you with precision its ultimatum. Austria has long desired to swallow up Italy, and to acquire maritime power. It is the interest of France to prevent both these designs. It is evident that if the emperor acquires Venice, with its territorial possessions, he will secure an entrance into the whole of Lombardy. We should be treating as if we had been conquered, independent of the disgrace of abandoning Venice, which you describe as worthy of being free. What would posterity say of us, should we surrender that great city, with its naval arsenals, to the emperor? Better a hundred times restore to him Lombardy, than pay such a price for it. Let us take the worst view of matters : let us suppose, what your genius and the valour of your army forbid us to fear, that we are conquered and driven out of Italy. In such a case, yielding only to force, our honour at least will be safe ; we shall still have remained faithful to the true interests of France, and not incurred the disgrace of *a perfidy without excuse*, as it will induce consequences more disastrous than the most unfavourable results of war. We feel the force of your objection, that you may not be able to resist the forces of the emperor ; but consider that your army would be still less so some months after the peace, so imprudently and shamefully signed. Then would Austria, placed by our hands in the centre of Italy, indeed take us at a disadvantage. The whole question comes to this : Shall we give up Italy to the Austrians? The French government neither can nor will do so : it would in preference incur all the hazards of war."*

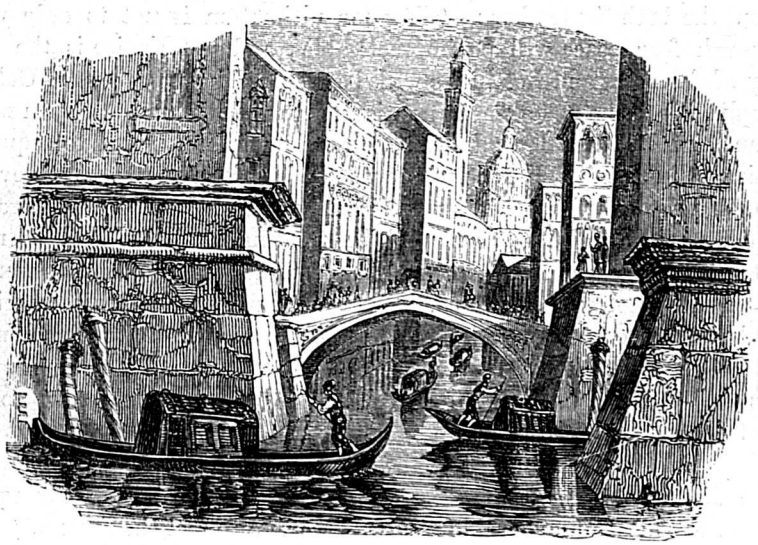
On the 15th of May, 1797, a French force of 5,000 or 6,000 men crossed the Lagoon in boats, and took possession of the city without a shadow of resistance on the part of the Venetians ; and on the same day the rulers of Venice, self-deposed, pronounced the dissolution of its ancient government, so long the glory and the security of the commonwealth. The French general himself, Baraguay D'Hilliers, was astonished at the facility of the conquest. "The sea-girt metropolis," says Simond, "might easily have been defended ; and the artificers of the arsenal alone, a brave and devoted body of men, would have been abundantly sufficient to man a fleet of small vessels, superior to any which

* Corresp. Confid. de Napoleon, iv. 233--235.

the invaders could assemble ; while the rest of the population, although, perhaps, lukewarm only, would have been stimulated to resistance if the example had thus been given them. It was the pusillanimity of the nobles which gave confidence to the party opposed to them. They betrayed themselves into the hands of an enemy, whom they had first provoked by an imprudent display of hatred, and afterwards, when seriously threatened, had encouraged by their submissiveness." Thus fell the celebrated city and republic of Venice:—

> " She who had stood yet longer than the last
> Of the Four Kingdoms,—who, as in an ark,
> Had floated down amid a thousand wrecks,
> Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
> From the last glimpse of civilised life—to where
> Light shone again, and with the blaze of noon."

Venice is, perhaps, the only city in Italy that derives no portion of its interest from classic recollections and remains, its name alone being related to ancient history. Yet it has an antiquity of its own, scarcely less venerable than that which invests with real



CANAL AT VENICE.

grandeur the memorials of the Roman empire. It is of all modern things the oldest. The republic of Venice was, at the period of its overthrow, the most ancient state in Europe. Its origin precedes, by seven centuries, the emancipation of the Lombard cities. Its fall was by nearly three hundred years posterior to the subjection of Florence, the most interesting of the republics of the middle ages. " Venice," in the words of the elegant historian of those republics, " witnessed the long agony and the termination of the Roman empire ; in the West, the birth of the French power, when Clovis conquered Gaul ; the rise and fall of the Ostrogoths in Italy, of the Visigoths in Spain, of the Lombards, who succeeded to the first, of the Saracens, who dispossessed the second. Venice saw the empire of the caliphs rise, threaten to invade the world, divide, and decay. Long the ally of the Byzantine emperors, she, by turns, succoured and oppressed them ; she carried off trophies from their capital ; she shared their provinces, and joined to her other titles that of a fourth and a half of the Roman empire. She saw the Eastern empire fall, and the ferocious Mussulmans rise on its ruins. She saw the French monarchy

give way; and, alone immoveable, this proud republic contemplated the kingdoms and the nations which passed before her. But, after all the rest, she sunk in her turn; and the state which linked the present to the past, and joined the two epochs of the civilisation of the universe, has ceased to exist."*

Manini, the hundred and twentieth doge, and the last, was chosen in the year which gave birth to the French Revolution. After witnessing the fall of the republic, and the further humiliation of its contemptuous cession to Austria by Napoleon, in the treaty of Campo Formio, he died in 1802. In 1805, Venice was annexed to the French kingdom of Italy; but, in 1814, returned definitely under the sway of Austria. The administration of Austria, since the Restoration, has, however, been applied gradually, but effectually, to alleviate, in some degree, the distress of Venice. Pecuniary assistance from the treasury of the kingdom, a better employment of the commercial revenue, a great diminution of local taxation, the establishment of a free port, and important public works, at the expense of the government, have in some measure answered the intended purpose.

It is strange, and yet true, that many of the pictures we have of Venice are portrayed

CANAL BY MOONLIGHT.

by those who never saw this "city of the sea." Schiller, for example, was one of these; the glimpses of it he has conveyed are mere general outlines, true, so far as they go, yet faintly drawn, and without the colouring he could have supplied from actual sight. Mrs. Radcliffe, also, paints, with great beauty, moonlight landscapes—masques and music—but there is only one aspect of Venice in all she depicts. Our sketches must be of a different character.

"The approach to Venice from Mestre," says a modern traveller, "is anything but promising. From Padua we kept looking out in vain for a first view. Our way was along a dusky road, with a canal on one side, and cabbage gardens with statues as common as cabbage-stalks on the other. At length we saw one long, unusual-looking black boat. Hurrah! a gondola! We arrive at last at that little Italian Wapping, Mestre, where we are, but not to-day, to embark. Driving to its shabby locanda, and having too much time on hand, we ask for the high canal to Venice, and being duly instructed, proceed along an unsavoury suburb, and come suddenly upon an unwholesome extension of yellow-brown water. 'Eccola!' says our guide. The place where this

* Sismondi.

eccola was pronounced, this prospect of the land of promise, was crowded with ragged and seedy-looking gondolas, and dirty fellows to row them. How unlike the fairy boats we expected, and the gondoliers that chant Tasso (in the books) as they propel them! To be rowed along such a rank-smelling sluice as we saw before us, for rowing's sake, was not in question, so on we walked by its bank for nearly half an hour, the water gradually improving a little in complexion. Indeed, a few fish could now be seen with their tails towards Mestre, and making the best of their way to the Adriatic. Discerning little fish! A large green lizard which we here took into captivity, and kept in a cage for half the summer, was the only object of any kind in our walk, and the only green thing we saw, except the water. At last we come to a bend in the canal, and see Venice. *That* Venice? No, it can't be! and yet again it must: towers, and spires, and domes, seen over a dead swamp, and about seven miles off in the direction we were told to look. It is Venice, by all that is flat, stale, and disagreeable. It is our doom to pass the night at Mestre, as we may; early to-morrow those long sea canals, with the dull swamp which they intersect, shall no longer be between us and those ancient and renowned dominions of St. Mark."

But let us take another scene, sketched with the same power. "To apostrophise *distant* Venice as the tourists do, as a city of noble edifices rising out of the sea (such being unquestionably the fact), is all very well, and very veracious; but to plain vision, any given city, divorced from the magic of its name, rising out of water, and *at some miles' distance,* must appear, while this earth is round, very much the same as if it had the misfortune to be below water level. At such a distance, the naked eye, though it may make out eminences, and ascertain lateral extension, and some forms of masses of buildings, can certainly do nothing more, and has no legitimate right to admiration; and even when you draw near Venice, the first buildings offered to sight (which, like pawns on a chess-board, screen the grander pieces from view) are by no means of a character to suggest that they spring up as by 'an *enchanter's wand,*' rather than in the usual course of scaffold-building. Enter the first narrow canal, with its raised quays, dirty boats, dirty crews, and dirty water—find yourself afloat in what might not unfitly be termed the Dutch quarter of Venice, and depend upon it you will not quote Byron; nay, you will almost lose your faith in Canaletti, Cromek, and Prout. You vote Beckford and others to be no better than writers for effect, who had no legitimate calling to go abroad and make quiet people at home envious of things which are but fictions. All think it incumbent on them here to be poetical—even Eustace waxes warm; and as to the lady travellers and book-makers, they regularly fall into hysterics of several pages of inverted commas, and *inverted* common sense. When we, or if we, publish our travels, they shall be at least safer guides through these dangerous shallows. While we say all this to ourselves, appearances begin to mend—one watery way hands us over to another—we pass along streets that literally *run* into each other. We have within the last five minutes seen an occasional gondola of consideration fastened by its bridle to some gay coloured pole planted in the water, and we have seen more than one darting off with liberated rein from the sea-washed door-steps of a stately palace. At length the low arch of a very small bridge is right before us. What can be the reason that at this spot our gondoliers make a couple of strong strokes? The strokes are made, and they have shot us into the middle of the Rialto!! Now, indeed, a sudden murmur of delight did rise from our boat, unfreighted as it was with inverted commas. At this first adequate view of patrician Venice, palaces, Gothic windows, and marble steps crowded with gondolas, rows of colossal masks, and statues projecting over, and scarcely higher than the water's edge, chimneys with beehive and bell-shaped tops, which look like bits of ALHAMBRA brought and placed on each side of this vast Regent-street, only paved with water, along which countless boats, sharp as the arrowy swordfish, drop their

fins as they glide by, and then strike out again in a thousand directions,—one minute more, and long before we get tired of admiring object after object as they glance from door to door, or balcony to balcony, we stand where Lord Byron says he stood, and are looking through the prison bars, where St. Mark's lion, cupolas without number, domes, towers, and palaces, come simultaneously into sight. We clap our hands in delight, and spring out on the hotel steps, full of enthusiasm and sight-seeing! !"

Rogers, in his poem of Italy, has said:—

"There is a glorious city in the sea:
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, nor footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city,—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently,—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along in azure sky,—
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendour,
Of old the residence of merchant kings."

The arrangement of the parts of the city may be easily understood. The shoals on which it stands are gathered into two great clusters, divided from each other by a serpentine channel, called the Grand Canal, but communicating across it by the celebrated bridge of the Rialto. Thus there are two principal portions, each one made up of several small islands, and each entirely cut off from the other, except at this bridge. All these little islands themselves, so constituting each of these separate portions, are again connected together by smaller bridges, which cross the little channels dividing them from one another. Now, as the islands are numerous, these bridges occur frequently, and as their arches are necessarily high, because they spring from low banks, they present a very steep ascent, which is cut into easy steps for the convenience of passage; so that, as Mr. Rose says, when you take a walk in Venice, you are perpetually going up and down stairs. It should also be remembered that each of the two great divisions of the city has all its little fragments well connected by numerous bridges, but that the two divisions themselves have only the one point of communication already described, where they are joined by the Rialto.

These canals are the water-streets of Venice, the thoroughfares by which her citizens usually pass from one district to another. The Grand Canal is the main channel of communication—the high street, as it were, of the city, sweeping from one end of it to the other, and cutting it into two distinct quarters; the other canals are so many lanes, or smaller streets, branching from the great trunk, and winding into every remote corner of each quarter.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the canals of Venice are her only thoroughfares; like other cities, she has streets, though streets such as no other city can show; narrow, paved, commodious and noiseless passages, in fact, by which you may pass,—thanks to her multitude of bridges—without the aid of a boat, from one point to another. Though the hoof of a horse or the rumbling of a wheel is never heard in these straight avenues, they are of great resort for all the purposes of ordinary intercourse. Besides these streets there are several open places or squares of small size, which bear the appellation of *campi*, or fields, though it will be difficult to detect on any spot a single blade of grass. Along the banks of the canals there is frequently a sort of wharf or footway, styled a *riva;* this is usually secured by a parapet, which is bored by a wicket;

but the canals more frequently extend close up to the houses, which rise immediately from the water on either side.

The direction from which travellers usually approach the city is from Padua, whence the journey to Fusina, a sort of custom-house station on the coast, or rather on the margin of the Lagoon, may be performed either by water upon the Brenta and its canal, or by land upon the high road which runs alongside. The banks of the Brenta have always been the favourite resort of the Venetians during the heat of summer and autumn; and we read much of the palaces and villas with which they were once adorned. The river, however, is but a dull, muddy stream, while its banks are flat, and generally destitute of large trees.

The most splendid part of Venice—"the court end," in fact, of that remarkable city—is the Grande Piazza di San Marco, and the piazetta which leads to it, forming the state entrance to Venice from the sea. The latter is at right angles with the great square, branching off in a line with the church of St. Mark. On one side, and turning a side front to the port, is the old palace of the doges; on the other side are the beautiful edifices of the Zecca, or Mint, and the Library of St. Mark, the regular architecture and fresh and modern appearance of which seem to mock the fallen majesty of their antique neighbours. On the sea shore, which forms the fourth side of the Piazza, stand two magnificent granite columns, each of a single block; one crowned with the winged lion of St. Mark, in bronze; the other bearing the statue of St. Theodore, who appears to have been the first patron of the city. The lion was carried off by the French, but he has since been restored to its ancient position, where he

"Stands in mockery of his withered power."

Between these columns, in former times, public executions took place. In a line with the ducal palace, viewed from the sea, and divided from it by a narrow channel, is the city prison. A covered bridge or gallery, at a considerable elevation above the water, links the palace to the dungeon. It is to this spot that Byron alludes in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold:"—

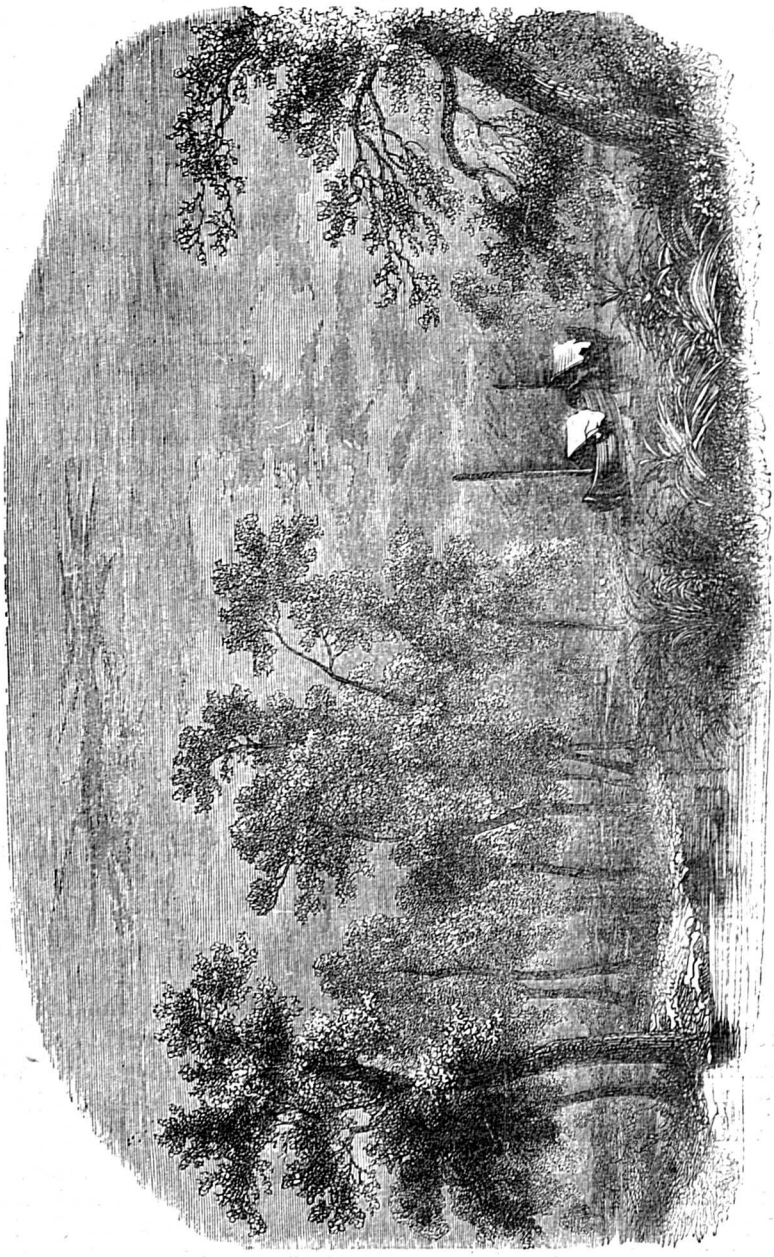
"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

"The lyre of Byron," it has been said, "has a peculiar propriety in commencing his poem; because the Bridge of Sighs is the finest spot for a prospect, where Venice really seems rising like water-columns from the sea." "The Canal Orfano, the Ponte di Sospiri!" says Mr. Whyte, "what a day to behold these long-pictured images of darkness and terror for the first time! Such a blaze of May sunshine, such a soothing repose, broken by a few distant bells or the nearer laugh of the gay gondoliers. I looked upon the narrow, immured waters under the Bridge of Sighs, then to the high arch that, like the heavy embossed clasp of some old solemn book, united its decorated Gothic piles (those volumes of bloody story) on either side, and instead of shuddering at inquisitions and racks, and Piombi and Pozzi, as in common decency I ought, away fled my intractable thoughts to merry England's old Sabbath chimes, her village spires, village greens, village elm lanes, and decent peasantry.

"Yet those high and antique abodes of venerable crime, those wild barbaric piles, in which old age palliates and almost hallows infamy, giving it somewhat the same

prescriptive sanctuary as Milton bestows on the Palace of his Pandemonium! That cruel slinking flood, the only firmament the stone-vaulted pits below were conscious of! Each looked as malignant and dangerous as they could beneath the triumph of such a glorious sun; that light to which their aspect once was hateful, and their deeds untold.

"My gondolier dipped his oar into the canal under the Bridge of Sighs, and at half its



LOW COUNTRY OF FUSINA, NEAR VENICE.

length it was arrested by a hollow substance which he told me was the marble roof of the Pozzi, whose unfathomable tiers of dungeons stretched one under another beneath this dreadful water gallery. It was not here, however, that the secret midnight drownings took place (as I had fancied), but in that widest, deepest portion of the Canal Orfano, far out in the lagoons situated between the towery Isola Servilio and the lovely groves

and monastery of San Grazia. This murder-hole of the Adriatic is called Marani, and to this day it is forbidden to fish in its accursed depth. To-day it looks not only innocent, but gloriously bright."

According to Lord Byron, this communication by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, is divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called *pozzi*, or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up, but the passage is still open. The pozzi are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. There were formerly twelve; but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. "You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half choked by rubbish," continues his lordship, "to the depth of two stairs below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one person was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years.

"But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may, perhaps, owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body; not only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched against the walls."

With great vividness, power, and feeling, says Mr. Whyte—

"'Like an unrighteous and an unburied ghost'—

do I nightly haunt that Tartarus of antique masonry, the interior canals of Venice, uniformly entering or departing from them by the Bridge of Sighs. To me their hideous height, their appalling gloom (for the meridian cannot touch their waters, and the moon glides like a spectre over their huge parapets), their bewildering intricacies, their joyless weltering floods, the countless bridges, each with its sculptured monster-heads yawning as if to swallow up the silently sweeping gondola in its arch of shadow; their deep dead silence only broken by the sullen plash of the oar, the dreary word of warning uttered by the gondoliers before turning a sharp angle, or the shrill rattling creak of innumerable crickets; but principally those old Gothic posterns with deep-ribbed archways, like rat-holes in proportion to the enormous piles, and their thresholds level with the water, some blockaded with ponderous doors, others developing their long withdrawn passage by a lamp, that not only makes darkness *visible*, but *frightful;* while others (as in the Martinengo palace to-night) disclose wide pillared halls, and stately staircases, and moonlight courts—to me, I say, all these attributes of the interior of Venice are irresistible. Were you to see these old porticoes by a summer's daylight, you would not fail to find an old fig-tree in broad leaf and full fruit, or a lattice-work of vine, most pleasantly green in its deep court, where sun and shadow hold divided reign; while the hundred-shaped windows of those gloomy walls are variegated with geranium and carnation, and perhaps a sweet dark eye fairer than either.

"They are so obviously the symbols of her hollow oligarchy itself, which to the world

and to the sun in heaven (like the brave palaces on her chief canal) displayed a gallant guise, at once sûblime, glittering, and august; while, within, its tortuous policy was twisted into murky and inextricable labyrinths, of which Necessity, Secresy, and Suspicion, formed the keystone; where Danger lurked at every winding, and whose darkling portals were watched by Mystery, and Stratagem, and Disgrace, and Fate!

"It is impossible to scrutinise these dread abysms of mansions without experiencing that strange mixture of repugnance and attraction which certain spectacles are wont to call forth in animated nature. It is impossible to mark their melancholy and downfallen, yet portentous aspect, without deeming them at once the theatre and monument of those secret, black, and midnight crimes,' which history and tradition ascribe to the domestic, as well as to the state policy, of this Gehenna of fourteen centuries' dominion.

'Visendus Ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans.'

"Perhaps it would be difficult to conceive anything more abhorrent to the soul and body of man than the time, manner, and place of death, distinguishing those executions which have rendered the gulfs of the Canal Orfano immemorably infamous.

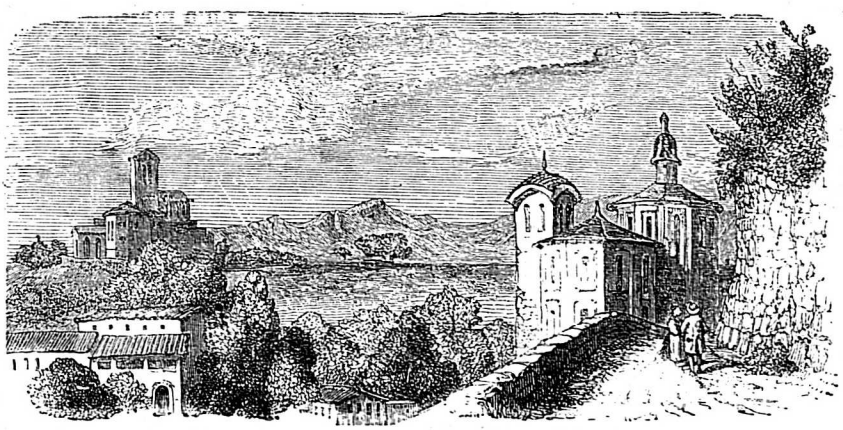
"To me, the element, in its most serene and smiling state, wears a look of furtive menace; and I am free to confess, that even when gliding on a midsummer night over that sweetest lake of Derwentwater, beneath the shadows of its moonlit isles and fair pavilions, I have not been without a certain sensation of uncomfortable awe. But what must have been the feelings of the victim, whether criminal or innocent, who, from this accurst Maranna, cast around him his last straining look of agony, and uttered his last cry of supplication or despair! The conviction that his family, parent, wife, or son, were at that hour of horror in profound ignorance *sometimes* of his very absence, *often* of its cause, or at least, only perplexed with conjecture, and *always* unconscious of its horrible event, must have constituted no trifling pang in that mortal hour. Then that old familiar, though melancholy water, more terrible to his feelings than the dreariest wilderness of ocean! For, girdling the dusky horizon, could he not see the domes and campaniles of Venice, perhaps the very lamps in his own palace windows, from whose festal saloons he had just been decoyed; just distant enough to be beyond the reach of help; but too, too near for that despairing gaze, that recognised and bade adieu for ever at the same glance? There, too, were not those nestling lovely islands, each with its convent tower gleaming to the moon, and from which the sonorous bells were tolling, the sacred anthems swelling for the last time on his ear! Alas! those chanted masses were not for *his* conflicting soul; yea, it would have a strange comfort to feel that passing bell was proclaiming to the world that his spirit was parting from its scarcely worn weeds! But no! even that miserable solace was prohibited to *him;* he was to be obliterated from society, and his inexorable judges had decreed that society was not to know that he was gone. No grave for his dust, no monument for his name, to palliate his faults and perpetuate his virtues. The ghastly element that moaned and shuddered under the gondola, as if remorseful for its own involuntary cruelties, was to spread its weltering pall over his hearseless bones."

The first sight of the grand square of St. Mark, especially when the stranger comes upon it unexpectedly, after threading the narrow canals of the city, is extremely striking. It is an oblong area, about eight hundred feet by three hundred and fifty, and flagged over. Two sides of it consist of regular buildings, of rich and varied architecture, with deep arcades. On the north side are two edifices which take their name from having been originally erected for the accommodation of the procurators of St. Mark. On the western side is the grand staircase of the Imperial Palace.

The principal objects which meet the eye at the further end of this grand architectural

avenue, are the Cathedral, the Orologio, and the Campanile. In front of the church are three tall, red, mast-like poles, supported on handsome bases of bronze, from which, in former days, the flags of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea—the three vassal kingdoms of the haughty republic—floated in the wind. They are still decorated, on festival days, with gaudy streamers. The Orologio, or Clock Tower, forms the termination of the left hand, or northern side.

The Campanile is interesting, as having been the scene of Galileo's astronomical observations while resident at Venice. It was erected about the year 1150 on older foundations. The ascent is by means of a series of inclined planes, "broad enough for a coach;" and one of the French kings, Evelyn says, actually went up on horseback. The bell is of great size; and, to a person on the summit, the sound is almost deafening, and produces the most unpleasant sensations. A magnificent panoramic view is obtained from the summit. The eye can distinctly trace, from this elevation, every channel and shoal in the lagoon; the long, narrow chain of islands that separates them from the main; the wide and busy part just beneath; "the whole city lying," as Evelyn says, "in the bosom of the sea, in the shape of a lute;" the branching canals and numerous bridges (said to amount to four hundred and fifty); the sinuous course of the Great



PALLAZZOLO, NEAR BREXIA.

Canal, broken only by the apparently slender and graceful arch of the Rialto; the distant suburbs, occupying the surrounding islands, with the low, flat shores of Lombardy, the rugged Euganean hills, backed by the Tyrolese Alps, and far across the Gulf of Trieste, the blue mountains of Istria, rising like distant clouds above the eastern horizon. The busy crowds in St. Mark's Place immediately below look like ants crawling about without any apparent object."

To adopt Mr. Ruskin's description of the Church of St. Mark, after alluding to an English cathedral:—"There rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe that we may see it far away; a multitude of pillars and white domes clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother of pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes, and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptered and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the

gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches, edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field, covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers of the Lido shore had been first bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

"Between that grim cathedral of England and this what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years."

The Piazza is almost the only place in which the population can assemble for the purpose of public festivity. On this spot, therefore, passed the strangest vicissitudes:—

> "The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
> Changed not so fast, for many and many an age,
> As this small spot. To-day 'twas full of masks,
> And lo! the madness of the carnival—
> The monk, the nun, the holy legate, masked;
> To-morrow came the scaffold and the wheel;
> And he died there, by torch-light, bound and gagged,
> Whose name and crime they knew not."

The bridge called the Rialto, a name originally derived from the island of Rivo-alto, the cradle of Venice, was commenced in 1588, and completed in 1591. It is situated nearly in the middle of the Great Canal, which traverses the whole city, dividing it into two nearly equal portions. It is formed of one elegant elliptic arch, about eighty-three feet wide. A double row of shops—twenty-five on each side—are built upon the bridge, which divide it, in fact, into three distinct though narrow streets. As it is of great height in the centre, it is ascended and descended by long flights of steps.

The church of St. Rocco has been erroneously ascribed to St. Rocco; its architect was Scalfarotto. The school of St. Rocco has been admired, but the architecture is more fanciful than beautiful. The walls of this ancient convent are covered with frescoes by Tintoretto, among which are some fine representations of the ravages of the plague. Mr. Rose describes these paintings as peculiarly interesting. He had previously seen at Florence many works of this master; but these, he says, "viewed separately, give no more idea of the powers of the painter, than a stray canto of Ariosto does of those of the poet. The seeing of this grand assemblage of his paintings produces something like the effect of reading the Orlando; and Tintoretto may be truly characterised as the Ariosto of pictures."

Other churches of Venice we have no space to particularise, only remembering that the one of Alexander III., at San Aponal, is at present a house of correction for beggars. An inscription over a gateway records that the Pope coming here *incog.*, when chased by Frederick Barbarossa, the gondoliers would not row him over to Carità, and he slept all night on the beach, where is now a small niche chapel, with a taper.

The Dogana, or custom-house, claims notice from its connexion with the commerce that long formed the glory of Venice. The present edifice has, however, been erected only about two hundred years. The Arsenal, which opens on the port at no great distance from the quarter of St. Mark, was, at one time, the finest and largest in Europe.

Venice has been famed for its manufactory of beads for more than four hundred years. Sheaves of glass, waving like corn, may be seen in the laps of women, who sit assorting the vitreous harvest according to its size. In another stage, a number of men, with shears, are clipping the long threads into very small bits, the elements of the beads. In the next room lie fragments of three hundred colours, and feathers innumerable, filling forty or fifty baskets. A very distressing part of the operation is to be seen below, where, on approaching a long shed, open on one side to the air, and glowing with thirty fires in all its length, stand a number of wretches, whose daily and hourly employment it is to receive the bits of sifted glass, cut as we have just seen, and to melt them into beads, by means of charcoal and sand, in the midst of these dreadful fire-blasts, which they are constantly feeding, and within three feet of which they stand, streaming at every pore, stooping to draw out the cauldron and pour its contents upon a tray, which they then, in this state of their bodies, drag forth into the air. A new copper of cold materials already awaits them, which must be thrust forthwith into the furnace, and the superintendent is there to see that there is no remission. The turning, the feeding, the renewed sweat, cease not till night comes to put a pause to miseries which are to last for life! No wonder that the workmen all die young.

Venice has long been the great book-shop of the south. It still prints for Italy in general, and for modern Greece, and exports largely to Germany. Most of the *gondolieri*, it is said, as well as the artificers and tradesmen, can read and write. There are sixteen or eighteen public schools, each corporation of tradesmen having one: the buildings appropriated to them are mostly handsome, adorned with marble statues and pictures. There are also four musical schools for instructing young women, which are efficiently conducted. The public library is frequented by few, but there are several circulating libraries for novels.

The most interesting printing establishment at Venice is that conducted by the Armenian monks in the *Isola San Lazzaro*, from which the convent derives a considerable part of its revenue. When all monastic institutions were abolished by the French, in 1810, this was excepted by a special decree. The island, which is entirely occupied by the convent and its gardens, is between four and five miles from the city. The fathers, who are about forty in number, have the reputation of being very learned. The prior in 1816, a noble Armenian of high birth, spoke English with great accuracy, and had translated the prayer of St. Nierses, the patron of the order, into fourteen languages. One principal object of the founder was, to afford to young Armenians the means of a liberal education. None but youth of that nation are admissible, and they are taken at an early age. The chief design of the press, which is worked by the hands of the monks themselves, is the preservation of the Armenian language, and the multiplication of works in that dialect. The library is said to be rich in Armenian manuscripts. These labours, together with the cultivation of the little vineyard which surrounds the cloister, and dips into the sea, leaves not much idle time to these truly respectable ecclesiastics.

"Venice," says a modern traveller, "was always an unintelligible place, and is still unintelligible. I knew before that it was situated on many islands; that its highways were

canals; that gondolas were its hackney-coaches; that it had St. Mark's, and the Rialto, and the Doge's palace; and I know no more now. It was always a dream, and will continue a dream for ever. A man must be born, or live long enough to become endeared to it, before he will either understand or feel at home at Venice. It is a glorious place for cripples, for I know of no use that a gentleman has for his limbs; they are crutches to the bed-ridden, spectacles to the blind. You step out of your gondola into your hotel, and out of your hotel into a gondola; and this is all the exertion that is becoming. The Piazza di S. Marco, and the adjoining quay, are the only places where you can stretch a limb; and if you desire to do so, they carry you there, and bring you home again. To walk requires predetermination, and you order your gondola, and go on purpose. To come to Venice, is to come on board; and it only differs from ship-board, that there is no danger of sea sickness. The Canal Grande is nearly three hundred feet wide. Other canals are wide enough, but the widest street in the city is not more than ten or twelve feet from house to house, and the majority do not exceed six or eight. To wind and jostle through these irregularities is intolerable, and all but impossible; no one thinks of doing so; and who would that had a gondola at command? The gondola is all that is delightful; its black, funereal look in high imaginative contrast with its internal luxury. You float on without sensible motion; its cushions were stolen from Mammon's chambers—"blown up, not stuffed;" you seat yourself upon one of them, and sink, sink, sink, as if it were all air; you throw your leg upon another, and if you have occasion for it, which is rare at Venice, must hunt after it—lost, sunk.

"Travellers, and Canaletti's views, which are truth itself, give you a correct idea of Venice, but no idea of the strangeness of a first visit. It is not merely that there are canals and gondolas, but it is all canal and gondola. I know nothing to liken it to, but a large fleet wind-bound: you order your boat, and row round; and all that are at leisure do the same. St. Mark's, of an evening, that attracts all in the same direction, is but a ball on board the commodore. If you laugh at this as extravagant, you will be right; but it is only extravagant because there is nothing real to compare with it. The fleet wind-bound is truth itself, and you have only to change the *Redentore* into the Spitfire, and the *Saluté* into the Thunderer bomb, and it is real in feeling. If the common people want a peach or a pomegranate they hail a boat; for the very barrow-women (if you will keep me to the reality, and drive me to the absurdity of such phrases) go floating about, and their cry is that half song, with the long dwelling on the final syllable, with which sailors call 'Boat a-hoy!' With all this, there is no place you would so much like to spend a winter at; and because of all this, it is so strange, new, and perplexing. The Venetians are said to be the most delightful people, and at Venice is said to be the pleasantest society in Europe. It is impossible to doubt it. Society is the sole purpose for which they come here. They live on the continent, and Venice is but a huge pleasure-house.

"A stranger may soon feel delight in Venice; but I doubt if he would ever feel at home. Every hour would be a contradiction to his whole passed existence. There must be thousands here who never saw a hill, or a weed, or an ear of corn growing, or a vineyard, or a green field; or heard a bird sing, except in a cage; or slaked a thirst, even in this thirsty climate, at a spring-head, or saw its waters bubbling forth out of the earth: spring water, like other luxuries, is an importation.

"Everything at Venice is dream-like; for what is more so than to walk on the Rialto, where Antonio spat on the Jew's gaberdine?—to stand where Othello addressed the assembled senate?—to lose yourself in search of old Priuli's palace? And, for realities, go to St. Mark's on an evening; see its fine square in all its marble beauty—the domes and minarets of its old church; the barbaric gloom of the Doge's palace; its proud towering Campanile; look upon the famous Corinthian horses, and think of their

emigration, on the winged lion of the Piræus; walk in the illumination of its long line of cafés; observe the variety of costume—the thin veil covering the pale Venetian beauty—the Turks with their beards and caftans, and long pipes, and chess-playing—the Greeks with their skull-caps and richly-laced jackets: look on this, and believe it real; and ever after put faith in the Thousand and One Tales.

"But Venice is everything delightful. It is the most picturesque city in Europe, and full of character and variety. In all its palaces and public buildings you may read 'sermons in stones.' The history of Venice is written upon her front, from the rude, massy, frowning architecture of barbarism and power, to modern elegance and imbecility!"

Of the state of society in Venice, our earlier travellers gave but a very unfavourable picture. Addison represents it to have been "the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom, to encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents." The Venetian nuns were "famous for the liberties they allowed themselves." Bishop Burnet gives a similar picture of the state of morals. "The Venetians," he says, "are generally ignorant of the matters of religion; to a scandal; and they are as unconcerned in them as they are strangers to them: so that all that vast pomp in their ceremonies and wealth in their churches, is affected rather as a point of magnificence, or a matter of emulation among families, than that superstition hath here such a power over the spirits of the people, as it hath elsewhere; for the atheism that is received by many here is the dullest and coarsest thing that can be imagined. The young nobility are so generally corrupted in their morals, and so given up to a most supine ignorance of all sorts of knowledge, that a man cannot easily imagine to what a height this is grown."

The Venetian ladies, the worthy prelate stigmatises as bred to ignorance and indolence, gross in their intrigues, and the insipidest creatures imaginable. The impartial Daru, speaking of the Venetian women, remarks that "the corruption of morals had deprived them of all their power (*empire*): on reviewing the whole history of Venice, we do not find them to have exerted, on a single occasion, the least influence."

The Venetian women are styled by a recent traveller "superb;" there is something peculiarly bewitching in their air and gait; "but I believe," significantly adds Mr. Matthews, "they are but little changed since the time of Iago."

The intense love of pleasure, the corruption which springs from unbridled luxury, and the recklessness of privileged profligacy, must, however, have undergone a very considerable abatement by the disastrous reverses of later years; and in the *substratum* of the national character there would seem to be much that is estimable. "Of the gentiluomo veneto," says Lord Byron, "the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous." "The Venetians are certainly," says Mr. Galiffe, "an affectionate, kind-hearted set of beings, very cheerful, lively, active, fond of pleasure, of music, dancing, dress, and everything that is gay. Almost all the young men of eighteen or twenty years of age play on the guitar, and give serenades every evening to the young females of their acquaintance. . . . The Venetians are the most agreeable companions in the world."

"As to literary society," writes Mr. Rose, "though clever men are to be found in Venice, I do not believe that it exists. General society has, probably, gained from the change of government and the influx of foreigners. . . . The favourite society of Venice, that of the coffee-houses, where both sexes assemble, is, generally speaking, to be enjoyed at all hours. To a certain degree this is even applicable to private society. There are several ladies here who open their houses, where, from nine at night till three in the

morning, there is a constant flux and reflux of company, of different ages, sexes, and conditions; not to speak of many smaller circles. Here all foreigners are well received; but to be an Englishman is to bring with you a sure letter of recommendation. He who is once asked, is always welcome. Moreover, he may go in boots, in a great coat, and, to small parties, even in a *tabarro*, the cloak of the country; and when there, without being squeezed or stewed, may find people right and left who are anxious and qualified to converse with him. The society of Venice may indeed be compared to the fire in the glass-houses of London, which is said to be never out; for there is also a continual morning assemblage at the house of one lady or other, who, in the phrase of the country, *tiene appartamento*, or, in that of London, is at home. This appears to be a sort of substitute for the *casinos*, now nearly extinguished. Society at Venice is on so very easy and rational a footing, that if it is to be enjoyed anywhere, it is here."

Formerly, a noble Venetian must have eight cloaks; three for the masks; one for the spring-fête of Ascension, when the doge married the sea; one for autumn, for the

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theatre and ridotto; one for winter, for carnival—these three were called Bauta; two for summer, both of white taffeta; one of blue cloth, for winter, common; one of white cloth, for great occasions; and one of scarlet cloth, for the grand church ceremonial days of the republic. The Venetians have now but little taste for balls; and masques have gone out of fashion. The wild buffooneries and joyous extravagancies of other days would not withstand the atmosphere of later times. The love of play has survived; and Mr. Simond, who will not allow that the Venetians have any energy but for sensuality, adds, that they have "no passion but for cards." These sweeping stigmas are seldom just. For national character, we must look to the manners and amusements of the lower orders. "Florence and Venice," Mr. Rose says, "are the two places in Italy where you find popular drollery in its greatest perfection, and of that gay and natural cast which characterises the humour of the Irish." This is more or less diffused all over Italy; but the Venetian wit has its peculiar character; it is lighter than the Florentine, and shows itself, according to Mr. Rose's definition, "in practical jokes

brought to bear intellectually," or, in other words, acted repartees.* The Neapolitan humour, again, is more broad and coarse, and more closely allied to mere farce and ribaldry. The Venetians are naturally grave and sober. Some of their characteristics may be traced to their ancient intercourse with the Ottomans. As to their diet, rice is an article to which scarcely less importance is attached by all classes in Venice than in Constantinople, whence they appear to have borrowed their mode of cooking it. The custom of presenting coffee at visits is also Turkish. Their cafés are more oriental than Italian; and in their distaste for the extravagance of dancing, and their love of repose, they seem to resemble the more saturnine Ottomans.

Of the old Venetian character, however, the traces are, generally speaking, nearly worn out. "The most remarkable, as contrasted with the rest of Italy," says Mr. Rose, "certainly is so. The probity of Pantaloon was proverbial, and the honour and punctuality of a Venetian merchant were recognised throughout the various provinces of Italy. That it is not now the case, I attribute to the Austrians. Public honesty is scarcely compatible with their law. In the scale of honesty the highest rank, we are told, must now be given to the Jews, the second to the Venetians, and the lowest to the German settlers, who are among the principal money-agents of the city. Every office, indeed, from the clerk and corporal to the judge and general, is now filled with Germans, all unacquainted alike with the habits and language of the country. Nothing can be more execrable throughout than the fiscal and judicial administration of the Austrian government, and no one who visits Italy can be at a loss to account for the preference given by the Italians to their French masters over 'the Chinese of Europe.'"

* Molière's best buffoonery, Mr. Rose asserts, is borrowed from the Venetian drama.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOMBARDY—VERONA—PADUA—MANTUA—CREMONA.

A GREAT variety of tribes formed the most ancient people that inhabited the country from the sides of the Alps to the banks of the Po; and their descendants possessed that part of Italy until the fall of the Roman empire in the west, about the end of the fifth century, when the Heruli, under the conduct of Odoacer, quitted the banks of the Danube, settled on those of the Po, and made Ravenna the capital of their country. Six years after their conquest they were subdued by the Ostrogoths, whose power was shaken by the energy of Belisarius, and overthrown by the eunuch Narses in the year 553.

Italy, restored to the emperors of the East, was not long secure against foreign invasions. The Longobardi quitted the forests of Germany, and founded, in 567, a powerful kingdom in the great valley of the Po, which, in the course of time, was styled Lombardy. But the bishops of Rome, anticipating their power, observed, not without fear and jealousy, the aggrandisement that threatened to destroy or possess the ancient capital of the world.

Stephen II. implored the assistance of France; Pepin took from the Longobardi the exarchate of Ravenna, and made the Pope sovereign over it. The kingdom was afterwards destroyed by Charlemagne, who confined Didier, their last king, in a convent. Although Lombardy continued without a sovereign, its laws were retained, and the country was divided into several principalities, subject to the western empire. But the spirit of independence was diffused over that part of Italy; and the emperors of Germany granted to some towns the right of choosing their magistrates. A custom that the cities had preserved—the right of electing their bishops—led men to conclude that all power emanated from the people.

The inhabitants of large towns now proceeded to demand charters and more important privileges. All the cities of Lombardy, during the twelfth century, not only elected their magistrates, but deliberated on their local interests, and on the advantages of making peace and declaring war. Frederick Barbarossa was the first emperor who, violating the charters and treaties of his predecessors, attempted to establish absolute power in Italy. Milan was the most important town in Lombardy; and being besieged by that prince, the inhabitants, reduced to a small number by famine, consented at last to capitulate, but on conditions which the conqueror disdained. A few days afterwards Milan was changed into a heap of ruins. If the emperor protected the rivals of that large city, he destroyed their freedom, and the magistrates elected by the citizens were succeeded by the *podestas* that Frederick appointed. The peace which succeeded the noise and tumult of war was, however, only like the calm before the earthquake; for the people, unaccustomed to oppression, bore it reluctantly, and formed a secret league to restore their privileges.

The towns formed for that purpose a confederation; while Frederick, emboldened by success, marched against Rome, designing to humble the pope, and to unite his possessions

to the empire. But the Romans made a courageous resistance, while the plague cut off great numbers of the imperial army. The emperor made a new attempt against Lombardy, but, denounced and excommunicated, he became the object of hatred and contempt. The confederate towns gave him battle, his troops were routed and cut to pieces, and Frederick himself saved his life by means of a disguise, and at last acknowledged the independence of the Lombardy republics.

It is a lamentable result of political revolutions, when the inhabitants of the same nation, and even the citizens of the same town, are changed into irreconcilable enemies. Yet so it was here. While Barbarossa was prosperous and victorious, he was surrounded by ambitious flatterers, ever ready to pay their court to the powerful. After his death, however, the same persons adhered to his successor, and, as in the former struggle the court of Rome had principally contributed to the success of the people against the empire, Lombardy was then divided into two dominant factions. The partisans of the pope took the name of *Guelphs*, from an illustrious Bavarian family, allied by marriage with the house of Este. Those of the emperor were called *Ghibelines*, from a village in Franconia, the birth-place of Conrad the Salic, from whom the family of Suabia were descended. In their contests, both parties were, at different times, victorious, but the Guelphs more frequently than the Ghibelines.

Thus a party spirit was kindled, which spread and continued during the whole period that the emperors of Germany, of the house of Hohenstauffen, exercised even the shadow of sovereignty. In those cities where the Guelphs had the government, they were constantly opposed by a large minority, and the same state of things appeared where the other factions had the upper hand. Noble and other families were engaged in long feuds with each other, which endured through successive generations, constantly occasioning public murders or private assassinations. The history of these cities is filled with narratives that exhibit human nature in some of its most revolting forms.

A single, though far from a solitary instance of the prevalent state, may suffice now to illustrate it. A noble Guelph, named Buondelmonte, of the upper vale of the Arno, had demanded the hand of a young lady of the Ghibeline house of Amidei; and his proposals having been accepted, preparations were made for the marriage. But a lady of another family, the Donati, stopped the lover as he passed her door; and bringing him into the apartment where her females were at work, raised the veil of her daughter, whose beauty was most captivating. "Here," said she, "is the wife I had reserved for thee. Like thee, she is a Guelph; whilst thou takest one from the enemies of thy church and race."

Buondelmonte, dazzled and enamoured, instantly accepted the proffered hand. The Amidei considered this inconstancy as a deep affront; and all the noble families of Florence, of the Ghibeline faction, about twenty-four, met, and agreed that he should atone with his life for the offence. Buondelmonte was attacked on the morning of Easter Sunday, as he was passing the bridge on horseback, and was killed on the spot. Forty-two families of the Guelphic faction then assembled, and swore to avenge the insult; thus blood was shed to atone for blood. Every day some open battle or fresh murder alarmed the citizens of Florence, during the space of thirty-three years. These two factions stood determinately opposed to each other within the walls of the same city; and though they were sometimes reconciled in appearance, yet every trivial accident rekindled their animosity, and gave rise to deadly warfare. It was towards the close of the reign of the family of Hohenstauffen that this ferocious state of society began to subside, and various improvements arose.

The north of Italy, with which we have more particularly to do, is copiously supplied with streams of water from those capacious reservoirs which are found at the foot of the mountain ranges of the Alps. Those lakes are composed of water, partly arising from

springs, but chiefly from the melted snow and ice of the lofty summits around them. These lakes are never frozen in the winter, but run in continual streams, and thus serve the constant purpose of irrigation as well as of internal navigation, till they disappear in rivers which proceed to the sea.

The Po, the greatest of the rivers of Lombardy, has a course of nearly two hundred miles; and though languid in its current, is so filled, generally in the spring, as to cause inundations on both its banks. In its progress it receives the waters of the Ticino, which rises near Mount St. Gothard, and joins the Po near Pavia. The other streams which contribute to this great river are, the Olona, the Lambro, the Adda, the Oglio, and the Mincio.

The far greater part of Lombardy is a level plain, bounded on the north by the Rhætian Alps, and on the south by the river Po, into which most of the numerous rivers and rivulets empty themselves. The whole valley declines towards the south, but so gently, that the fall of water on that river, from its source to its mouth, is not more than a hundred and ninety feet; and the smaller streams are equally languid. The soil is

SCHLANDERS IN THE TYROL.

generally light, but fertile, on a basis of calcareous subsoil, except that at the foot of the mountains there are some portions of sandy heaths, and on the coast, where the great rivers discharge their waters, the land is marshy, and formed into extensive lagoons. In the mountainous northern border the land is frequently stony; but even there the soil that covers the valleys is a vegetable mould, of a greater or less degree of fertility.

The rural parts of Lombardy exhibit but few houses, except those of the mere peasantry. The owners of even the smaller proportions, though they may in some manner be viewed in the light of cultivators, yet, placing their estates in other hands, they seldom find it necessary to reside on or near them, and are satisfied with visiting them at the seasons when the produce is to be divided. When the estates are small or of moderate extent, or when they are large and comprehend several farms, the superintendence is intrusted to their agents. Such agents also, in some instances, have the disposal of the share of the produce, and account for the proceeds to the proprietors of the soil. The great body of the population who are in circumstances of even moderate ease are thus collected in the large towns and cities.

At one of these we have now arrived, and in doing so are reminded of a description

given of it in the ancient poem of "Romeus and Juliet," which is regardes the basis of Shakspeare's celebrated tragedy :—

"There is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name
Bylt in a happy time, bylt in a fertyle soyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the boorish toyle.
The fruitefull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the town doth flow;
The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,
And other nice commodities, which profit may and please;
Eke many certayne signes of things betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of those that curiously behold;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest
Of Lombard townes, or at the least, compared with the best."

A distant view of Verona, the second city of Eastern Lombardy in population and importance, with its serrated walls and lofty towers, is peculiar and inviting. It is very finely situated at the foot of the Alps, on both banks of the Adige. On the north, it is commanded by a range of hills in fine cultivation; and its ancient walls and towers, which enclose a vast area, have a noble appearance, sweeping across a hill surmounted by the Gothic turrets of the castle. The modern fortifications were esteemed very strong, till destroyed by the French, after the ineffectual rising of the inhabitants against that government in 1797. The modern city is nearly six miles in circuit, and contains a population of about 60,000 souls.

There are no certain details of the origin of Verona. It is evident, however, that under the Romans she became a flourishing city; and, in the time of Strabo, was superior to Brixia, Mantua, and other cities. She was the capital of the kingdom of Italy from the time of Odoacer to that of Berengarius; and, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, she was the capital of a considerable territory, governed by the Scaligers, Visconti, and others conspicuous in history. Under the former occurred the feuds between the Montagues and the Capulets, which Shakspeare has immortalised. In 1405 Verona submitted to Venice, of whose dominions it continued to form an important portion till the overthrow of the Venetian republic in 1797. Verona is the capital of a delegation containing less than 280,000 inhabitants, which is about 4,090 to every square German mile—a much smaller population, in relation to its area, than any of the adjacent provinces. This city has acquired in recent times a political notoriety, as the seat of the high congress which was held there in 1822 for the purpose of completing the adjustment of the affairs of Europe.

There is, perhaps, no other city in Northern Italy which, upon the whole, unites so much that is interesting in its situation, its antiquities, and the recollections associated with it, as Verona. The birthplace of Catullus, of Vitruvius, of Cornelius Nepos, of Pliny the naturalist, of Paul Veronese, of Scaliger, of Maffei, of Pindemonte, and other illustrious men of ancient and modern days, it possesses a strong historic interest; while our own Shakspeare has peopled it with imaginary beings, not less palpably defined to the fancy than the shades of the historic dead. It is thus felt, at least by an Englishman, to be at once classic and romantic ground; nor does the tomb of Pepin, nor even the arch of Gallienus, waken a stronger interest than the supposed tomb of Juliet. Evelyn was highly delighted with Verona; and, in his opinion, the city deserved all the eulogies with which Scaliger has honoured it. "The situation," he says, "is the most delightful I ever saw; it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and valleys, so elegantly plumed with trees, on which Bacchus seems riding as it were in triumph every autumn; for the vines reach from tree to tree. Here, of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence." Well has that learned man given it the name of the very eye of the world.

"You enter it," says Mr. Rose, "by a magnificent approach, and a street probably the widest in Europe. This street is indeed short, and single in its breadth; but the city in general pleases by its picturesque appearance, to which an abundance of marble quarries has not a little contributed." Verona, it is said, can boast of no less than seventy-two kinds of marble; and from this circumstance the Romans called her *Marmorea*. The friezes and ornaments of the palaces here, and sometimes the walls, are made of a stone apparently identical with that Istrian marble so much used in Venice, and sent from Dalmatia to most of the provinces."

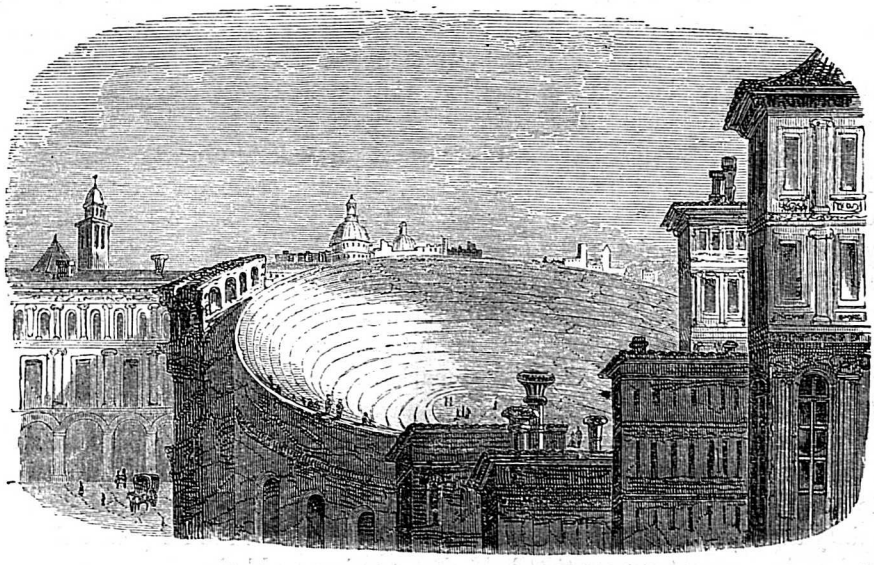
The chief glory of Verona, in the eyes of the antiquary, is its amphitheatre, which Eustace characterises as one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing. Bishop Burnet, on the contrary, styles it one of the smallest of all the Romans built, but the best preserved. Neither representation is accurate. Although it does not approach, in its dimensions, to the grandeur of the Colosseum, it is larger than either the amphitheatre of Nismes, or that of Pola, and of course greatly exceeds the size of those of Pæstum and Pompeii. As compared with that of Nismes, it is less interesting from the greater dilapidations of the outside, combined with the nearly entire state of the interior, which conceals from view the intricacies of its construction. Only four arches now remain of the seventy-two which originally composed the exterior circuit. The outer wall was built of large blocks of red marble. Its pilasters are of the Tuscan order; but the bad taste of the little ornament that remains, would seem to indicate that the workmanship was not worthy of the magnificence of the design or the richness of the materials. The marble coating having nearly all disappeared, an internal one, built mostly of brick, is exposed to view, pierced, in modern times, with numerous doors and windows, for the convenience of the poor families who have their shops and tenements in the interior. As the whole fabric is roofless, and decayed stone arches form the only covering, the rain penetrates into these wretched hovels, from the windows of which ragged garments may be often seen hanging out to dry.

"Such is the meanness of the details," remarks Mr. Simond, "that this antique edifice is great without greatness. Our guide introduced us through an old clothes shop into the interior, and bade us observe the narrow outlets through which gladiators and slaves entered the arena, and the wider ones for the beasts they were to encounter; other doors served to carry away the dead game. Sixty vomitories gave entrance, as strangers are told, to sixty thousand spectators, who were accommodated on the forty-five circular rows of seats; but it does not appear that half that number could sit. From the upper rows of seats, the arena, an oval space of two hundred and eighteen feet by one hundred and twenty-nine, appeared very small; but a modern theatre, which, in barbarous times, was built in the arena, and at this day disfigures it, serves at least as a scale by which to judge better of its size. The stone seats of the theatre are modern, having been renewed since the middle of the sixteenth century, but are supplied only as high as forty-three tiers, the upper story all round the building being gone, with the exception of the fragment of the outer wall already mentioned. The seats continue nearly in one slope from top to bottom, without any appearance of their having been divided by *præcinctions* or *ambulatories*."

No record has been preserved of the time when this amphitheatre was built; but the learned Marquis Maffei conjectures that it was erected after the Colosseum, in the reign of either Dominitian or Nerva, or in the early part of that of Trajan; that is, between A.D. 81 and 117. In the thirteenth century it was used as a place of judicial combats. As early as the beginning of that century, its preservation had become an object of public attention. In 1475, penalties were decreed against any one who should remove any of the stones. In 1545, a special officer was appointed to take care of it. In 1568, a voluntary contribution was raised for its restoration; and in 1579, a tax was imposed

for the same purpose. Other decrees in its favour have been since made, but, as regards the exterior, too late, or with small effect. Addison, in 1700, speaks of the high wall and corridors as almost entirely ruined; the seats, with a few modern reparations, were all entire, but the arena was then quite filled up to the lower seat.

At each end of the amphitheatre is a gate, surrounded with a modern balustrade, on which is an inscription, recording two exhibitions of a somewhat different description which took place here in recent days. The one was a bull-fight given in honour of the Emperor Joseph, on his visiting Verona, when, as Eustace says, "a Roman emperor was once more hailed in a Roman amphitheatre with the titles of Cæsar and Augustus, by spectators who pretend, and almost deserve to be, Romans;"—almost, for a bull-fight is not quite so barbarous as a combat of gladiators. The other was an ecclesiastical show; the pope, in his German excursion, passed through this city, and, at the request of the magistrates, exhibited himself to the prostrate multitude, collected from all the neighbouring provinces to receive his benediction. "The French," exclaims the zealous anti-Gallican, "applied the amphitheatre to a very different purpose;" and to them he

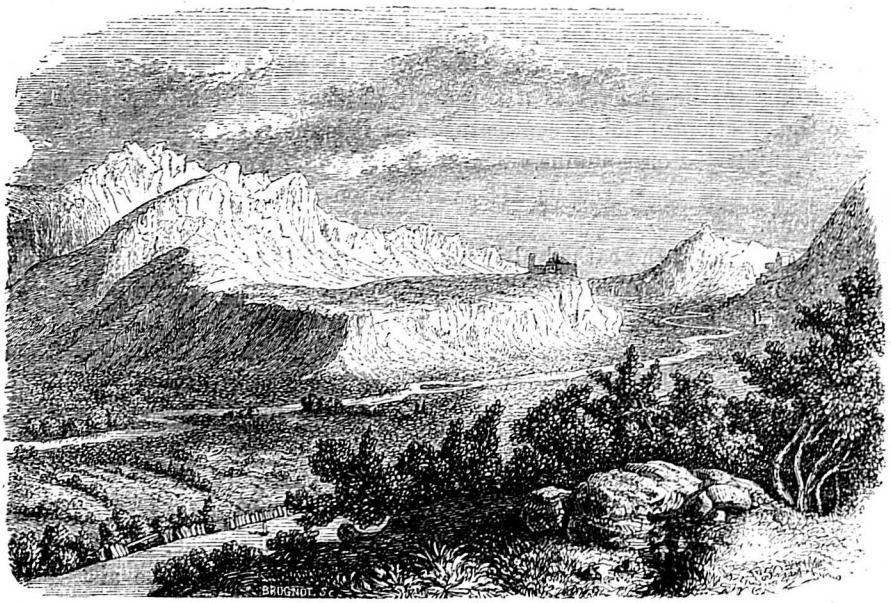


AMPHITHEATRE OF VERONA.

ascribes the erection of the wooden theatre, in which, to the indignation of the Veronese, these modern Huns, or Lombards, caused farces and pantomimes to be acted for the amusement of the army. The French were not the masters of Verona, however, in 1820, when Mr. Pennington was present at a dramatic performance in this same wooden theatre, where, he tells us, plays are acted every evening. What is worse, Mr. Woods saw there, in 1816, an exhibition of horsemanship, of dancing on the tight-rope, and of dancing dogs! Alas for the degeneracy of the modern Romans of Verona!

On the open space before the amphitheatre stand two magnificent edifices; one of them, if not both, Mr. Simond says, designed by Michael Angelo, but left unfinished, probably, because they were undertaken upon too large a scale. "Time has already worn off the angles, and obscured the tints of these fabrics sufficiently to make them harmonise with the amphitheatre. Thus, antiquity and modern times seem to have been brought face to face for the purpose of confronting their powers; boldness and grace on one side, massy strength and immensity on the other. These three edifices do not stand symmetrically to each other; but this circumstance rather adds to the general effect."

The other Roman antiquities are not of particular interest. In the *Corso* is an ancient double gateway, called the Arch of Gallienus, on the strength of an inscription which shows that this part of the wall was built by order of that emperor; but the Veronese antiquaries maintain that the style of the architecture is too good for that period, and that there are traces of a more ancient inscription which has been erased to make room for the one which now exists. Each arch has its own pediment, over which are two stories of building, with windows and pilasters, whimsically disposed, without any correspondence to the gateways below. The Arch of Flavius, or the *Foro Guidiziale*, as it is variously termed, is in a somewhat better style. Only a fragment of the building, however, remains; and this has been converted into a private dwelling. One large arch, with an inscription, and some small, broken, twisted columns above it, are all that remain in front; but there is a Doric frieze in the interior, which is in a very chaste style, and has been imitated by Palladio in the ornaments of the arcades near the modern theatre. A dilapidated relic of a triumphal, or perhaps sepulchral arch, near the old



VALLEY OF THE ADIGE, NEAR BOLZEN.

castle, is called the Arch of Gavius; and there are some other fragments of the same sort, but so imperfect as scarcely to claim the attention of the stranger.

Addison mentions as the principal ruin of Verona, next to the amphitheatre, the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to Flaminius, where one sees old Doric pillars without any pedestal or basis, as Vitruvius has described them. Evelyn refers them to the same remains. After giving the inscription,

L. V. Flaminia Consul. Ano Urb. Con. LIII.,

he adds: "This I esteem to be one of the noblest antiquities in Europe, it is so vast and entire, having escaped the ruins of so many other public buildings for above 1400 years. There are other arches—as that of the Victory of Marius—temples, aqueducts, &c., showing still considerable remains in several places of the town, and how magnificent it has formerly been."

One of the four bridges which bestride the Adige still shows two Roman arches of the pure age of Roman architecture; and there are remains of another, called *Ponte Emilio.* Mr. Pennington mentions also a Naumachia, which was filled from the river; and the "walls of an ancient Roman theatre, one of the largest in Italy, which extended up the hill as far as the castle of S. Pietro, the venerable tower of which alone remains." The *Ponte del Castel Vecchio,* built in 1354, is remarkable for a large arch, forming a portion of a circle whose chord is 161 feet. It appears firm, but is shut up, for fear of accident. It is a bridge of three arches. The principal one is 142 Veronese feet (about 157 English) in span. It is narrow, and was connected with the old fortifications communicating with the castle.

The ecclesiastical architecture of Verona presents some highly interesting monuments of the middle ages. The *Duomo,* or cathedral, is an edifice of the twelfth century. A council was held in it in 1185, and it was consecrated by Pope Urban in 1187. Four columns supporting two arches, one above the other, and the lower columns themselves resting on griffins, form the porch; and on the sides of the doors are some curious bas-reliefs, representing Orlando and Oliviere clad in armour, such as, according to Livy, was worn by the ancient Samnites. The interior consists of a nave with side aisles. The piers, which are very slender, are clustered with fillets down the middle of the shafts. Adjoining to the cloister is a fragment of what is said to have been a church, previously to the erection of the present cathedral: it is merely a rectangular room, with a groined vault supported on columns. The cathedral itself contains nothing remarkable except the sepulchre of Pope Lucius III., who, when driven from Rome, obtained an asylum at Verona.

In architectural beauty, the cathedral is very inferior to the church of Santa Anastasia, built at the beginning of the thirteenth century by the Dominicans: if the front were finished, this would be, Mr. Wood thinks, the most perfect specimen in existence of the style of architecture to which it belongs. The front was to have been enriched with bas-reliefs, but this work has been only begun. The inside consists of a nave of six arches, with side-aisles. The transept is scarcely wider than one division of the vault, and consequently does not strikingly interrupt the series of arches; and beyond this is a choir, consisting only of one bay, without aisles, and a semicircular recess. The transept is short, and in the angle between that and the choir is a square tower, terminating in an octagonal spire. All the arches and vaultings are obtusely pointed. The springing of the middle vault hardly exceeds the points of the arches into the aisles; and the windows of the clerestory are circular and very small. The width from centre to centre of each pier, measured along the church, is seven-eighths of the width of the nave. This unusual circumstance, in connexion with the little windows of the clerestory, and the want of height above the side arches, impresses upon the structure a character totally different from anything we have; but it forms a very fine composition, and one which makes the building appear larger than it is, though it is by no means a small church, being about 75 feet wide, and 300 feet long. The Duomo was formerly adorned with many fine paintings, but several of them have been removed. The celebrated picture by Titian of the Assumption was restored to this edifice, after a residence for some time, with many others, in Paris.

To the antiquary, the most interesting specimen of the architecture of the middle ages is the church of Saint Zeno. It is a most curious edifice, both externally and internally. Tradition assigns the erection of it to Pepin, father of Charlemagne; but, if he began it, he did not terminate it; for we find that in the tenth century, an emperor (perhaps Otho II.), on leaving Verona, left a sum of money for its completion. In 1045, the Abbot Alberigo began the tower, which was finished in 1178; and meanwhile (in 1138), the church itself was restored and adorned. The front may be cited as a good

example of the early architecture of this part of Italy. The general idea is that of a lofty gable, with a lean-to on each side, which being the natural result of the construction, is, if well proportioned, a pleasing form. The entrance is flanked on each side by a column resting on the back of a lion; and these columns support an arch which springs some feet above the top of the capitals. There are sculptures on each side, as there are in the cathedral, but these are principally taken from Bible histories. Six of those on the left hand represent the creation and the fall of man. On the two lower, a chase is sculptured. The feet of the hunter are placed in stirrups; and this, according to Maffei, is the most ancient piece of sculpture in which they are exhibited. Some lines underneath designate him as Theodoric, and, according to the vulgar notion, the infernal spirits furnished him with dogs and horses. On the other side are eight bas-reliefs from the New Testament; and over the doorway there are others, which seem to relate to St. Zeno. Besides these, the twelve months of the year are represented, beginning with March. All the figures are rudely sculptured; but the arabesques which enrich the divisions of the different compartments are beautifully designed, and not ill executed. The merit of the design is probably to be attributed to the artist having copied from some ancient specimens. The doors also are covered with scripture histories in bronze in forty-eight panels, curious as specimens of art, but not pretending to any beauty. Immediately above the arch of the porch is a hand with the fore and middle fingers extended, and the two others bent in the act of the Latin benediction. It is said that in the early ages, before the artists thought of representing the Almighty as an old man supported on cherubim, the Deity was always indicated in this way. Above the porch is a wheel window, which interrupts the lines of the rest of the architecture; but, from the simplicity of its ornaments, it is believed to be part of the original structure. It is a wheel of Fortune, with ascending and descending figures. Maffei gives the inscription:—

"En ego fortuna moderor mortalibus una:
Elevo, depono; bona cunctis vel mala dono."

This is on the external circumference: within is—

"Induo nudatos: denudo veste paratos
In me confidit si quis derisus abibit."

The whole façade, when free from other decorations, has slender upright ribs. In the middle these are divided into several stories; those on the sides continue from near the ground to the slope of the roof.

On entering the building, we descend by a flight of ten steps into the nave, to ascend again to the choir, or rather presbytery; for there is no transept to divide it from the nave, and the proper choir is merely a deep, vaulted recess at the end of the building. The nave is high, with low side-aisles, the arches of which are semicircular. They are in pairs, being supported alternately on columns and piers, from the latter of which ribs ascend to support the roof of the nave; in other respects the roof is of wood, as it probably always was, for the arrangement is not calculated to support any vaulting. The recess forming the choir is vaulted with a pointed arch. Under the elevated part of the building is a subterraneous church; and it has been supposed, that the pavement had been elevated after the building was completed, in order to form this crypt. On descending into it, however, this opinion is very much shaken. Like the old church by the cathedral, it is covered with semicircular groined arches, resting on columns disposed at equal distances from each other.

At one of the altars in the church, you are called upon to admire a group of four columns of red marble, with their bases and capitals, all formed out of a single stone;

and in a little chamber, near the entrance, is a great vase of porphyry, also from a single stone, the external diameter of which is thirteen feet four inches, the internal, eight feet eight inches; and the pedestal is formed out of another block of the same material. This stood originally on the outside of the church, and Maffei supposes it to have been intended for washing the feet of pilgrims before entering the sacred edifice. If so, it would scarcely have been elevated on a pedestal.

The cloisters of St. Zeno consist of arches supported on little coupled columns of red marble, united by a little appendage of the same substance, at the necking of the column, and at the upper torus of the base. On one side is a projecting edifice, sustained by columns of different sizes, which formerly contained a large basin for the monks to wash themselves in before entering the refectory; but it is now in ruins. Adjoining the cloisters, we find here also an old church, built in the same manner as the one which stands close by the cathedral, with groined semicircular arches supported on four pillars, all unlike, dividing it into nine equal squares. It is possible that this may have been the original edifice of Pepin; but the want of a transept in a work of this size, and other particulars of the architecture, lead to the conclusion that the larger church was erected before the year 1000, while the front is doubtless of the twelfth century. The tower is panelled on the lower stories, and each panel is surmounted with rows of little ornamental arches; but the two upper stories have each a triple semicircular headed opening on each face. Above these is a cornice with intersecting ornamental arches. The lower part is probably of the time of the Abbot Alberigi, that is, 1045; the second may be of 1178, or of some period between the two; but there is nothing very decisive in windows of this sort, which are certainly sometimes used much earlier, and continued in use as low as the thirteenth, and perhaps even in the fourteenth century. The upright styles of the panelling are continued, to form a turret at each angle, which is surmounted with a pinnacle, and the work is crowned with a square spire.

In a little court close by this church is a vault, honoured with the name of the Tomb of Pepin, and in it is an empty sarcophagus; the body, as it is said, having been carried to Paris. Pepin, however, died at St. Denis, and there is no probability that his bones were ever here. The sarcophagus is singular in having three strong ribs on one side of the lid, and none on the other.

Near the church of St. Zeno are a tower and small portions of wall, said to be the remains of the bishop's palace, in which the German emperors several times resided during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The church of St. Fermo, though it cannot boast of so high antiquity, is another interesting specimen of the architecture of the middle ages, having been built in 1313. It is of brick, with a great deal of ornament, and the rows of little arches are many of them trefoil-headed. The door of the façade is round-headed, with a profusion of ornamental mouldings. Instead of a rose window, it has in front four lancet windows, with trefoil heads; over which is a smaller window, divided into three parts by little shafts, with a small circular opening on each side. There is no tracery. The building ends in a gable, the cornice of which is loaded with ornament, and three pinnacles rise above it. Internally, the ceiling is of wood, and not handsome. This church, from its size, has the epithet of *Maggiore*.

The church of St. Giorgio claims attention, as containing a fine picture of the martyrdom of the saint by Paul Veronese. The church is not noticed by Mr. Wood, to whom we are indebted for many particulars, nor described by any other traveller; it might, therefore, be inferred that it has nothing else to recommend it. Yet Addison calls it the handsomest in Verona. The cupola is ascribed to Sanmicheli.

In the church of St. Bernardino there is a beautiful little circular chapel of the Pellegrini family, with a cupola, from the designs of this great architect. The interior

is of polished white marble, of the species called *bronzino*, on account of the sound it gives on being struck, and is richly ornamented in bas-relief. The chapel is too high, Mr. Wood remarks, in proportion to its size; it has spirally fluted columns; and other defects might be detected in the details, for which the original architect is probably most responsible. Sanmicheli is said, indeed, to have been very much dissatisfied with the execution. Such as it is, however, every body admires it; it speaks to our feelings rather than to our judgment—a language of which it is very difficult to be master. The arabesques with which the pilasters are adorned are very elegant.

The tombs of the Scaligers,—once sovereign lords of Verona,—which stand in a small enclosure in one of the public streets, form a highly picturesque object. They are six in number, each bearing the scaling ladder (*scala*) and eagle, the remarkable device of the family. Three only, however, are striking for their Gothic architecture. That of Can Grande (the second *doge* of the race) is not a very sumptuous monument. Two square pilasters against the wall of a church, with foliage on the capitals, support a platform, over which is a Gothic canopy with trefoil heads, but with little other ornament; and above the canopy is a pyramid crowned with an equestrian figure—probably Can Grande himself, who is also seen reclining below under the canopy. The second tomb, containing the remains of Mastino II. (the Mastiff), is entirely detached, with precisely the same arrangement, but with more ornament and more graceful proportion. The third, that of Can Signorìo, is still more highly ornamented, but the disposition is the same, except that it forms a hexagon on the plan. The pyramid is disagreeably truncated in all, in order to admit the equestrian statue on the summit. "The desire of the Italian artists to introduce something resembling the columns and entablatures of the Roman architecture, renders these monuments much inferior to our own Gothic crosses." Such is the criticism of Mr. Wood. Mr. Forsyth, who viewed them, perhaps, more with the eye of poetic taste, describes these tombs as models of the most elegant Gothic—light, open, spiry, full of statues caged in their fretted niches. "Yet, slender as they seem," he adds, "these tombs have stood entire for five hundred years in a public street, the frequent theatre of sedition,

> 'Which made Verona's ancient citizens
> Cast by their grave, beseeming ornaments,
> To wield old partisans in hands as old.' "

The description of these tombs, and still more these well-known lines, will recall to the reader the monuments of the Capulets. One has excited no little interest. To adopt the words of a modern writer: "There is a coffin preserved near this city, which you wander forth to see. In an old out-house near a garden, once the cemetery of a convent, amid reeds, straw, the wine-vessel, the basket, and the gardener's tools, you are shown a rude sarcophagus of common marble; you see the raised part which pillowed the corpse's head, and the sockets which burned the holy candles to scare foul fiends. In this narrow bed of stone, there once lay a sweet sufferer,—*living*, loving, fearless, and confiding,—a girl who dared this gloomy passage to the bridal bed of her first fond choice. She lived and died here in Verona. She lives for us in Shakspeare's page. It is *Juliet's tomb.*" So the traveller is told; and who would divorce this 'scene' from this 'impression?' The old woman who has the care of it tells the tale of Juliet's death, as it is related in the Italian novel from which Shakspeare drew the materials of his matchless drama. Every English visitor, she says, carries away a bit of the marble; a circumstance she greatly deplores, and her telling it serves to perpetuate the custom. How much does many a spot, and many an object, owe to the tale which has been associated with it! Numbers of persons have visited this garden entirely from the fame of Shakspeare's heroine. Apart from this, the tomb would certainly be mistaken for a

common water-trough, for it is formed of the coarsest red marble, and has no ornament whatever.

"Sanmicheli," says Mr. Forsyth, "has rivalled Palladio in some of the palaces of Verona. He has caught the true character of a fortified gate, and given to the Porta Stupa (Stoppia?) an air of gloomy strength and severity." Mr. Wood speaks of this gate, under the name of the *Porta del Palio,* as the most beautiful piece of architecture by this artist. It presents internally a range of arches between double Doric columns; but was left unfinished at his death, nor has it ever been completed. The *Porta Nuova,* also by Sanmicheli, is a fine building, though not so good; nor do any of his palaces, in this writer's opinion, equal the *Porta del Palio* in grace and purity of design. The fortifications present a specimen of his military architecture. The works executed prior to his time have round towers instead of bastions: the last of the ancient style are the bastion and gate of St. George, built in 1523-5. The bastion of the Magdalen was the first erected by Sanmicheli, in 1527, and has more the character of a tower than those which he subsequently erected. Among the other public buildings which claim notice, may be mentioned the *Sala di Consiglio,* or town hall, which is adorned externally with busts of the most celebrated natives of the city, and contains some fine pictures rescued from the convents; the *Sala di Commercio;* the *Academia Philharmonica,* founded by the celebrated Marquis Maffei; and the *Philoli,* both containing an extensive collection of ancient monuments, bas-reliefs, broken statues, and inscribed marbles. The fine Ionic portico of the theatre forms, with the arcades of the Museum, three sides of a handsome square. A noble palace has been erected recently for the imperial viceroy. The *Palazzo Belvilacqua* in the Corso, is a stately structure, and one of the oldest in Verona, but is fast falling to decay: it is by Sanmicheli. Opposite to it is the *Palazzo Cannosia,* which is admired for its façade, and for the prospect it commands. Verona contains several private collections of paintings and antiquities; and Count Gazzola had here a fine collection of fossils. There are also a lyceum, a public library, several hospitals, and other sights and curiosities, for a full description of which the traveller must be referred to the *Compendio della Verona.*

From the high tower over the gaol an extensive prospect is obtained, together with a curious bird's-eye view over the city, its dingy roofs and narrow streets, its palaces and antiquities. "Yet the gaol itself," says Mr. Simond, "over which we stood, occupied most of our thoughts, when we heard that one thousand miserable beings were at that moment confined within its walls, six of whom were to be hanged the day after; and many were under sentence to hard labour in irons for a number of years." Famine and politics, it seems, had much increased the average number of prisoners.

The wines of Verona were celebrated in ancient times (as appears from Virgil's apostrophe to the produce of the Rhætic grape), but their reputation at present is very low, as is that of almost all the wines produced on the northern side of the Apennines. The other chief productions are silk and oil.

The Monte Bolca petrified fishes are among the few articles which the traveller will find peculiar to Verona. He may obtain them of the custode of the amphitheatre, but he must not look for genuine fossils to be cheap. If, however, economy be an object, he will find imitations, extremely good in themselves, fabricated from the real schistus.

The neighbourhood of Verona is the richest part of Lombardy, covered with corn, vines, and mulberries. Even on the verge of winter, the characteristics of the country are manifest. The rose still blooms, and the traveller is accosted by persons with waiters laden with apples, pears, and grapes. The people are out of doors, some spinning by the road-side, and others engaged in various offices which we usually reserve for the interior of our dwellings. The population appear healthy and well fed. Chubby and rosy

children, with bright curling hair in profusion, attract the eye, and excite agreeable emotions. The women are tall and well grown. But here we see, as we do in so many parts of the continent, that their labours are incessant. To be "rocked in the cradle of reposing age" seems to them unknown. When the charms of womanhood have long disappeared, they may still be seen leading cows or driving asses.

Doubtless much of their ability to labour, as well as the health of those in earlier life, must be attributed to climate. They seem "hard as iron," it may be said, and that metal in Italy is in a very different state to iron with us. A curious unpainted iron trellis, for example, protects the tombs of the Scaligers, and is now some two hundred years old. Yet this screen, though some parts of it, as the armorial bearings of the family, are thin, has not been injured by time. The Italian air, even when charged with sea-salt, appears to have little effect on iron.

Among the many illustrious men of whom Verona has been the cradle, the poet Pindemonte ought to be mentioned. To adopt the words of Mr. Rose, "Mr. Forsyth, our best Italian traveller, sums up the merits of this gentleman by saying that he *thinks*, and makes his readers *think*. Were I confined to the same number of words, I should say, that he *feels*, and makes his readers *feel;* but his merits are not so succinctly to be disposed of. These are not, perhaps, such as always to meet the prevailing taste of England, who, disgusted with the cold glare and glitter of what has been called an 'Augustan age,' may be said to have revolutionised her poetry. But those who have formed their taste on the principles of highly-cultivated poetry, or those who, though they may prefer those forms which have more recently arisen among us, should not therefore exclude one which rests upon another base, but admit as many and as various schools in poetry as in painting; in short, liberal lovers of the art will, I think, derive pleasure from the works of Pindemonte." But we must now leave Verona for another remarkable city, Padua.

The poetic legend which ascribed the foundation of *Patavium* to Antenor, a Trojan prince, must be admitted to vouch at least for its high antiquity. In the 450th year of Rome, the ancient Patavinians are recorded to have repulsed from their shores a party of Spartan invaders, who, driven by contrary winds from Tarentum, had taken shelter at the mouth of the Brenta, near Fusina, and thence made a descent upon the defenceless villages. The shields of the Greeks and the beaks of their galleys, Livy informs us, were suspended in the temple of Juno; and an annual mock fight on the Brenta perpetuated the memory of the triumph. Strabo speaks of *Patavium* as the greatest and most flourishing city in the north of Italy. In his time it numbered 500 Roman knights among its citizens, and could at one period send 20,000 men into the field. Its manufactures of cloth and woollen stuffs were renowned throughout Italy; and its wealth, celebrity, and importance entitled it to be regarded as the capital of ancient Venetia. Vessels could come up to the city from the sea, a distance of 250 *stadia*, by the *Meduacus*, which had a capacious port at its mouth.

After having shared in the glory of Rome, this city shared in her disasters; was plundered and depopulated by the Goths, and successively bore the yoke of the Lombards, the Franks, and the Germans. In the twelfth century, Padua was governed, like the other cities of Lombardy, by its *podesta*, who was elected from the citizens; but the office, from being at first the object of contest between rival factions, became at length the hereditary possession of the most powerful noble. At the time that the feuds between the two great factions of Guelphs and Ghibelines were at their height, Eccelino da Romano, whose castles lay between Verona and Padua, was, under the influence of the Ghibeline party, chosen *podesta* of the former city. At his invitation, in 1236, the Emperor Frederic II. entered Italy, and after having sacked Vicenza, left his troops under the command of his partisan, who obtained by his intrigues the possession of Padua.

In the management of his new conquest, Eccelino acted with a vigour and policy which, had it been controlled by humanity and sanctioned by justice, might have claimed admiration. He carried off hostages, enrolled citizens among his troops, and punished with signal severity all attempts at emigration. It was not till his authority was firmly established, that the sanguinary character of the tyrant began to develop itself in the most remorseless cruelties. The scaffold was made to flow with the blood of the numerous victims of his ambition or jealousy, among whom was his own nephew; and new prisons were built to receive in crowds the partisans of friends of those whom he had destroyed. Verona was cursed with the presence of the tyrant in person. Padua was governed by one of his nephews, Ansedisio de Guidotti—a monster as bloodthirsty as his master; and his other towns and castles were consigned to the rule of men of the same stamp.

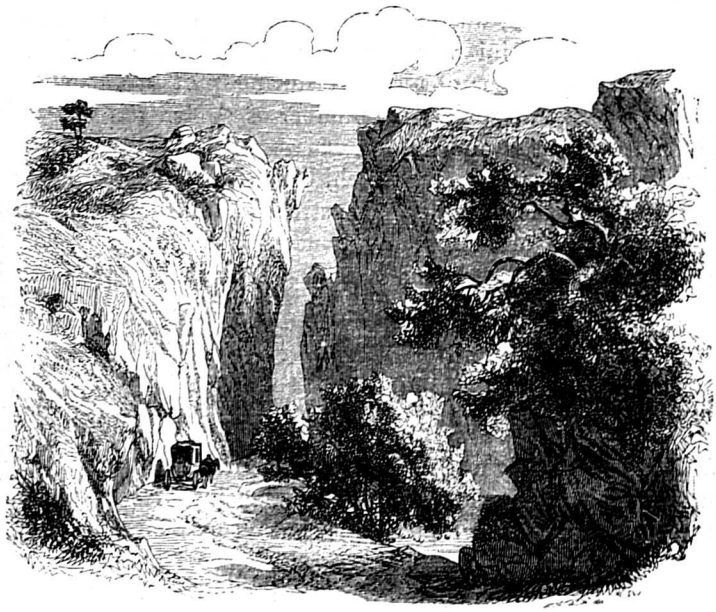
The death of the Emperor Frederic II., in 1250, gave new energy to the ferocity of Eccelino. Considering himself now as an independent potentate, he signalised his absolute power by the murder of the most distinguished individuals in his dominions. The pretence of a detected conspiracy was seized on to commence an unparalleled slaughter.

ENTRANCE OF THE VALLEY OF THE BRENTA.

Skilful merchants, enlightened advocates, prelates, and other ecclesiastics, distinguished by their talents or piety, perished on the scaffold, and their property was confiscated. Noble matrons and delicate and beautiful virgins wasted away in unknown dungeons, amid pestilence and every species of cruel injury. By day and by night might be heard the shrieks and groans of the tortured or the dying. One is ready to suspect of exaggeration the language of the contemporary chroniclers, who record the almost incredible atrocities of this insatiable homicide and 'envenomed dragon.' At length, the general abhorrence excited by his crimes, together with the more powerful motive of a dread of his talents and ambition, stirred up a crusade of the neighbouring powers against him, under the auspices of Pope Alexander IV. At its head were the Archbishop of Ravenna, and Badoero, a Venetian general; and the cities of Ferrara, Mantua, and Trent, with the powerful republic of Bologna, declared against the tyrant. On the banks of the Mincio, Eccelino received the intelligence that Padua had been carried by assault and pillaged by the crusaders. He had in his army, at this time, eleven thousand Padovese, comprising one-third of his force. Fearing their defection, he contrived, by a series of perfidious measures, to secure the whole of that number, including the flower and strength

of Padua, in different prisons, where, by famine, fire, or sword, they were all cut off, with the exception of about two hundred persons. At last, in 1259, this enemy of the human race was defeated and made prisoner in a bold attempt to make himself master of Milan. The Marquis d'Este, who was at the head of the victorious army, protected his captive from outrage, and surgical aid was offered him; but Eccelino sullenly rejecting all alleviation of his fate, is said to have torn open his wounds; and on the eleventh day of his captivity, died at Soncino, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; "for whose death," says an old chronicler, "may the name of the Lord be blessed through ages, and ages, and beyond!"

This specimen of the history of Italy in the middle ages, making every allowance for the colouring which the Guelphic prejudices of monkish chroniclers may have led them to throw into the composition, affords but too faithful a picture of those barbarous times. It is remarkable that the year in which Eccelino perished, is that in which the building



GORGES OF THE BRENTA.

of the church of Saint Antonio, at Padua, is said to have commenced; so soon had the clergy at least recovered from the effects of his tyrannical cruelties and exactions. Towards the close of this same century, the thirteenth, the University of Padua appears to have been first established by some professors and scholars who seceded from Bologna. In the fourteenth century, Padua owned the sway of the Carrara family. At the beginning of the fifteenth, it had come into the possession of the Venetian Republic, and a law, enacted in 1407, secured to it the exclusive privileges of a university, forbidding the teaching of any science, the rudiments of grammar excepted, in any other city of the Republic.

And now commences the era of the literary glory of Padua, where Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso, and even our own Chaucer, are said to have prosecuted their studies. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries its university was crowded with scholars, attracted from all parts of Europe by the fame of its professors. Not only Christians, Greeks, and Latins, from Italy, Germany, Dalmatia, France, England, and Scotland, but even Turks,

Persians, and Arabians, are said to have come from the distant East, to study medicine and botany in the schools of *Padova la dotta*. Vesalius, of Brussels, celebrated for his skill in anatomy throughout Europe, at the invitation of the republic, filled the professorship of that science at Padua from 1537 to 1542. He was afterwards physician to the Emperor Charles V. The celebrated Faloppio was professor of anatomy in 1555; and Fabrizio de Aquapendente about 1594, at whose instance an anatomical theatre was first constructed at Padua, after the example of Pisa and Pavia. Of this learned man our own Harvey became a pupil at the age of nineteen; and in his writings he always expresses a high regard for his master. In the year 1602, Harvey was created doctor of physic and surgery in this university. Galileo was professor of natural philosophy at Padua, from 1592 to 1610; where, for some months, in 1609, his lectures were attended by Gustavus Adolphus, then at the age of fifteen, and afterwards the great champion of the Protestant cause in Germany. The botanic garden was founded in 1552, by the learned Daniel Barbaro, author of an edition of Vitruvius; and a professorship of botany was instituted in the year following. Santorio, to whom both medicine and natural philosophy are greatly indebted, was professor of medicine during part of the sixteenth century. In 1700, Guglielmini was professor of hydraulic engineering; and the illustrious Morgagni was professor of anatomy during part of the eighteenth century. When this university was at its zenith, the number of students is said to have amounted to 15,000 or 18,000; but this is probably an exaggeration.

"Padua," says Mr. Rose, "is a city which, beyond all other unhappy towns, disappoints the expectations of the traveller. Its streets, flanked on both sides with arcades, present such an appearance of melancholy monotony, as leave no room for regret that Nero did not realise, as he intended, the same design as at Rome, though it is true that these afford a great convenience in the hot and in the rainy season. Add dirt to dulness, and to that an air little superior to what is breathed by a cat in an air-pump, and you will have an adequate idea of Padua. The ugliness, however, of an Italian city is never unredeemed deformity; and even Padua has one pleasing and interesting feature in the *Prà de la Vale*.

"The *Prà de la Vale*, formerly a marsh, as its name implies, bears some resemblance to a London square; but the interior, the principal point of likeness, is inclosed and ornamented in a very different style. This is shut off by a circular branch of running water, brought from the Brenta, the banks of which are fringed with a double rank of statues, the exterior facing outwards, and the interior inwards. These are all worthies of the place; and it may be remarked, that this sort of apotheosis of their citizens—as here, and at Verona—is peculiar to Venetian towns. Still, this is the only local beauty in Padua; yet is this city the favourite summer residence of the Venetians, who here re-enact the same round of life which they live in the palace of St. Mark. One would imagine, that if he had no taste for rural beauties, the Venetian might choose a more salutary air; and that he had had enough of mosquitoes, not to seek a place where they may be said to have established their head-quarters, and only to divide their power with the flies and fleas.

"It must, however, be confessed that Padua, as well as Venice, contains better defences against fleas, the worst plague of Italy, than other towns—these are stuccoed floors, called here *terrazi*. The process adopted in their formation is very simple. On some binding substance the stucco is placed, and while it is still wet, there are sown small pieces of marble, composed of the sweepings of sculptors' shops. These are rammed down, the whole is pumiced, and the ground is then tinged with due regard to the tints of the marble, either as to gradation or contrast of colour. The floor is now well polished, and presents the appearance of a beautiful variegated marble. A border and a centre ornament are sometimes added."

In this account of the place will easily be detected something of the spirit of caricature, as the spirit of romance characterises the following very slight but lively sketch, which may serve as an agreeable preface to a more detailed description.

"I spent two days in Old Padua. It is a place where I could for many weeks have lingered. I think it suited to a reading, sauntering man. There are long arcades, and there are old-fashioned furniture and book-stalls at the street-corners. There is a pleasant river, and there are green gardens, and turfy ramparts, and the snowy Alps are to be seen from them. The building of the university is very small: it has a court with a cloister below and galleries above; on the walls are many coats of arms of those who have studied at 'learned Padua.' You may look into the bare and empty schools. At the time I was there it was a season of vacation, and very few students were to be seen in the city.

"In the centre of a large open space, or square, there is an adorned spot called *Prà de la Vale*. It is a circular meadow, with flagged walks, with a small canal round it. On either bank of this canal are placed the statues of all the famous men who were taught at Padua. This island promenade, having seats, and shrubs, and ornamental monuments, and vases, and magically protected all round by these silent protectors of the fame of Old Padua, is a pleasant place to stroll in. You will meet no one, and may talk to yourself unobserved: indeed you may do that anywhere in Italy; for moving lips, and the gestures of delight or disappointment, as men walking alone express these feelings, excite no astonishment in Italy.

"The church of *Santa Guistina*, in a corner of this square, is a noble building, and the interior light and grand. As you look at four large and four smaller cupolas from without, it is mosque-like. The church of *S. Antonio*, the tutelar saint, is a curious old Gothic edifice, with pictures, tombs, shrines, four organs, and, when I was in it, a most numerous congregation. After mass, the crowd of country devotees came flocking to the chapel of the sanctuary, where the relics of St. Anthony are preserved, and kissed every statue and small relief around. There is, near this church, an equestrian statue, in bronze, of a Venetian general; and there is a college near, with fresco paintings by Titian and his school, representing the life and miracles of St. Anthony.

"They show you a curious old house which they call that of the great Livy. This can no more be swallowed by the greediest hunter after recollections and sensations, than the tomb of Antenor in another street. Livy's house is, however, just such a one as an old lover of black-letter books would like for his dwelling. One of the finest and most singular buildings here is the large hall in the Palace of Justice. It is three hundred feet long and one hundred feet broad, and very lofty; yet there is no pillar or column to support the roof. The walls are painted in small compartments, with curious scenes and symbols. There is a monument here to the memory of Livy; and one to a chaste matron who defended her honour to the death about two centuries ago. At the bottom of the hall are two Egyptian statues, black and lion-headed, the gifts of Belzoni to his native city. But for the bold impulses of his nature, and his fearless following of them, Belzoni might have lived and died shaving beards in Padua.

"There are many other things to see here. Two rivers flow through the town. There are squares with porticoes; there are the remains of the ancient city's walls; there are some handsome gates; and as the space within the later fortifications (now all neglected) is large, you find gardens and almost country houses within the gates. Everything a man might require to make life easy would be procurable at Padua; and such men as love that old book, 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' might carry it with them to a quiet lodging in Padua, and sit in the shade and eat grapes in the summer, and pile up wood-fire and drink good wine in the winter, and live in peace. I am speaking only to college hermits, or antiquaries, or weavers of old tales; solitary, forlorn men, unwedded

and without professions, or health for active life: and, I am sure I do not err, such men would like Padua."

But we cannot dispose of such a city so summarily, and we shall therefore proceed to examine it with a more minute and, as we think, accurate attention.

To begin with the church of St. Anthony of Padua, "the most powerful of miracle-workers," who has been allowed, it seems, to take usurped possession of an edifice originally consecrated to the Madonna. It is, indeed, a vast pile, exhibiting seven domes, with a small octagonal tower above the gable of the front, two high octagonal towers near the choir, and a lofty cone in the centre, surmounted by an angel. The architect of the façade, which is a hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and ninety-three feet high, is said to have been Nicola de Pisa, to whom is also attributed the design of the whole edifice. According to the current account, preparations were made, almost immediately after the death and canonisation of the *Gran Taumaturgo*, for erecting an immense church in his honour; but political disorders suspended the execution, so that no material progress was made till 1259. In 1307 the whole was finished, except one cupola and the internal work of the choir, which was not perfected till 1424. The church is three hundred and twenty-six feet in length, a hundred and sixty feet wide in the transept, and a hundred and twenty-eight feet high in the domes. The internal architecture is so odd and complicated, that it would require a very long description to make the arrangement understood, and would not repay the trouble. The doubt suggests itself, however, whether the cupolas and the façade have not been grafted upon the original edifice, and the awkwardness and complication of the plan may not be the result of incongruous adaptation. A circular sanctuary behind the choir forms evidently no part of the original structure.

The shrine of the saint is as splendid as gold and marble can make it, and the lower part, which is a range of five arches on columns, is good; the top is overloaded with a double attic. Round about it are representations, in mezzo relievo, of the miracles ascribed to St. Anthony, "exquisitely wrought in white marble" (as Evelyn has it) "by the three famous sculptors, Tullius Lombardus, Jacobus Sansovinus, and Hieronymo Compagno. A little higher is the choir, walled, parapet fashion, with sundry coloured stone half relievo, the work of Andrea Riccii. The wainscot of the choir is rarely inlaid and carved. Here are the sepulchres of many famous persons, as of Rodolphus and Fulgosi, &c.; and among the rest, one that, for an exploit at sea, has a galley exquisitely carved thereon."

The body of the saint is said to be enclosed in a sarcophagus under the altar. "There are narrow clefts," says Addison, "in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church; for it is the way of those who are in any signal danger, to implore his aid; and if they come off safe, they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church." The blaze of tapers and the smoke of incense still surround the gorgeous shrine of the wonder-working saint, but his remains have lost the power of emitting celestial odours. His chin and tongue—that tongue which uttered the edifying sermon to the fishes of the Adriatic that drew from them the mute show of gratitude and profound humility—are preserved in a separate chapel in a crystal vessel; and the *precious* relic is shown to all who have the curiosity to see it. The portrait of St. Anthony, in fresco, by Giotto, adorns the walls of the choir. It represents a fat, contented-looking personage, with an intelligent, good-humoured countenance, and nothing about him of the ascetic. Bishop Burnet speaks of the

devotion that was paid to this saint all over Lombardy in his time, as amazing. "Anthony is called, by way of excellence, *Il Santo*, and the beggars generally ask alms for his sake." This is in character, for he was a Franciscan. Though he takes his name from this city, where he died in 1230, he was born at Lisbon. So great was the odour of his sanctity, or the fame of his miracles, that he was canonised within a year of his death by Pope Gregory IX.

A recent traveller, inspecting the series of miracles, says, "On showing us the next, our guide was anxious to know if we perfectly comprehended him:—a heretic defies the saint, who throws out a tumbler to convince him; the glass stood the shock, but the stone on which it fell was shivered to pieces,—'*avete capito?*' *Capito? si!* we understood the *relation*, but as to the *fact*—is that all? 'Neither that, nor our belief,' he says, 'are his affair,' he has done his duty as expositor, and proceeds to the next narrative in stone." This circumstance reminds the writer of a party of his friends visiting one of the continental churches, when, as the attendant was showing them some marvellous relics,

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one of them inquired, if he believed they were what he described them to be? He replied naïvely enough, that it was not necessary for him to do so, as he was only the *deputy* of the sacristan!

The church of Santa Guistina, attached to a magnificent Benedictine abbey, is mentioned by Evelyn as an "excellent piece of architecture of Andrea Palladio." Bishop Burnet describes it as "a church so well ordered within, the architecture is so beautiful, and it is so well enlightened, that if the outside answered to the inside, it would be one of the best churches in Italy; but the building is of brick, and it hath no frontispiece. There are many new altars, made as fine as they are idolatrous, all full of statues of marble. This abbey hath 100,000 ducats of revenue, and so by its wealth one may conclude that it belonged to the Benedictine order." Addison speaks of this church in terms of high admiration, describing it as the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that he had ever seen, and as esteemed by many artists one the finest works in Italy.

The nave of this church is covered with a line of five cupolas, and the transept has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. Although these produce a

good effect in the interior, they give to the outside of the church a resemblance to a mosque, and, with one high tower, render it almost as ugly, Mr. Wood says, as that of St. Anthony. The first thing that struck this traveller in the interior, was the white-wash with which walls, columns, and arches are covered. "It is wonderful," he remarks, "how much this empty glare can spoil the effect of the finest building. After the first impression of this had passed off, I admired with the rest of the world. The excellence of the building consists in the great space between the piers, equal to the width of the nave, and the loftiness of the side arches. The nave is one hundred and eighty-two feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and eighty-two feet high; the aisles are nineteen feet wide, and forty-one feet high. The transept is two hundred and fifty-two feet long, thirty-nine wide, and eighty-two high. The piers of the nave are twelve feet square. Two little chapels open into each of the recesses forming the side aisle. These are badly managed, and the details are execrable; but the general disposition has an appearance of space and airiness which is very magnificent."

Mr. Forsyth seems to have been greatly impressed with the grandeur of the architecture of Santa Guistina. "The Ionic aisles," he says, "stand in that middle sphere between the elegant and the sublime, which may be called the noble. "This church," he adds, "like a true Benedictine, is rich in the spiritual and the temporal, in sculpture and painting, in the bones of three thousand saints, and the disputed bodies of two apostles. Paul Veronese's 'Martyrdom of St. Justina' still remains here. Periodi's 'Dead Christ' is a grand composition in statuary, without one particle of the sublime."

The Abbey itself deserves attention. Evelyn mentions the dormitory as exceedingly commodious and stately; but what pleased him most was "the old cloister, so well painted with the legendary saints, mingled with many ancient inscriptions and pieces of urns, dug up, it seems, at the foundation of the church."

The foundations of Santa Guistina are said to have been begun in 1502; but the soil was found so loose and marshy, that little progress could be made; one hole was so large and deep, that it swallowed up all the materials prepared for the whole edifice. The work was, therefore, suspended till 1521, when it was resumed on a different design, but so as to make use of the old foundations. This was the work of Andrea Crispo; and the building was finished in seventy years. The design, however, is said to have been furnished by Palladio.

The Cathedral is a large church of Grecian architecture, built of brick, but intended to receive a stone front, which has not been executed. The plan seems to consist of two Greek crosses, one beyond the other, of which the further one is the larger. This church contains nothing curious or remarkable, except a miraculous Madonna, painted by Giotto in the style of the Greek image-makers, and sparingly exhibited under a gauze veil; a modern monument to Petrarch, who was a canon of this cathedral; and his portrait, in the sacristy; in which also there is a Madonna and Child, by Titian.

One of the Gothic buildings which appeared to Mr. Wood the most striking, is the church of the Eremitani, not so much from any architectural beauty as from the effect of light. It is a simple room, without columns or pilasters, and with a wooden roof of no merit. The original light seems to have been a small circular window at the western end; but two side windows have been added. The walls are adorned with altars, though without recesses; but at the end is an apsis, or recess, for the high altar, which has three very small windows of its own, and, together with the altar itself, is rich with painting and gilding. In this church there is a beautiful John the Baptist, by Guido, which seems almost to stand out in relief.

In the baptistry, and in the Church of the Arena, the principal objects are the paintings of Giotto and Guisto: in the productions of the latter the relief is very perfect, in spite of the gilding with which, as usual in that age, the pictures abound.

In the church of S. Rocco, there is a Madonna and Child behind the altar, which Mr. Wood mistook at first for one of those painted figures so common in Italian churches; and it was not till he revisited the church that he discovered it to be an early painting by Bonconsigli.

La Madre Dolente is mentioned by this traveller as curious for its singular architecture. An oblong room, with a small cupola rising on four columns in the centre, leads to a circular structure covered with a larger dome, in which the groins are made to unite with the arch of entrance, and with those of four semicircular side chapels; eight columns support a circular lantern above the dome, the altar standing in the centre.

S. Gaetano is a small church, "only a dome and chapel, but a rich and splendid mass of beautiful marble, paintings, and sculpture." A fine picture by Titian, representing the Doge of Venice taking possession of Padua; a beautiful monument by Canova, to the memory of Frederick William George, Prince of Orange Nassau, a general in the Austrian service, who died of a wound at Padua, at the age of twenty-five; and two ancient tombs of the Carrara family, are to be seen in another church, of which we are unable to give the dedicatory name. Such, then, are the most remarkable of the ninety-five churches which Padua is said to contain.

Among the other public buildings, is the Town Hall, commonly called Il Salone (otherwise the *Palazzo di Ragione*, or *di Guistizia*), but it claims a further description. The building was commenced in 1172, but was not completed till 1306. It is boasted of as the largest room in Europe without columns; but the measurements are variously stated. What is very singular, it is not rectangular. The roof is of dark, carved wood, shaped like a reversed keel, and is sustained by multitudes of iron ties (*chiave*). The walls were originally painted in fresco by Giotto and his scholars, but were retouched, in 1762, by Zannoni. One of the curiosities contained in this hall, is the elevated stone, inscribed with the words "Lapis Vituperii," which formerly served, by a simple process, all the purpose of our insolvent courts. Any unfortunate citizen who found himself unable to pay his debts, and was willing to swear that he was not worth five pounds, was thrice seated by the bailiffs upon this stone, bare, and in full hall, each time repeating the words "*Cedo bonis*," and was by this ordeal cleared from liability to any further prosecution. "But this is a punishment," says Addison, "that nobody has submitted to these four-and-twenty years."

Externally, this hall is splendid in its own style, but that style is not beautiful. Its two fronts are ornamented with double open galleries; the lower story supported on low, massy columns, now much concealed by shops placed between, and the upper on pillars of red Verona marble. Evelyn mentions it as having suggested the noble design of the Hall of Justice at Vicenza. Adjacent to it is a very handsome edifice, the residence of the *Podesta*, the governor of the city.

One relic and monument of the barbarous ages will excite shuddering recollections in those whom Sismondi's interesting "History of the Italian Republics" has familiarised with the name of Ezzelino, or Eccelino III., the ferocious lord of Padua, Vicenza, and Verona. The tower is still used as an observatory, from which, being much devoted to astrology, he is said to have watched the aspect and conjunctions of the planets—

> ——————— "an old dungeon tower,
> Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelin."

The mention of this execrable tyrant, styled by Ariosto,

> ——— "immanissimo tiranno,
> Che fia creduto figlio del demonio,"

will recall the history which has been already narrated.

The small hamlet or village of Arquà, consisting of poor detached houses, situated amongst orchards and olive-trees, has an interest of its own. On the top of a high hill, and within the narrow limits of a garden, stands the house of Petrarch. "Around the walls of the centre room, where we entered," says Mrs. Ashton Yates, "and also in the two chambers which Petrarch more particularly occupied, there is fresco painting about a foot in depth, just beneath the ceiling. Laura and he are depicted everywhere; it forms a kind of history of the progress of their acquaintances and of his attachment. The series commences by Petrarch's meeting with Laura on her return from church, where he first saw her dressed in the memorable robe embroidered with violets, the flower to which the appropriate motto has been given, 'pour me trouver, il faut me chercher.' I marvel that we ladies have not been fonder of such ornament, associated as it has become with retiring modesty on the one part, and fervent constancy on the other.

"Some wise people consider Petrarch's devotion to Laura was unworthy a man of his great powers, and that he ought to have applied them to purposes more beneficial to mankind, and not have wasted his time in writing love verses. He did not, it must be admitted, neglect the business of life; he was indefatigable in his efforts to serve his country, whose fallen and divided state lay heavy at his heart; and he likewise used all possible means, and often most successfully, in aid of the revival of learning."

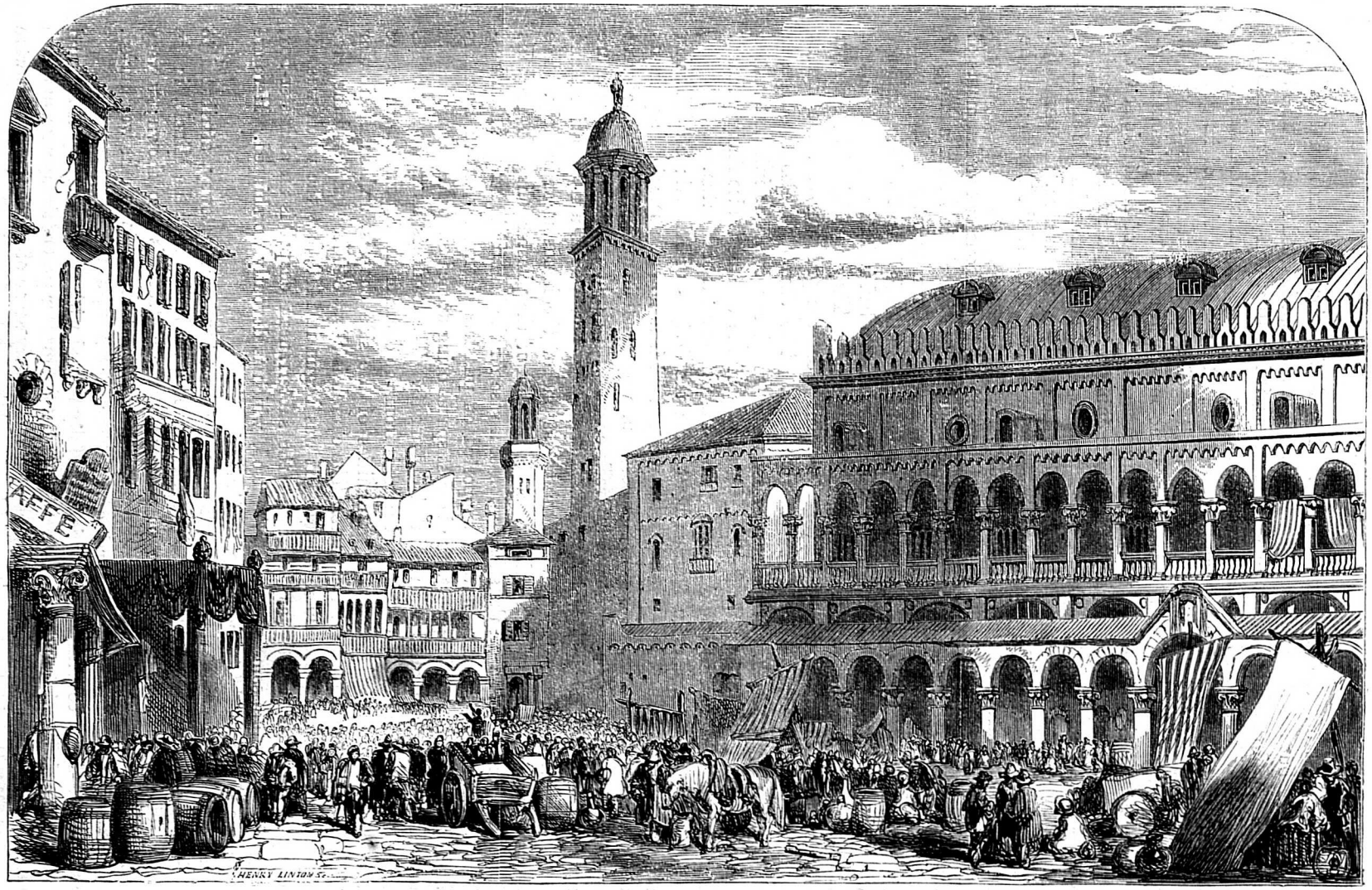
The accordant words of Byron will be readily suggested:—

"There is a tomb in Arquà: reared in air,
Pillowed in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover. Here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes,
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

"They keep his dust in Arquà, where he died;
The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride, and let it be their praise—
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain,
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

"And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt,
Is one of that complexion which seem made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed,
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities now in vain displayed,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday."

Mantua (properly Mantona), once considered as the key of the north of Italy, is situated very low, in the midst of a lake formed by damming up the waters of the Mincio, which divides the town. This lake, which appears to have been originally a swamp, is traversed by two long bridges, or rather dams, perforated with arches at irregular



THE CITY OF PADUA.

intervals to let out the superfluous water. The fortifications have not an imposing appearance, but are strong from their position, and are kept in good repair. The town is very old, and though there are some good streets, it is neither well-built nor pleasantly situated. The best part is the *Piazza Virgiliana*, a large square surrounded with trees, and open on one side to the lake and to the distant Alps. At the time of its greatest prosperity Giulio Romano was made the arbiter of everything that was erected at Mantua; notwithstanding which, it exhibits the most whimsical and capricious architecture of any city in Italy. "On escaping from the discipline of Raffaele's school," remarks Mr. Forsyth, "where he had done nothing original, and finding no superior excellence to check him at Mantua, Giulio dashed here into all the irregularities of genius, and ran after the Tuscan graces, the mighty, the singular, the austere, the emphatic. In the palace of the Té, he assembled all these graces on the Fall of the Giants; and he left on the very architecture a congenial stamp."

The cathedral was originally a Gothic building of brick; and one or two fragments of the old edifice remain in a very picturesque style. The side chapels form a range of extremely acute gables. Here are two lancet windows, and turrets between the chapels, rising on a sort of buttress. The interior, which is from the designs of Giulio Romano, with some more modern alterations, may be regarded as a bad imitation of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, but with double ranges of side-aisles. They are divided by six rows of insulated columns, which stand very far apart; but the grandeur of the design is defeated by the extreme diminution of the aisles. The church is also too high in proportion to its width. It forms a cross, with a small cupola at the intersection, on which are painted the four Evangelists. The arch of the tribune is also finely painted. The church is dedicated to St. Anselmo, who is the patron saint of Mantua.

There are two churches in Mantua built from the designs of Alberti; St. Sebastian and St. Andrea. The former has little to recommend it to notice. The façade presents an arcade of five arches, with pilasters between, very small in proportion to the great square mass above. The interior is a Greek cross, with slight recesses: the details are not good, and the whole is whitewashed. St. Andrea, however, is a noble edifice, and may fairly be considered, Mr. Wood thinks, as one of the handsomest in Italy. The doorway is ornamented with a well-executed imitation of the pilaster foliage in the Villa Medici at Rome, only with the substitution of a vase for the beautiful group of acanthus-leaves in the original. The nave is supported on pilasters alternately, seven diameters and about half that width apart, the largest spaces being arched chapels. The pilasters are all panelled and filled with painted ornaments. The vault is unbroken, and has regular square panels. The principal light is from the drum of the cupola, but there are also semicircular windows at the extremities of the side chapels, and small circular windows over the narrow interpilasters. The church is about 340 feet long, and the nave is about 60 feet long and 90 feet high. It was begun in 1470, but the whole was not completed till so recently as 1782. In the subterranean chapel is an alabaster-box, supposed to contain some of our Lord's blood, which is devoutly worshipped. Here are two fine statues of Faith and Hope, by Canova.

At the extremity of the upper bridge there is a handsome gateway, attributed to Giulio Romano, who erected also the open arcade on the bridge over the Mincio, in the heart of the city. The dwelling of "the painter architect" is also shown; a very whimsical composition, nearly opposite the church of St. Barnabas, where he was buried. The ashes of Tasso rest in the church of St. Egida.

The ducal palace within the city is beautifully floored with porcelain composition, and there is much Flemish and Mantuan tapestry; but the greater part of the apartments have been sacked at different times, and present a melancholy scene of desolation. If it were perfect, Mr. Pennington says, it would be one of the finest palaces in Europe. One room

only is left, painted in fresco by Giulio Romano; the subject, the Trojan war. Another room is adorned with the signs of the zodiac; and some rich furniture is still left.

This city is stated to have contained 50,000 persons in the seventeenth century: its present population amounts to about half that number. "An evident depopulation, a general stillness, sallow faces, and some grass-grown streets," formed, when Mr. Forsyth visited it, the characteristic features of its general appearance to a stranger, giving "it a sad resemblance to Ferrara." Mr. Rose also speaks of its melancholy and deserted appearance, of the swamps which surround the city, and of the visible effects of the mephitic vapour they exhale, in the muddy complexions of the inhabitants. The Austrian government has, however, been at considerable expense in rendering Mantua less insalubrious, by draining part of the marshes, and opening a passage for the stagnant waters.

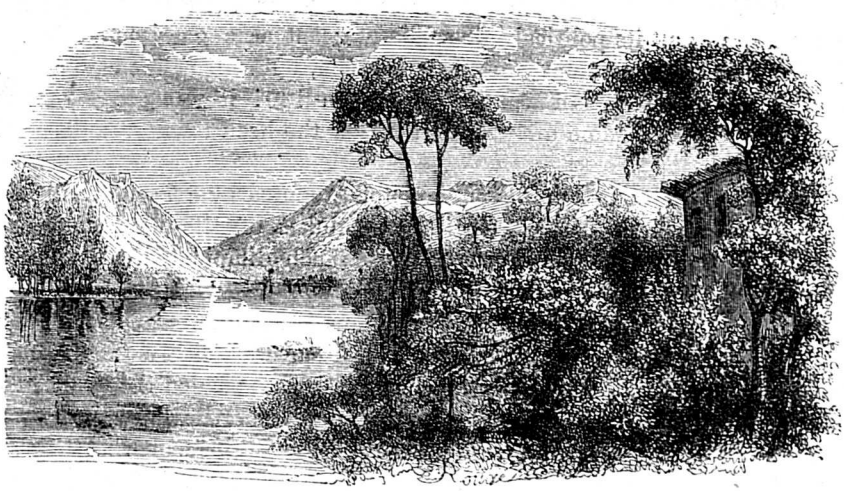
The manufactures, though not so extensive as formerly, are still considerable, consisting of silks, woollens and leather. The commerce of the town is entirely in the hands of the Jews, who amount to several thousands in number, and have here a synagogue. Mantua is indebted to the Austrian government for an Imperial academy of arts and science. It has also a university and public library, but they are of no consideration. In fact, Mantua, since it has ceased to be the capital of an independent principality, has lost all its political importance, except as a garrison station. In 1797, it sustained a siege of eight months from the French, but at length surrendered. It was retaken by the Austro-Russian army in 1799. In 1801 it was ceded to France, and incorporated with the kingdom of Italy. It is now the head town of a delegation under the government of Milan.

Two miles from Mantua is the village of Pietola, reputed by a vague tradition to be the same as Andes, the birth-place of Virgil. The dukes of Mantua had a palace here, called La Virgiliana, which still exists, though much dilapidated. Eustace, however, would place the farm of Virgil not far from Valeggio, near which town the hills begin to subside, and lose themselves in the immense plains of Mantua. "On no other part of the banks of the Mincio," he says, "are to be discovered, either the bare rocks that disfigured the farm of Tityrus, or the towering crag that shaded the pruner as he sang, or the vine-clad grotto where the shepherd reclined, or the bushy cliff whence the browsing goats seemed as if suspended, or the lofty mountains which in the evening cast their protracted shadows over the plain. The spreading beech, indeed, and aerial elm still delight in the soil, and adorn the banks of the Mincio in all its windings." Eustace, however, seems to have overlooked the probability that the birth-place and the farm of Virgil were two places.

Cremona, the capital of the province of the same name, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, is a well-built town, encompassed with walls, bastions, and ditches, and defended by a citadel called Santa Croce. It occupies a considerable area, about two leagues in circumference. Like most of the cities of Lombardy, it has a melancholy appearance from the evident signs of decay, and large tracts of grass being seen in many of the broad and regular streets. Among its four-and-forty churches, the Duomo alone has any particular attractions. This is an ancient edifice in the style of architecture approaching to Saxon, mixed with a sort of mongrel Italian. If not beautiful, it is at least picturesque; and its lofty tower, 372 feet in height, is singularly so, being adorned with a sort of rich open work: it is one of the highest in Italy. The interior is composed of a nave with two aisles, divided by eight immense pillars, above which are a series of paintings by Bordenone, representing the birth and passion of our Saviour. Near the cathedral is an octagon baptistry, said to have been once a temple of Minerva. In the town-hall, among other paintings, there is a fine picture by Paul Veronese; the subject is the "Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo."

Cremona is the residence of the delegate or governor of the province. It has civil, criminal, and commercial courts, a lyceum, a gymnasium, and a school of the fine arts. It contains also several private galleries of paintings, of which, that of Count Ponzoni is the principal. It was the first city of Italy in which infant schools were established in 1829, through the exertions of a philanthropic clergyman, Abate Aporti, and from thence they spread into other provinces.

Cremona has long held a high reputation in Italy and other parts of Europe, for the high excellence of its musical instruments, particularly its violins. These were made, in the seventeenth century, by the Amati family, and at the commencement of the eighteenth, by Stradiuarius. It carries on a considerable trade in agricultural produce by means of the Po. It has never been, however, a seat of the arts; and no object remains to divert the eye from the dull and vacant regularity of the streets, except the great Porazzo, as the tower of the cathedral is called. Its antiquities appear to have been swept away by the successive revolutions it has undergone. Founded by the Gauls, and colonised, at the same time with Placentia, by the Romans, it suffered severely both during the second Punic war, and in the civil wars which ensued after the death of



LAKE GARDA.

Cæsar. Yet, in the time of Strabo, it ranked as one of the most considerable towns in the north of Italy. It was laid waste with fire and sword by the troops of Vespasian, but rose from its ashes with fresh privileges under that emperor. After being destroyed a second time by the Lombards, it was rebuilt, in 1184, by the emperor Frederic I. The present town, therefore, dates only from the close of the twelfth century. Since that time, its political history is much the same as that of Milan, of which duchy it formed a part under the Visconti and Sforzas. It afterwards fell under the dominion of the Venetians, but is now annexed to the government of Milan.

Bergamo, the capital of another province of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, is built on the brow of a hill, commanding an extensive view of the Milanese plain towards the south, while on the northern side the Alps of the Valteline and the Grisons are seen rising one above the other; and the old castle which crowns the summit looks proudly down upon the fertile plains stretching away southward to the far distant Apennines. Two small rivers, the Brembo and the Serio, flow to the east and west of the town, both tributaries of the Adda. The Brembo soon joins that river, while the Serio flows on to Crema on the Lodi road, and falls into the Adda some miles further southward.

When Venice was in her splendour, Bergamo belonged to the territory of the republic. It is now included in the government of Milan, and is the head town of a delegation containing upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants. There are fourteen churches, twelve monasteries, ten nunneries, and seven hospitals. Its trade is considerable, chiefly in iron and silk. The principal productions of the province are wine, oil, and fruits; vast plantations of mulberry-trees supply the silk-worms, which constitute the chief wealth of the country. The mountains afford pasture to numerous flocks of sheep; and many canals serve for the purpose of irrigation.

One of the most remarkable buildings of Bergamo is the Fiera, in which the annual fair is held, beginning on the 24th of August, and lasting fourteen days. It is a vast quadrangle, with three gates on each side, and courts and streets within; it contains six hundred shops, in which all the various manufactures of Lombardy and other provinces of the Austrian empire are exposed for sale. During the fair of 1833, goods were sold to the amount of above one million sterling; one-third of the whole consisting of silk.

The inhabitants have the reputation of being industrious and comparatively affluent. The town derives its chief importance from its manufactures. These are not so flourishing as formerly; and disaffection to the Austrian government has naturally resulted from their decline. The dialect of the people is peculiar, and one of the most corrupt forms of the Italian dialect that is spoken in the country. The inhabitants of this border district differ also in their habits, and seem to partake of the character of mountaineers. Like the Comasques, they emigrate in great numbers; and they are the *Gallegos* of Genoa. Bergamo has given birth to some eminent men. It was the paternal country of Tasso, being the birth-place of his father; and the statue of the poet adorns the Piazza Grande. Tiraboschi, Maffei and the Abbé Serassi were also natives of Bergamo. It is an episcopal city, and its prelate had, formerly, the title of count. The cathedral is the most remarkable of the ecclesiastical edifices of Bergamo. In the church of St. Augustine is the tomb of Ambrosio Calepino, the lexicographer, who was a native of Calepio, near the lake of Iseo. The Academy of Painting contains several of the productions of Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, and other great masters. There are also several private galleries. Bergamo has a public library, a lyceum, a gymnasium for public instruction, and various educational establishments.

At Ferrara, the lover of literature will not fail to notice the house of Ariosto. His paternal dwelling is near the public library, and can be seen from one of the windows of the hall. But he built a house for himself in the Strada di Mirasola, which, as an inscription in one of the chambers states, after being let to common occupiers, was purchased by the municipality of the town, and placed under the keeping of a person appointed for the purpose. In the chamber understood to have been the poet's study, is his bust.

The walls of this room seem to have been ornamented with frescoes, but a thin white-wash has been stupidly employed in the work of restoration. The house, like all in Ferrara, is a brick building; it is of decent size, with an arched doorway, a court-yard behind, and indicative of comfort and respectability. It is one story high, with a disproportionate space between the upper windows and the roof, as in the ducal palace at Venice.

CHAPTER XL.

THE LAKES OF LOMBARDY—GARDA, COMO, MAGGIORE, AND LUGANO.

In Lombardy there are two descriptions of lakes—those of fresh water, amongst the mountains, and those of salt water, in the level country, on the borders of the Adriatic. At Desenzans, the traveller finds himself on the margin of one of the most beautiful of the former—the Lago di Garda, the stormy Penacus of the ancients, formed by the classic Mincio. This lake is reckoned about thirty-five miles in length, by about twelve in breadth. In some places, however, it is much broader; and ancient authorities make its dimensions far more considerable. It is almost surrounded with the Alps, except at the southern extremity, where the luxuriant plain presents a striking contrast to the mountain scenery which closes round the upper waters. The fortress of Peschiera, built on the southern margin of the lake, just where the Mincio flows out of it, deep and clear, represents the ancient Ardelica, the scene of the celebrated interview between Attila and Saint Leo. At this village a boat may be procured by the traveller who is adventurous enough to tempt the dangers of the lake, which, when worked up by the storms to which it is liable, becomes as the sea.

On the north-western shores of the lake, the peninsula of Sermione, celebrated as the favourite residence of Catullus, forms a beautiful feature of the scenery. At a distance, it looks like an island, being connected with the shore by only a very low tongue of land. On approaching it by water, the bold broken rock, shaded with olive trees, which forms its extremity, is seen finely rising above the village and picturesque Gothic fortress situated at its base. Some ruined walls upon the verge of the cliff are believed to mark the site of the poet's rural retreat; and through the ruined arches a striking view is obtained of the lake upon which he loved to gaze. From Riva, at the head of the lake, a road leads through Arco to Trent.

The lake of Como, the ancient Larian lake, is reckoned about fifty miles in length, by from three to six in breadth; but it is of a very irregular figure, and may be said to consist, in fact, of three distinct lakes, though with only one outlet. Its northern part, formed by the waters which descend from the Splugen by the Val San Giacomo, is called the Lago di Chiavenna, or di Riva, from the town of that name, which is the port of Chiavenna. The navigation of this lake is dangerous, owing to shallows, which prevent the Como steam-boats from ascending above Gravedona; but boats may be obtained at Riva, by which travellers can descend to the lake of Como. The marshy shores of the lake of Riva, as well as the mouth of the Adda, are infested with malaria to a fatal extent; and no time should be lost by those who take the Splugen road, in hastening through this part of the route. The Adda pours the waters of the Valteline into the lake nearly opposite to Gravedona, at the head of what may be properly called the lake of Como, a little below the channel which connects it with the upper lake. From this point its waters spread in an unbroken, though rather winding course, as far as the point of Bellagio, by which the lake is divided, in an acute angle, into two branches. The

wider and larger branch, which has no outlet, extends in a south-easterly direction to the town of Como; the south-easterly branch is called the Lago di Lecco, from the town of that name, near which it begins gradually to narrow itself into the Adda. The road which connects Lecco with Milan is called the Strada Militaria, being a continuation of the great military road of Stelvio, which is carried along the eastern shore of the lake of Como.

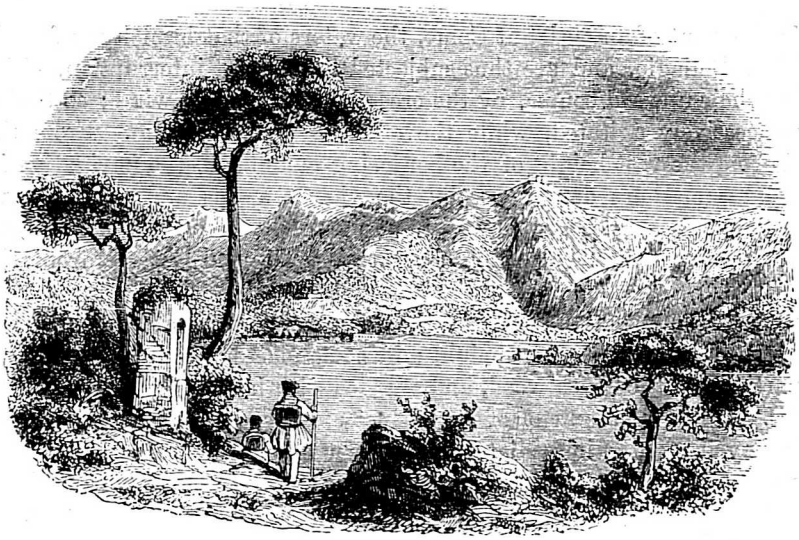
Owing to the want of an outlet at Como, the waters of that branch are forced to return to the Point of Bellagio, and are thus subjected to constant interruption, either in their downward or their upward course, by the cross influence of the wind; so that one side is frequently excessively agitated, while the other is perfectly calm. From this circumstance, and from the vast height of the bordering mountains, the navigation is rendered uncertain, and sometimes dangerous, by the violent swells and squalls to which it is particularly liable. Steam-boats, however, navigate the lake from one extremity to the other in four or five hours. The depth varies, according to Eustace, from forty to six hundred feet.

Throughout its extent, the banks of the lake are formed of precipitous mountains from two to three thousand feet in height; in some places, overhanging the water, and in others, partially clothed with wood, and studded with hamlets, cottages, villas, chapels, and convents. But a vast extent of the scenery is bare; for the woods, luxuriant and beautiful as they are on the immediate shores of the lake, bear but little proportion to the bordering mountains, where the crags and cliffs, partly from their excessive steepness, partly from the dryness of the soil, and the burning effect of Italian suns, nourish no vegetable production whatever, but present an aspect of glaring, arid whiteness. This defect prevails throughout the greater part of Alpine and Apennine scenery, and is particularly striking on the lakes of Como and Lugano. The most strikingly beautiful point of view in the whole extent, is undoubtedly at Bellagio. The upper waters are here seen winding up to the very foot of the higher chain of the Alps, and terminating within a short distance of the terrific pass of the Splugen; the loftier hills that border the lake of Lecco rise on one side, and on the other, the wider expanse of the lower lake retires behind the beautiful foreground, rocks and hanging woods that form the point of the Bellagio; with numbers of trading boats gliding up under the broad reflection of the gigantic mountains, their white sails occasionally gleaming in the sunshine, and several little villages scattered along the shores.

The *Fiume di Latte* (so called from the milky colour of the water) is one of the wonders of the lake, being an intermittent stream, and, according to some Italian antiquaries, the one which the younger Pliny refers to as being in the neighbourhood of his residence. Accordingly, the little village of Capuana, near which it is situated, has been supposed to occupy the site of the Plinian villa; and the discovery of a mosaic pavement has been adduced as confirmation strong of the opinion. The fact is, that this stream answers in no respect to the intermittent spring described by the two Plinies. The *Fiume di Latte* intermits wholly during the winter, running only from March to September. It increases by degrees until it reaches its utmost height, and then decreases till its bed again becomes dry. There seems to be no reason to doubt that its semi-annual course is occasioned by the melting of the snows in the higher mountains, though the length of the subterranean channel through which it flows is unknown. Its excessive coldness is in favour of the supposition that it is fed by some distant glacier; and its milky colour indicates that it has formed or forced a channel through some limestone or calcareous formation. It bursts forth with great impetuosity from its subterranean channel, tumbling down a broken declivity of nearly a thousand feet into the lake.

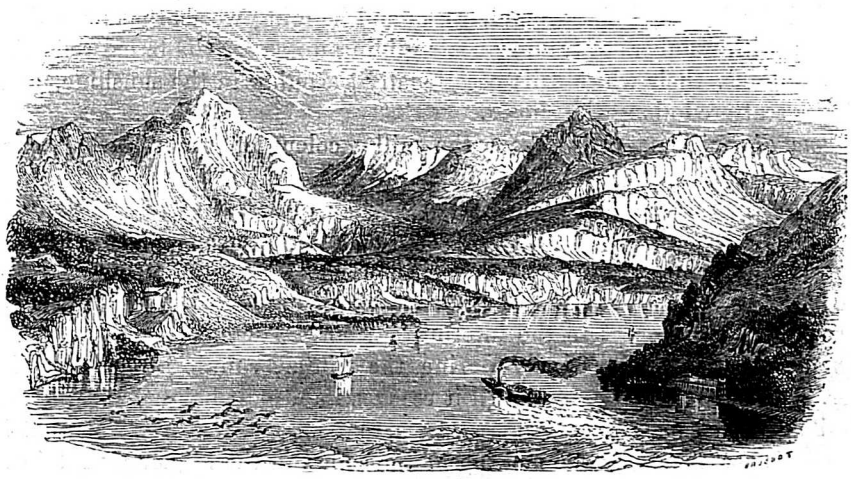
There is, however, another intermittent spring of a very different description, which

seems to have better claims to be identified with the phenomenon referred to by Pliny, and of which Eustace gives the following account: "After doubling the verdant promontory of Tormo, in ascending the Como branch, they bent," he says, "towards the eastern bank of the lake, and landed at a villa to which the name of *Pliniana* has been



THE DESCENT ON COMO.

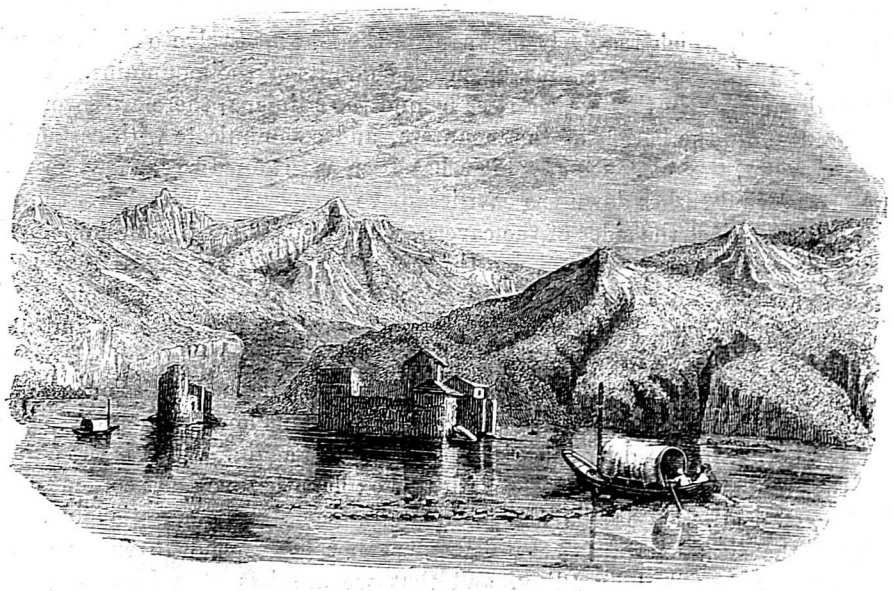
given, on the presumption that its fountain is the one which Pliny has so minutely described. It is situated on the margin of the lake at the foot of a precipice, from which tumbles a cascade amid groves of beeches, poplars, chesnuts, and cypresses. A serpentine



LAKE OF COMO.

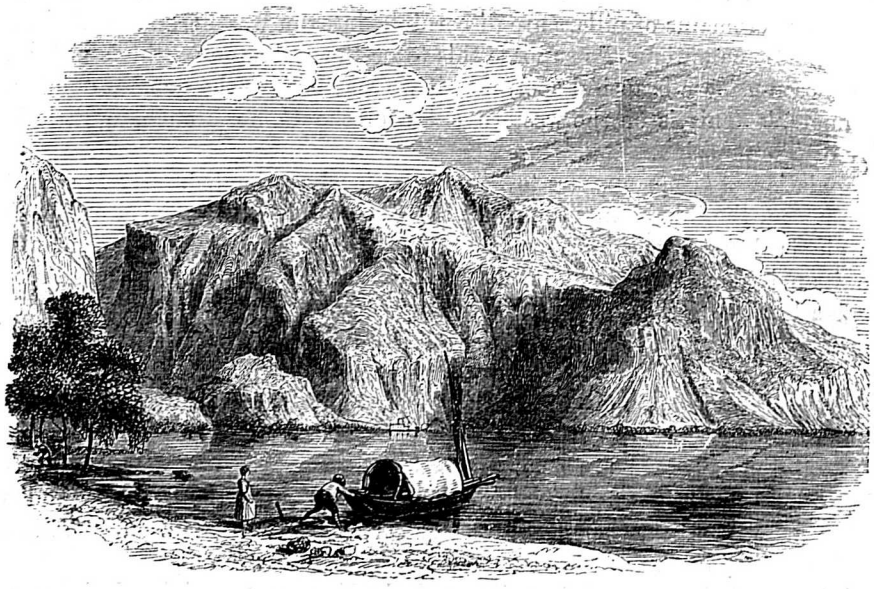
walk leads through these groves, and discovers at every winding some new and beautiful view. The famous fountain bursts from the rock in a small court behind the house, and passing through the under story, falls into the lake. Pliny's description of it is inscribed in large characters in the hall, and it is still supposed to give an accurate account of the

phenomenon. It is rather singular, that the intervals of the rise and fall of this spring should be stated differently by the elder and by the younger Pliny, both of whom must



FARIOLO—LAKE MAGGIORE.

have had frequent opportunities of observing it. The former represents it as increasing and decreasing every hour; the latter, thrice a day only. According to some modern



LAKE MAGGIORE—ISLANDS OF CANEN.

observers, the ebb and flow are regular; but the greater number, with the inhabitants of the house, assure us, that now, as in Pliny's time, it takes place usually thrice a day;

usually, because, in very stormy and tempestuous weather, the fountain is said to feel the influence of the disordered atmosphere, and to vary considerably in its motions. This latter circumstance leads to the following conjectural explanation of the cause of this phenomenon :—

"The west wind, which regularly blows upon the lake at twelve o'clock, or mid-day, begins at nine in the upper regions, or on the summits of the mountains. Upon these summits, and particularly that which rises behind the Pliniana, there are several cavities which penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and communicate with certain internal reservoirs of water, the existence of which has been ascertained by various observations. Now, when the wind rushes down the cavities above mentioned, and reaches the water, it ruffles its waves against the sides of the cavern, where, just above its ordinary level, there are little fissures. The water, raised by the impulse which it receives from the wind, rises to these fissures, and trickles down through the crevices that communicate with the fountain below, and gradually fills it. In stormy weather the water is impelled with greater violence, and flows in greater quantities, till it is nearly exhausted, or, at least, reduced too low to be raised again to the fissures. Hence, on such occasions the fountain fills with rapidity first, and then dries up, or rather, remains low till the reservoir regains its usual level, and, impelled by the wind, begins to ebb again. Such is the explanation given by the Abate Carlo Amoretti." With this explanation we must content ourselves; but whether, after all, this is the classic fountain, seems to be questionable. Eustace asserts, that the situation of the Pliniana does not correspond to either of the two favourite retreats described by Pliny, and that we are left at a loss to guess at the particular spots to which he alludes.

Among the numerous villas and villages which adorn the beautiful bays and promontories of the lower lake, this traveller* mentions "Lenna, where, some years ago, a subterranean temple was discovered, with a marble statue of Diana, and on the very margin of the lake Villa, which took its name, without doubt, from the mansion which formerly occupied the same spot, and which seems to have been of great extent and magnificence, as remains of pillars are discernible, in calm weather, under the water close to the shore. Some antiquaries suppose this to be the real site of Pliny's villa: he could not have chosen a more beautiful spot, nor, if we may believe the general opinion, a more genial climate." This is on the western shore of the Como branch, a little below the little bay of Trammezina.

The population of Como appears to be very variously estimated. By Mr. Eustace and Mr. Pennington, the inhabitants are rated at 18,000 or 20,000. The situation is so fine, and the air is deemed so salubrious, that, during the summer months, many families retire to its neighbourhood; and it has become a sort of watering-place. About three miles and a half from Como, on the western shore of the lake, is the village of D'Este, for some time the property and residence of the unhappy woman who was the wife of King George IV., and whose history it is now needless to revive. It was afterwards the property of an eminent banker of Rome. Large sums were expended on this spacious mansion; noble offices were erected for servants; a handsome theatre was built, and an excellent road made to Como. Its subsequent appearance, however, was that of melancholy desolation. The theatre and grounds were quite neglected, and nothing remained to mark its former splendour and gaiety, but the inscription, "Villa d'Este," in large characters in front of the villa.

"The interior of the town of Como," says Lady Morgan, "exhibits dark, narrow, and filthy streets; churches numerous, old, and tawdry; some dreary palaces of the Comasque nobles, and dismantled dwellings of the *cittadini*. The *Duomo*, founded in 1396, and

* Eustace.

constructed with marbles from the neighbouring quarries, is its great feature. It stands happily with respect to the lake, but is surrounded with a small square of low, mouldering arcades and paltry little shops. Its baptistry is ascribed to Bramante; but the architecture is so mixed and semi-barbarous, that it recalls the period when the arts began to revive in all the fantastic caprice of unsettled taste. Everywhere the elegant Gothic is mingled with the grotesque forms of ruder orders; and basso-relievos of monsters and nondescripts disfigure a façade, where light Gothic pinnacles are surmounted with golden crosses; while the fine pointed arch and clustering columns contrast with staring saints and grinning griffins. . . . The interior of this ancient edifice has all the venerable character of the remote ages in which it rose and was completed. But its spacious nave, Gothic arches, and lofty dome, its masses of dark marbles and deep-tinted frescoes, are contrasted with such offerings from the piety and gratitude of the devout Comasques, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, as would better suit the stalls of the Rue de Friperie, or the warerooms of Monmouth-street."

The ancient importance of Como is testified by its double walls and massy towers; and its present consequence, in the eyes of its imperial masters, is indicated by its fortified barriers, manned with legions of Austrian soldiers, custom-house officers, and police; by its garrison, and by the shutting of its gates at an early hour of the night. Como was once the seat of the Inquisition. The forms and the power of that terrible tribunal have passed away; but something of its spirit still seems to cling to its ancient shade, and the race of its familiars appears not to be quite extinct.

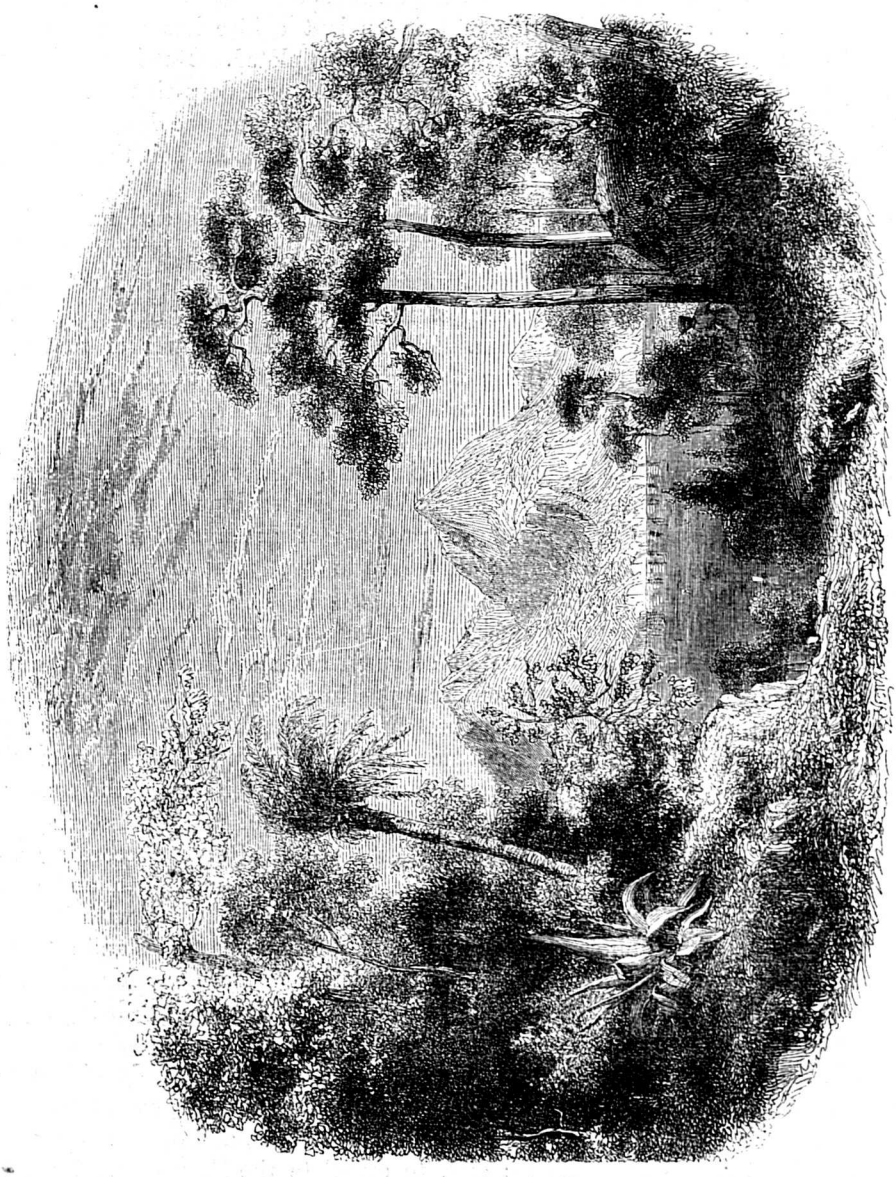
The noble collection of waters, called Lake Maggiore, rivals in beauty the loveliest of the world. Language might exhaust itself in searching for epithets to describe the exquisite clearness of its waves, the sylvan grandeur of its verdant scenes, or the varied aspect which its vast and lovely panorama presents of green solitudes and smiling villages; of woods where silence and meditation love to dwell; and villas the resort of all that is bright and elegant in social life.

The ancient name of this magnificent piece of water was Lacus Verbanus, an appellation for which antiquaries are at a loss to account, some ascribing it to the vernal sweetness of the air upon its shores, and others supposing it to be derived from the name of some village in the neighbourhood. Its present title of Maggiore is also accounted for in different ways by various writers; some of them believing that it was originally so described for the great accommodation it affords the inhabitants of the country for carrying on their trade; and others, with a far better show of reason, asserting that it is so termed on account of its being the largest lake in Italy. According to the measurement adopted by Paolo Morigia, it is forty-five miles in length and seven in width at its broadest part. The only lakes which come in competition with it are those of Como and Garda. But the former of these is only thirty-seven miles and a half long, and between four and five broad. The latter is wider than the Lago Maggiore, being from fourteen to fifteen miles across, but considerably shorter, its length being about the same as that of Como.

The celebrity, however, of Lago Maggiore does not depend entirely either on the beauty of the scenery which adorns its shores, or on its superiority in extent to the other lakes of Italy. The number of bishops, archbishops, preachers, and doctors who first saw the light in this district is incalculable; and, to complete the fame of the lago, it has been scarcely inferior in the production of great captains and statesmen, so that Morigia, perhaps, speaks truth when he says that it has ever been celebrated as the birth-place of men signalised in every kind of virtue, and qualified for every species of high design, in letters, arms, and science.

The air, which constantly breathes with a gentle warmth, seems tempered by nature expressly to keep the banks always covered with verdure, the waters always sparkling

and pure, and the groves ever cool and fragrant. Nor is the land a churlish receiver of the fertilising dews which the lake furnishes from her bosom. The vine and the olive flourish on its banks in almost unexampled luxuriousness; and groves of cedars and lemons, with all the delicious and odorous shrubs of more southern lands, give to the country, when seen from the lake, the appearance of a flowery wilderness, only here and there broken and diversified by some small and fairy temple.



ISOLA MADRE—LAKE MAGGIORE.

The island known by the name of Isola Bella is usually considered as the most beautiful, and has been described as "a pyramid of sweetmeats, ornamented with green festoons and flowers;" a simile which Mr. Hazlitt said he once conceived to be a heavy German conceit, but which he afterwards found to be a literal description. The character of this fertile little island may be hence easily imagined. It consists of eight

terraces rising one above another, each of which is thickly covered with foliage of the richest hues and fragrance, while stout branching forest trees spread their arms over these exquisite and delicate gardens, and small silvery fountains stream continually down the slopes, and lose themselves in the lake. From the midst of this natural furniture of

LUGANO.

Isola Bella rises a beautiful palace, the rooms of which contain several paintings by Peter Molyn, commonly called Tempesta.

The history of this painter is as dark and melancholy as that of any of his race. He was a native of Haerlem, and was born in the year 1637. The earliest efforts of his

genius were employed in copying the hunting pieces of the celebrated animal painter Fr. Snyders, but he soon became discontented with this branch of his art. His mind, passionate and imaginative, ceased to take any delight in the milder scenes of nature, or in representations which could amuse men of a less warm or licentious disposition. Leaving the haunts in which he had before looked for the subjects of his pencil, he sought the loneliest woods and heaths within his reach, and there, or on the shore of the sea, would pass whole hours listening with breathless anxiety for the first murmur of the tempest, the signs of which had attracted him from home. It was in the midst of the storm that his mind appeared to acquire the highest degree of strength and activity of which it was capable; and, having treasured up the images with which his excited fancy and the tempest had supplied him, he would return to his study, and execute pictures of storms and shipwrecks, of which it would be difficult, perhaps, to say whether they were more calculated to excite a feeling of the sublime or simple terror. The power of his genius was thus sufficiently striking to obtain him very extensive popularity, and he received the name of Tempesta, as the artist of the whirlwind and the storm. But, not satisfied with the praises of his own district, he travelled through Holland, and studied with care the works of the most distinguished masters of his country. Having by these means considerably improved his style, he set out for Italy, and settled himself at Rome.

There his abilities attracted the notice of several men of rank and eminence, and he found himself rapidly advancing to the highest station in his profession, in the very city which had fostered Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, and which was still full of memorials of their greatness. It is not easy to tell how much influence this must have had on the ambitious and enthusiastic disposition of Tempesta; but the dreams of ambition and the weakness of his mind united to give Rome and all it contained an irresistible power over his thoughts, and he renounced the protestant faith, in which he had been brought up, and embraced the catholic system.

This conversion of the artist was regarded by the principal persons at Rome with acknowledged satisfaction, and the Count Bracciano almost immediately after became his warm and munificent patron. The increased employment which he now found for his pencil appears to have prevented him from indulging himself in the enjoyment of his capricious fancy, to the neglect of the more customary exercise of the art, and his paintings of landscapes and animals were sought for with avidity by his numerous and wealthy admirers. Thus successful in acquiring reputation, his fortune rapidly increased, and he was enabled to live in a style of magnificence resembling that of the best and most prosperous of his predecessors. His patrons, moreover, not content with contributing to his affluence, employed their interest to obtain him personal honours, and he was dignified with a chain of gold, and the high sounding title of Cavaliere, after acquiring which he removed to Genoa.

But the consequences of this prosperity were ruinous to a man of Tempesta's character; his feelings, naturally vehement and licentious, gained strength with every advance he made in wealth and influence; and a circumstance at length occurred, which broke down the slight barrier which had ever existed, to prevent their bursting forth in a torrent of destructive passion. He had, at the period of which we are speaking, been some time married, but a separation having taken place between him and his wife, he allowed his affections to become the sport of every object to which they might be casually attracted. While in this unsettled state, he chanced to meet with a lady whose beauty inspired him with a deeper passion than he had experienced for the other objects of his dissolute intrigues, and finding his advances repulsed with virtuous indignation, his love became in an instant characterised by the wild, dark, and desperate disposition which was his striking characteristic.

Finding at last that neither entreaty, nor all the resources of the most cunning intrigue, availed anything with the young and lovely Genoese, he desisted from his dishonourable importunity, and pretended, with contrition, to demand her in marriage; but he was again repulsed; his union with the Roman lady, whom he had espoused some time before, was known to some persons at Genoa, and when he pressed his suit, the friends of the signorina silenced his applications by confronting him with the disagreeable information that they were acquainted with his state. Furious with disappointment, Tempesta sought his home, ready for the darkest deeds, in order to effect the one wild purpose which wholly occupied his soul. After communing with himself for some time in the retirement of his chamber, he went forth in the same gloomy mood in which he was accustomed to leave the forest and the cliff, after witnessing a storm and the ruin of the fairest objects in nature. He bent his steps to the house of a man in whom he had discovered, by the intuitive penetration of such minds as his, a recklessness and villany of disposition, which would fit him for the execution of his design.

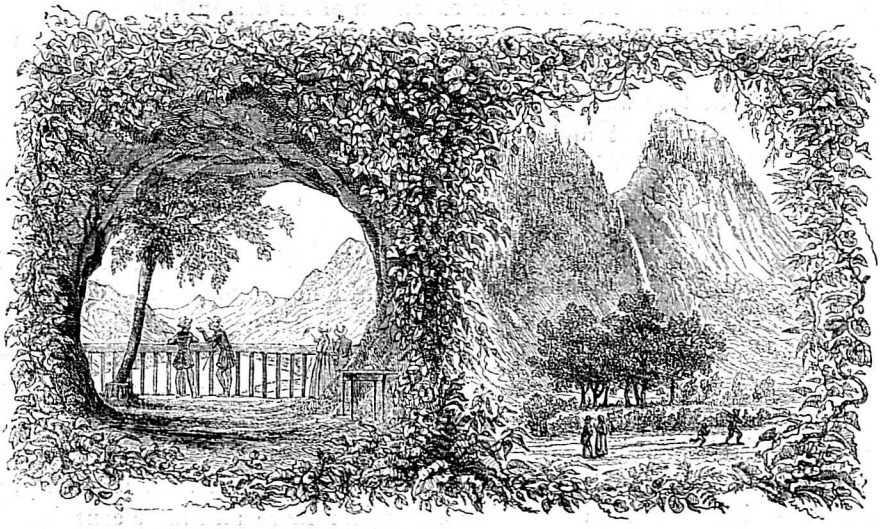
Having explained to this person the object of his visit, and found him open to his wishes, he sat down and penned a letter to his wife, full of affectionate expressions, and repeated assurances that he was sighing in painful solitude for her company. He knew that the heart of the innocent and much injured Bianca would leap with delight at the prospect of reconciliation with her husband, whom she most tenderly loved, and, trusting to this, he sent the letter by his accomplice, with whom Bianca was directed to hasten immediately to Genoa. The event turned out as he expected. His wife was in ecstasies of joy at hearing of the return of his affections, and, without delay, set out with the messenger for Genoa. But Genoa she was destined never to reach. On the road the villain by whom she was accompanied stabbed her to the heart, and she perished, as it was supposed, unnoticed by any earthly eye. It was, however, not so. Tempesta was suspected, apprehended, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung; but the interest of his friends was sufficient to save him from an ignominious death, and his sentence was changed into one of perpetual imprisonment. For sixteen years he lay in close confinement in one of the cells of the common prison, his mind retaining all its wonted activity, and his skill as well as his imagination becoming every year more and more conspicuous. He would, there is little doubt, have remained to the end of life in confinement, but for the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV., when the prisons were set open, and he escaped to the Borromean Islands. This remarkable man closed his evil but distinguished career in 1701, and his paintings, which are rarely to be met with out of Italy, are highly valuable.

The Lake of Lugano (*Lacus Ceresius*), which lies to the eastward of the Lago Maggiore, is scarcely less picturesque, but is of a different character. The mountains are rugged and abrupt, generally rising from the water's edge; but, at the bottom of each of its six bays, they recede, and leave cultivated valleys. The lower part of the slopes is covered with vines and olive-trees, and spotted with villages wherever they are not too steep to admit of it. In other places they are clothed with wood; and the upper parts are all woody, except where the perpendicular rocks prohibit vegetation. Two of the crags, San Salvador and Val Soda, are particularly fine. This lake is twenty-five miles in length, but its average breadth does not exceed a mile and a half. Its depth throughout is very great, in some parts unfathomable. The most beautiful part is the bay of Lugano, at the head of which the little city of that name is situated, and which is so deeply indented as almost to form an arm of the lake. One side stretches out into a beautifully verdant and cultivated point; the other is formed by an abrupt conical mountain, crowned with the little chapel of San Salvador. Rich woods sweep round behind the city, covering a gentle elevation; and far behind in the distance rise the Lepontine Alps, with the glaciers of the Simplon, and above all, the towering summit of Monte Rosa. Mr.

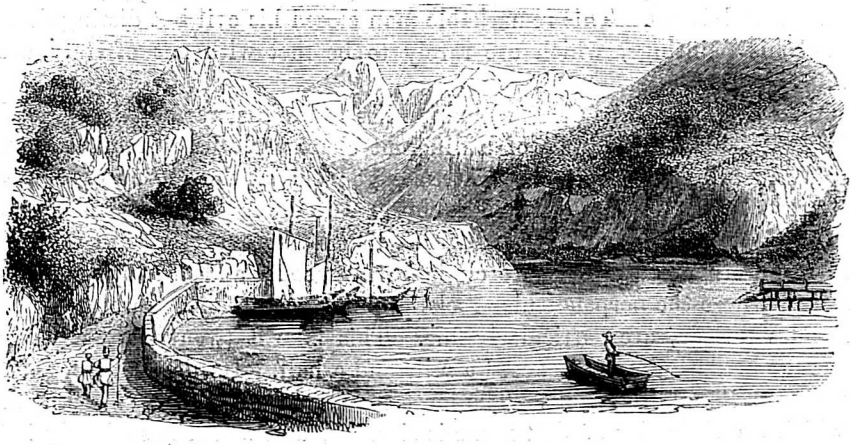
Brockendon styles the Lake of Lugano "the most beautiful of the northern lakes of Italy."

Lugano, from which the lake take its name, now belongs to the Swiss canton of Tic ino

LECCO.



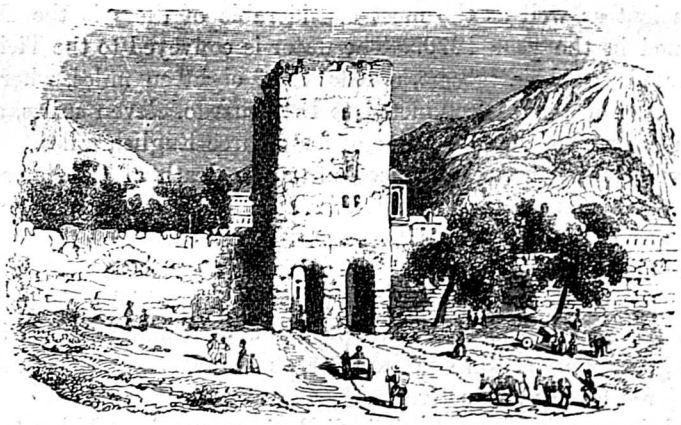
BELLAGIO.



LAKE OF COMO, AND THE SPLUGEN ROAD.

or the Tessin, composed of the former *bailliages* of Locarno, Bellinzona, Mindizio (the most southern town of the Helvetic confederacy), and Lugano. The boundaries of the Milanese government and the Swiss canton cross the lake several times. Porlezza, the

frontier town of Italy in this direction, is built beneath an impending cliff at the head of the lake, about twelve miles above the bay. Lugano is, alternately with Bellinzona and Locarno, the seat of government for the canton. It is, however, only nominally or politically Swiss. In dress, manners, language, and appearance, the natives are Italian;



GATE OF COMO.

in everything, in fact, but their superior activity and enterprise. Their little city has a thriving, bustling air, answering to the character and pursuits of its inhabitants, and carries on a considerable commerce in silk, woollen stuffs, and wine. It also traffics largely in books; for here the press is free, and its frontier situation insures a ready sale

DESCENT ON MAGADINO.

for all works interdicted in Italy. The women here have a graceful fashion (common, indeed, throughout the northern parts of the country), of fastening up the hair at the back of the head with a star of pins. Goitrous complaints are, unhappily, scarcely less prevalent in this canton, and the neighbouring mountain district, than in the Valais itself.

The facilities for irrigation in the best districts have been much increased by the construction of canals, which, whilst they serve the purpose of inland navigation, are made use of to convey streams of water over the fields, which pass from the property of one proprietor to that of another, till they enter again the canals at a lower level. Some of these canals are the work of remote ages.

The most ancient as well as the most considerable of these is the *Naviglio Grande*, which was opened in the year 1270. The water is conveyed to the Ticino, near Tornavento, and proceeds to Abbiategrasso, a distance of eighteen miles, where it divides into two branches. One of these is conducted to Beneguardo, eleven miles, and the other to Milan, fourteen miles, thus making a line of forty-three English miles.

This great undertaking was commenced after the death of Charlemagne, just as the cities of Lombardy began to be constituted independent states, about the year 1177, and in a few years was executed to Abbiategrasso. It was extended to Milan by 1257, but was then only adapted to the purpose of irrigation. It was afterwards widened, and thus rendered navigable, at the expense of the city of Milan, which, within that period, had become the capital of a rich dukedom, and by the water communication it thus obtained, flourished, in a great degree from its commerce, as well as from the rich fields, which the waters had rendered highly productive.

Another canal, known as *Nuovo Naviglio di Pavia*, passes from Milan to Pavia, through Benasco, and there falls into the Adda, a little above the junction of that river with the Po. This undertaking was completed in 1819, after the labour of five years. The quantity of goods conveyed by it, and the quantity of water supplied by it to the neighbouring fields, have secured a large profit to the operators, and conferred a great additional value on lands in its vicinity.

An ancient law in Lombardy has contributed, from the most remote period, to the extended distribution of water. The whole of that substance was the property of the sovereign. An individual, or a corporate body, might purchase the water, and thereby acquire a right to conduct it by canals in any direction, and then to sell it to the cultivators. But they could not carry it through gardens or pleasure-grounds, and were bound to pay the owners of the land the value of that portion which was made use of for the passage of the water.

In process of time, the right of the sovereign over the water was ceded to those who became the purchasers thereof, and it was at length extended to those who had springs on their ground, or should afterwards discover any. One instance shows the exercise of this right. An individual found a spring on a small piece of ground, seventeen miles from the main bulk of his property, and conducted the water from one to the other, over the lands of a vast number of proprietors. As all judicious people foresaw, he was ruined by the enterprise, instead of making money by selling his water near the spring, as he ought to have done; yet the law proceedings which arose confirmed his right.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CITY OF MILAN.

It is difficult to account for the choice originally made of the site occupied by Milan, while, on either side, the Adda or the Ticino, and in front the Po, offer the convenience of navigable rivers, and while such beautiful situations might have been selected on the shores of the neighbouring lakes. The city stands on a dead flat, in the midst of a vast plain, and is indebted for its commercial advantages to the fine canals which were cut from the Ticino in the twelfth century, and from the Adda in the fifteenth. Yet, so early as the days of Strabo, it was a flourishing city. Ausonius, towards the end of the fourth century, ranks it as the sixth town in the Roman empire; while Procopius, a century and a half later, speaks of *Mediolanum* as inferior only to Rome in population and extent. It was founded by the Insubrian Gauls, as the capital of their territory, which lay between the Ticino and the Adda. The capture of it by Cornelius Scipio and Marcellus (A.C. 221) was followed by the submission of that powerful tribe; and the conquered city seems to have retained ever since the honours of a metropolis. In the time of Virgil, Mediolanum was the Athens of Northern Italy. Scarcely any city in Italy has been subject to greater vicissitudes than Milan. At one time it was the capital of the western empire, several of the later emperors having made it their residence; and here, in 303, Constantine subscribed the famous edict securing to the Christians the free exercise of their religion.

A prince, however, who is ambitious of a long and splendidly emblazoned genealogy, is seldom in want of historians or poets ready to gratify him in his wish. The chronicles, therefore, of the Visconti are not wanting in that species of political allegory which favours the dreaming of imagination so necessary to keep up the kind of self-deception on which the pride of ancestry depends. Thus it is related, that in the year 400, a pestiferous dragon existed in the neighbourhood of Milan, which bore destruction to the inhabitants, both by its fiery breath and its daring invasion of their retreats. The home of this dreadful monster, according to the tradition, was in a solitary, savage thicket, which covered the spot on which at present stands the church of St. Dionigi. From this gloomy lair he was accustomed to come forth into the peopled parts of the town, diffusing pestilence as he stole along with heavy tread, and devouring all who crossed his path. For a considerable time, the terrified citizens remained sunk in the stupor of despair. No one thought of encountering the monster, any more than he would have thought of combating with a storm, daring the fury of Ætna, or defying the plague. Silence and terror reigned throughout the place. The streets were deserted, the doors of the houses closed; and, when a traveller from some distance chanced to pass through, his heart sank at the melancholy aspect of the city, and he hurried on, deeming that a pestilence had swept away the people, and that the houses were filled with the dying or the dead. This was the state of the town even by day, but, when the evening fell, it had a still more

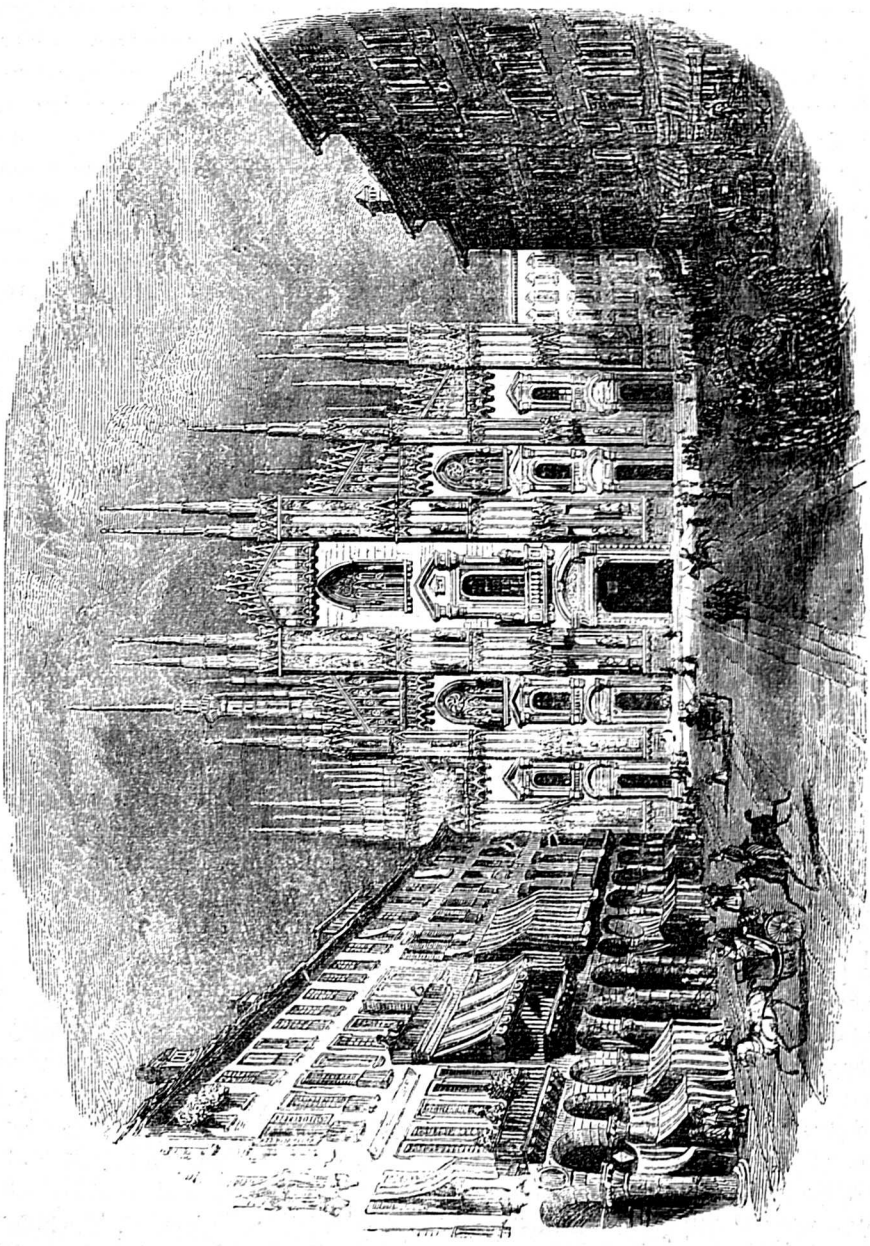
dreadful appearance; for through every window streamed the small trembling ray of the watch-lights which were kept dimly burning throughout the night.

In the streets, the crosses which had been erected against the doors were seen glimmering amid the tapers which were placed around them, but which, being left untrimmed, only served to make the darkness and silence of night more gloomy. The only signs which existed that any living being remained in the city appeared in the vicinity of the old, solemn-looking cathedral. The lights placed round its high altar were numerous as on a grand festival day of the church, and every nook of its aisles and cloisters shone with the tapers and offerings with which the citizens had adorned them. Through the high-arched and painted windows of the building, the mingled stream of these numerous lights might be seen flickering like the red uncertain rays of a northern meteor, and with as strange and unnatural a beauty. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, as they occasionally peeped from their iron casements, crossed themselves with redoubled earnestness whenever they beheld their cathedral; but at the hour of midnight, and after the city had remained throughout the long day and half of the night hushed in melancholy silence, its heavy repose was suddenly broken by the loud and solemn peals of the "Miserere," which burst from the lips of a hundred choristers at the altar, was repeated by the crowds of suppliants that filled the aisles, and was re-echoed from every house in which two or three trembling citizens with their families were gathered together, to encourage and comfort each other in their sorrow.

Several successive days and nights passed away in this manner, and terror was beginning to be a worse enemy than the tyrannic monster which occasioned it; the business of life was altogether at a stand; the fruits of the field fell ungathered, and were left to rot on the ground; the cattle, forgotten by their keepers, sank famished in their stalls, and the flocks, which had been penned by their terrified shepherds, bleated in vain for the pasture. Even the calls of charity reached only deaf ears; such was the effect of fear on the people, who had ever hitherto been compassionate. The sick and the aged, who had no friends in their own homes, cried in vain for the help of their accustomed visitors; and, as a still greater instance of the terror which prevailed, when a cry was heard in the streets from some miserable creature, whose temerity had exposed him to the dragon, there was no one who durst go forth from his house to help him.

Such was the condition of the city and the neighbouring district, when the brave and magnanimous Uberto Visconti formed the noble resolution of attempting the destruction of the cruel monster by his single arm. Clothing himself, therefore, in a coat of mail, and taking his sword and shield with which he had performed prodigies in battle, he prepared to proceed without attendant to the lair of the dragon. The night was far advanced when the perilous design entered his mind, and his youthful wife sank on her knees, in an agony of despair, to dissuade him from the enterprise; but he was resolved, and, disengaging himself from her embrace, ordered the porter at the gate to withdraw the bolts. As he stepped into the streets, the chilliness and gloom which prevailed in the air had the effect of occasioning a momentary depression in his spirits, and he paused to commend himself again to heaven. He then resumed his way, and, as he passed the cathedral, the midnight anthem burst upon his ear with deep and unusual solemnity. The "Miserere" thrilled through his bosom as if it were the appeal of a whole people to heaven for his safety. The same feeling was rendered still stronger as he hastened along the streets and heard the same sounds repeated, though with low and faltering voices, in almost every house he passed. At length he approached the monster's retreat. The grave of a person long out of mind is scarcely so silent as was that melancholy spot. The air was wet as with a heavy rain, but no drops fell, and no pattering was heard either among the trees or on the earth. The air itself seemed dead—it was moist, cold, and motionless. Uberto would have sank to the ground, but

he roused himself by striking his sword briskly and heavily on his shield. The clang of the weapon seemed to startle the country for miles around, and the warrior, awakened to new life, firmly awaited the coming of the monster. It soon approached him; huge, grim, and horrible, such as the poets have described all of the same progeny; and the



THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

conflict between Uberto and him was, in all its points, like that waged between other knights and tyrant dragons of later ages. It is sufficient for the purposes of the Visconti genealogists that Uberto gained the victory, and that the city of Milan was restored by his means to its former state of tranquillity.

Other early heroes of the same race performed deeds of valour equally renowned, and

of a less suspicious character. The celebrated Aliprando Visconti, the son of Obizzo, was made general of militia by the Archbishop Gribert, and at the head of his little band defied for many months the whole strength of the imperial forces under Conrad II. Eight thousand Germans fell beneath the swords of the Milanese on that occasion, and Aliprando himself, not content with the general triumph of his arms, challenged to single combat a German of extraordinary strength and stature, named Bavers, and who was nephew to the emperor. The conflict took place under the walls of the city, and, coming to swords, Aliprando speedily despatched his enemy, after which he cut off his head and carried it with his armour in triumph into Milan, where he was hailed as the father of his country.

The son of this prince inherited his valour, and was chosen, on account of this and his other virtues, to lead the seven thousand Milanese who had taken the vows of crusaders to the Holy Land. Some time after the arrival of the army before Jerusalem, and while they were preparing for the siege, a Saracen of gigantic form was seen to cross the Jordan, and defy any of the Christian soldiers to single combat. The strength of this warrior, it appears, had become a theme of common conversation among the faithful, and no one seemed willing to accept the challenge, till the son of Aliprando stepped forth and offered to support the honour of the Christian army against the taunts of the infidel. The combat was long and fierce, but the ardour of the Milanese lord prevailed, and the Saracen fell dead beneath his sword. The fame of this and other similar deeds raised the heroes of Milan to the highest rank among the warriors of Italy, and poetry and romance uniting their efforts with signorial vanity, it became an easy matter for the lords of later days to decorate their genealogies as they chose.

When Italy was overrun by the barbarians, in the fifth and sixth centuries, Milan was nearly ruined. In the year 538, it was taken and destroyed by the Burgundians, but it revived in about thirty years. When, in 898, Berengarius established his sovereignty over the Milanese, he fixed his court at Pavia. In the following century, Milan first fell under the power of the German emperors, being taken by Otho I.; but it afterwards recovered its independence under its archbishop, or Italian princes of its own election; and when the Emperor Henry IV., in 1110, invaded Italy, it refused its homage, and successfully defied the conqueror. When, however, in 1158, the infamous Frederick Barbarossa invested the city, it was compelled to capitulate, and to submit to the loss of its independence. In 1162, its citizens having incurred that emperor's displeasure, Milan was besieged, and on being taken, is said to have been totally destroyed, with the exception of the sacred edifices. A few years afterwards, the scattered population, on the withdrawment of the imperial army, returned, and rebuilt the city, repairing the fortifications; and Milan, with all the cities of the north of Italy, except Pavia, entered into a league against their ruthless oppressor, known under the name of the "Lombard League." A signal victory gained over the imperial army, May 29, 1176, completely re-established the Milanese power. The state continued, however, to acknowledge the supremacy of the emperor.

In the thirteenth century the city was governed by a *podesta*, a sort of mayor, invested with absolute authority, but whose reign lasted only for a year. The title of captain-general was subsequently assumed by the powerful chiefs who obtained the nomination to this high office, and the period was extended to five years. The Visconti and the Torriani long struggled for the ascendancy. At length, the former obtained the complete sovereignty as lords of Milan, with the office of imperial vicar in Milan and Lombardy. Of twelve sovereigns of this house, the last three only reigned under the title of Duke of Milan. The house of Sforza succeeded to the dukedom in 1450, in virtue of a marriage alliance, and it was the fourth duke of this family who was deprived of his possessions and his liberty by Louis XII.

He was not, strictly speaking, the last duke, for Maximilian Sforza was installed by

the Swiss into the duchy, with great ceremony and pomp, in 1512, and held it for three years. The battle of Marignano gave it into the hands of Francis I.; and Maximilian is said to have thanked the conqueror for delivering him at once from the arrogance of the Swiss, the rapacity of the emperor, and the artifices of the Spaniards. The battle of Pavia, in February, 1525, in which the French monarch lost all but his honour, was followed by the temporary establishment of Francis Sforza, the brother of Maximilian, in the duchy of Milan; but the detection of an intrigue in which he was implicated, which had for its object to overturn the emperor's power in Italy, afforded Charles a fair occasion for depriving him of the nominal sovereignty. In 1584, he invested his son, Philip II., with the duchy; and it continued to be attached to the crown of Spain till 1706, when the Spanish branch of the house of Austria became extinct. It then reverted to the German emperor, and continued to be governed by Austrian viceroys, till the battle of Marengo rendered the French once more the masters of Northern Italy.

In 1796, Lombardy received from the conqueror a constitution modelled on republican forms; and Milan was declared the capital of the Cisalpine republic. Re-conquered and held for a few months by the imperialists, it was soon recovered by the French; and in 1800, the form of a free government was restored, with the title of the Italian Republic. The name of Republic was soon set aside by another change, when the Emperor of the French assumed the iron crown; and Milan became the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, and the residence of the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnois. On the fall of Napoleon, Milan once more came under the house of Austria, and it is still the seat of government, as the capital of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

The present city must be considered as dating from the twelfth century, and its general architecture bears the marks of its importance in the middle ages. The old palaces, vast and rude, indicate their purpose as the domestic fortresses of turbulent times. Of its Roman antiquities, only the sites of thermæ and temples, and a fine portico called the Colonnade of Saint Lorenzo, remain. Under the viceroys of the Spanish and Austrian governments, the city gained nothing, and lost much. Churches and convents multiplied, but its magnificent cathedral remained unfinished: its noble canal, the wonder of the age in which it was constructed, was choked and fell to ruin. The military edifices, raised for the subjugation of the people under Charles, fell or stood, as time spared, or storms demolished them. The palace, inhabited by the delegated sovereigns from Madrid or Vienna, remained, down to the Revolution, much as the Sforzas had left it. The high-walled gardens of monasteries choked the suburbs, and impeded ventilation. Cemeteries in the heart of the city frequently produced contagious maladies. Markets rose in the courts of the noblest palaces. The relics of Roman antiquities were suffered to perish from neglect; and the old narrow streets, which, by their original construction, excluded light and air, were still further impeded by sheds erected at pleasure before the shops. At night, they were ill-lighted by paper lanterns, few and far between. But, under the emperor," continues his zealous panegyrist, Lady Morgan, "streets were cleared, avenues opened, palaces raised, and cleanliness and general accommodation universally promoted." This representation may be a little tinged with the writer's partiality; but it is at least true, and not a little remarkable, that it was reserved for Napoleon to complete the façade of the sumptuous temple, founded by the first duke, continued by the munificence of St. Charles Borromeo, and still unfinished when Milan became the second capital of the sovereigns of France and Italy.

Of all the buildings, ancient or modern, the Cathedral is, unquestionably, the most remarkable. The present building was founded in 1385, by order of John Galeazzo, first Duke of Milan. He died in 1402, and it is probable that most of the old work was performed during this interval. This church was not, however, consecrated till 1418, when the ceremony was performed by Pope Martin V. About the middle of the

sixteenth century, St. Charles Borromeo undertook to complete the edifice, and employed Pellegrini to design a suitable front. This architect is said to have conceived the idea of so engrafting upon Gothic the beauties of Grecian architecture, as to make a harmonious whole out of the discordant materials. If such were his endeavours, we need not wonder that he did not succeed. A part only of his design was executed by the direction of Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, the cousin and successor of St. Charles in the archbishopric of Milan; and this part has been suffered to stand, although the completion of the rest of the façade, in a style imitated from the Gothic, has served to make its utter discordance with the rest of the building much more obtrusive. Pellegrini's plan was to place ten Corinthian columns in front; but, to judge from what is done, and from the three stories of windows of unequal elevation, he could hardly have proposed to unite them in a simple portico. The mouldings and ornaments were all of Roman architecture. Of this design the columns were never erected; but the five doorways, and as many windows over them, are preserved as parts of the present composition. Two other windows of this design are concealed by Gothic tracery. The remainder, which is only just finished, is imitated from the old work; but the architect (Amati), by Grecising the ornaments, and cutting the upright mouldings, has failed as signally in the details, as in the general composition.

"Separating the old work," says Mr. Wood, "from its injudicious additions, and considering it only as a portion of an unfinished building, the exterior is very rich and very beautiful, with its parts well composed and well combined. The pinnacles rise gracefully from the general line, and are richly ornamented with subordinate pinnacles and statues; and the workmanship is very good. One may imagine what a sumptuous edifice it would have been, with two lofty western towers, and a light and highly decorated lantern in the centre. . . . . Abstractedly from their want of suitable character, the modern ornaments are poorer in design than the ancient, and inferior in execution. At present, the ancient part of the lantern is surmounted by a slender steeple, whose outline is that of a column supporting a spire. This was added by Brunelleschi (employed by Philip, the son of John Galeazzo, who reigned from 1412 to 1447), and it is astonishing that, living so nearly in the time of the Gothic architects, he should have been so deficient in understanding the character of their architecture. The front is a mere triangle, and excessively poor. The artists, among them, have contrived to produce a Gothic building, of which the outline, contemplated as a simple mass without the details, is everywhere displeasing. Another remarkable circumstance is, the want of apparent size. That it does not look very high (although the head of the figure which crowns the spire, is 360 feet from the pavement), may, perhaps, be attributed to its actual magnitude. Yet, in the distant view, where the lower part of the building is lost, it does not suggest the idea of a lofty edifice; and the front, although extending 200 feet, almost looks little. Perhaps this may arise in some degree from the style of the Italian houses, which are so much larger and loftier than ours. The following are the principal dimensions:— Length, internally, 493 feet; whole width, 177 feet; length of transept, including the chapels, 284 feet; height of the nave, 152 feet; to the top of the lantern, 247 feet; to the top of the spire and statue, 356 feet. There are 52 piers, 98 pinnacles, and, inside and out, 4,400 statues.

"The first particulars that strike you on passing to the interior, are, that it is dark and gloomy, and that the leading lines are very much interrupted by the shrines introduced in the capitals of the piers, which injure also the apparent solidity of the building. And when you are told that it is nearly 500 feet long, 180 feet wide, and 150 feet high, you can hardly believe it. The height of the side aisles (96 feet) certainly diminishes the appearance of that of the nave; but the width of the nave (55 feet) is not remarkably great in proportion to the other dimensions.

"With all these defects, however, and with some feeling of disappointment from having heard so much of this building, it was impossible not to acknowledge the sublime effect of the interior. The style does not correspond to any of our English modes of pointed architecture. The vaulting is simple, without any branching ribs or any ridge-piece; it is so much super-vaulted, that each bay appears to be the portion of a dome; and the disposition of the materials in concentric circles, or in portions of such circles, makes me believe that this is nearly the case. The windows of the clerestory are extremely small and insignificant: those of the side aisles are long and narrow. They are ornamented with quatrefoils; but a division of the height into two parts by arched ribs (which have not precisely the effect of transoms, because they do not cross the window at the same level) indicate a very different period of taste from that of the rose and quatrefoil heads in France and England. The lower part of the capitals has something of the running foliage of the fourteenth century of England; but the shrine-work which forms their upper part is perfectly unique. The bases and the plans of the pillars are equally anomalous, and any person would be baffled in determining the date from the architecture, only he might safely decide that it could not be very early. The smallness of the upper windows produces a gloomy appearance and oppressive feeling, like that of the cavern style of architecture in the south of France, with which it has nothing else in common. There are three fine large windows in the polygonal end of the choir; but even these are ill-placed and have little effect. The roof is covered with slabs of marble. It is everywhere accessible, and is a fine place on which to ramble about undisturbed, and examine the details of the architecture; or, turning our eyes to more distant objects, to survey the wide-extended plain of fertile Lombardy, and even the long-continued ridges of the distant Alps. Even at this distance, nearly eighty miles, the splendid summit of Monte Rosa may be contemplated with new impressions of its stupendous magnificence."

One circumstance peculiar to this cathedral is mentioned by Eustace, and, together with the explanation, deserves notice. "There are no chapels, properly so called, because the Ambrosian rite, *which long retained* the ancient custom of *allowing one altar only*, and one service, in each church, not having conformed to the *modern mode* when the cathedral was commenced, no provision was made, in the plan, for private masses and oratories. This omission contributes much to the simplicity and unity of the edifice. Altars, however, there are now in abundance, but placed in such a manner as not to interfere with the general design. The high altar stands, as in the Roman basilicas, in front of the chancel, with the choir, in a semicircular form, behind it. There is no screen; and the chancel is entirely open, separated from the nave only by its elevation."

This traveller describes as the most remarkable object in the interior of the cathedral, "the subterranean chapel," in which the body of St. Charles Borromeo reposes. "It is immediately under the dome, in form octangular, and lined with silver, divided into panels representing the principal actions of the life of the saint. The body is in a shrine of rock crystal, on, or rather behind, the altar. It is stretched at full length, dressed in pontifical robes, with the crosier and mitre. The face is exposed, very improperly, because much disfigured by decay; a deformity increased and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale, ghastly light that gleams from the aperture above."

The other churches of Milan are not, in general, beautiful either externally or in the interior; and, as antiquities, most of them have lost their interest by being modernised, particularly the inside. This appears to have been done much at the same period, probably about the time of St. Charles Borromeo. Next to the cathedral, "the most interesting church in Milan is certainly that of St. Ambrose, or perhaps many might put it in the first place. It is said to be the very church which that saint closed against Theodosius after the massacre at Thessalonica, in 390. They even pretend to show you

the identical doors; but the more probable opinion is, that these doors are of the ninth century, made by order of Archbishop Anspert: they are covered with a profusion of carving in figures and foliage; but the wire-work, added to protect them, almost hides the detail."

"The most ancient part of the building which presents any character of architecture is probably of the same period, though one would not venture to deny that some remains of the original church of St. Ambrose may still exist. The court in front is acknowledged to be of the ninth century, and the church exhibits very much of the same style of art. The court is a parallelogram, surrounded with arcades, having three arches at each end, and six on each side. The walls abound with fragments of inscriptions, and one or two curious tombs are built upon them; particularly a large, rude sarcophagus of Pagamus Petresanta, captain of the Florentines, who died in 800, and at whose funeral four cardinals were present. Considerable vestiges of the old painting in stucco remain on the wall, but the subject is no longer discernible. There is nothing in the details of the design, or in the execution of this little court, to demand our admiration; and yet it is exceedingly beautiful, from the mere simplicity and harmony of the general disposition. The tower is a square brick building. The inside of the church was originally divided, on the plan, into square portions, each division having two semicircularly arched openings on each side, on the ground, and two above to the gallery, and a vaulting of semicircular groined arches. The two first squares remain in this state, but the third has two pointed groins springing from a lower point; the strong ribs which separate the squares unite likewise in a point. The fourth square is that of the lantern, which, from the external appearance, is probably an addition of the thirteenth century: within, it is entirely modernised. There is no transept. The parallel walls of the building continue a little beyond the lantern, and the building terminates in an ancient niche or *apsis*.

"The choir has been modernised, except the *apsis*, which is ornamented with mosaics representing our Saviour, and with saints and angels. It is said to have been executed by Greek artists in the tenth century. The pieces of the mosaic are formed of a thin lamina of gold or metal, laid on a thick die of glass, and covered with a very thin plate of the same material, and the whole united by exposure to heat. In a little chapel of San Satyro, in this church, is another mosaic of the same sort, which is thought to be still more ancient. The great altar contains the ashes of St. Ambrose, St. Gervase, and St. Protasius. Over it is a canopy, supported on four columns, of a beautiful red porphyry. The canopy is attributed to the ninth century, but the columns are esteemed much more ancient, and I dare say are so, but not in their present situation. They pass through the present paving, and tradition says they are as much below as they are above, which is about ten feet. The bases of the piers in the nave show the pavement there to have been raised above a foot; that of the choir is about two feet above that of the nave: if we add these two dimensions to the present height of the columns above the pavement, we shall probably have their total height. The canopy is composed of four arches, each somewhat exceeding a semicircle, and of four gables of a greenish colour, richly adorned with gold. The ornament of the archivolt is formed of a series of intersecting arches, all gilt; and the little gilt crockets run along the gables. The altar is also very rich with gold, silver, and precious stones. Besides the altar, this church contains part of a granite column, with a marble capital much too small for the shaft; and upon this is the identical brazen serpent made by Moses for the children of Israel in the wilderness. More moderate people say that it was made in imitation of that of Moses. It is entirely devoid of use or beauty, and does not seem to be an object of reverence. Near this is a sculptured sarcophagus of white marble, of Christian times, supposed to have been made to receive the ashes of Stilico and his wife Serena. Over the sarcophagus, and partly

resting upon it, is a marble pulpit, which, with the eagle of gilt bronze that forms the reading-desk, is of the twelfth century.

"On leaving this church," says Mr. Wood, "I went to visit a little chapel where St. Augustine was baptized; but it has been modernised. This modernising, for the purpose, generally, of decoration rather than of repair, is most fatal to the historic interest of architectural monuments of other days. In this church, however, if anywhere in Milan, the traveller may surrender himself to the illusion which connects the mind with distant times. Few names so truly illustrious occur in the annals of Milan as that of St. Ambrose, the intrepid champion of the church and the people in the dark and stormy period which closed the fourth century, of which Gibbon records, that he deserves the esteem and veneration of his flock, 'without soliciting the favour, or apprehending the displeasure of his feeble sovereign.' Besides the pulpit, in which he is said to have preached, 'of plain stone, very large, and of a square form,' there is shown the saint's bedstead. These may or may not be genuine, but his earthly relics at least slumber beneath the altar. The Ambrosian ritual, peculiar to the churches of Milan, has suffered innovation in some respects (and innovation in the Romish Church is always deterioration); but the mass and ceremonies still differ from the ritual observed in all other Roman Catholic churches, in retaining more of the ancient simplicity. In this church, the scene of ecclesiastical councils and civil conflicts, the German emperors ordinarily received from the archbishop the royal crown of Lombardy. Napoleon, it is said, deviated from the usual custom, by assuming the iron crown in the cathedral, but immediately afterwards repairing to the church of St. Ambrose. The Milanese are most proud of their *Duomo*, and San Carlo is their favourite saint; but the more ancient structure wakens the deepest interest, as it bears a far more venerable name."

Another church which claims the traveller's notice is the *Madonna delle Grazie*, which formerly belonged to a rich convent of Dominicans, celebrated for containing the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The church itself is not without interest. The nave is ancient, with a sort of half modernisation which lets the antique character peep through. To this has been added a large square edifice, forming the centre of the building, crowned with a lantern of sixteen sides, and a choir. The central part marks the beginning of the restoration of Roman architecture, and retains traces of Gothic taste; but the parts are so well disposed and so well combined, that it forms one of the most picturesque compositions possible.

The famous "Cenacolo," or Last Supper of Da Vinci, still exists in what was once the refectory of the convent; but it is in so bad a state, that hardly anything but the general design and composition are now discernible. Unhappily, in this masterly production, Da Vinci chose to try the effect of oil, in preference to the more durable process of fresco. The consequence is, that a great portion has scaled off from the wall, and that which still adheres has become of a dingy black, owing principally to the effect of damp. The level of the floor is so low as to be at times three feet under water, and the walls are never quite dry. Under Eugene Beauharnois, the room was drained, and everything possible has been done for the preservation of the picture from further injury. Mr. Eustace, ever glad of an occasion to abuse the French, accuses them of having used this picture as a target for the soldiers to fire at; adding, to deepen the atrocity of the outrage, that the heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others. Lady Morgan flatly pronounces the story entirely false from beginning to end. The fact appears to be, that although much of the accusation is gratuitous, and the whole has received a strong portion of colouring from Mr. Eustace's imagination, the picture has received injury from the French soldiers. "Wishing," says Mr. Simond, "to ascertain whether Eustace's accusation against the French were true, I examined the picture closely, and certainly discovered a number of round holes like balls, plugged up with something

like putty, and likewise dents in the wall, apparently the effect of brickbats thrown against it, fragments of which still remained in some of the holes. As to when, and by whom the mischief was done, a woman who had lived next door for the last seventeen years, told me, that she had heard of soldiers firing at the picture before her time; that a soldier of the sixth regiment of French hussars had told her, that he himself with others had done so, not knowing what it was, when guarding prisoners confined in the hall; and that these prisoners, men of all nations, threw stones and brickbats against it by way of amusement. When Bonaparte came to Milan, he called to see the picture, and finding the place still used as a place of confinement, 'shrugged his shoulders and stamped with his foot,' the woman said; and ordering the prisoners away, had a door, which she showed me, near the picture, walled up, and a balustrade, or low wooden partition, drawn across the room below it for protection.

"The painting has suffered more serious injury, however, from the impious hands, not of the French, but of the monks themselves. Forsyth asserts, that they once whitewashed it! The feet of our Saviour were cut away by a superior of the convent, to heighten a doorway; a circumstance Mr. Eustace of course forgets to mention. According to Lady Morgan, it has also been defaced by attempts at restoration. It originally occupied the whole side of the wall, about thirty feet in length, and fifteen in height. The head of our Saviour is stated by Vasari to have been left unfinished by Leonardo; and Lanzi, who throws a doubt on this circumstance, acknowledges that in its present state three heads of the apostles alone remain of the original work."

"Of the heads," says Professor Phillips, "there is not one untouched, and many are totally ruined. Fortunately that of the Saviour is the most pure, being but faintly retouched; and it presents even a most perfect image of that divine character. Whence arose the story of its not having been finished, it is difficult now to conceive; and the history varies among the writers who have mentioned it. But perhaps a man so scrupulous as he in the definement of character and expression, and so ardent in his pursuit of them, might have expressed himself unsatisfied, where all others could see only perfection."

On the opposite wall there is a fresco, in comparatively good preservation, although somewhat older. The date, 1495, and the name of the artist, Donatus Mototarra, are inscribed upon it. "The helmets of the warriors," Mr. Simond says, "come out in actual relief on the wall, with a view, probably, to increase the fierceness of their looks; a trick worthy of the rest of the picture, which was bad. Two of the figures in the foreground, painted in oil over the fresco, in order, probably, to give them more vigour, have become of the same dingy black as those of Leonardo da Vinci."

By order of Napoleon, an accurate copy of Da Vinci's painting was made by a skilful Milanese artist, Guiseppe Bossi; and from this copy, Signor Rafaelli, of Rome, has executed another copy in mosaic, which, it is said, on the same authority, "possesses all the correctness of design, and all the expression still distinguishable in the decayed original, together with the strength of colouring and harmony which that has now lost." The work was begun by order of Eugene, has been continued by the Emperor of Austria, and was completed some years ago, after having occupied the labour of eight or ten men during eight years. The change of its destination, which has transferred it to Vienna, is much to the dissatisfaction of the Italian citizens. The workshop of Rafaelli was one of the principal "lions" in Milan.

The church of St. Mark's is an edifice of the thirteenth century, and its beauty is said to have been at one time proverbial. "The proportions," Mr. Wood says, "are very good, though low in comparison with those usual with us. The front seems to have had a magnificent rose-window, which is now filled up. The inside has been entirely modernised, but enough of the exterior remains to show how very inferior the architecture

of Italy was, at that period, to that of France and England. Though adopting a slightly pointed arch, the buildings do not seem to have risen above the plainness and rudeness of the Saxon style, till the middle of the fourteenth century.

"The church of St. Eustorgio deserves a passing glance. The outside is of brick, probably of the thirteenth century, as, in 1220, it came into the possession of the Dominicans. The inside has been modernised, but it contains some interesting tombs of the Visconti, and of the early restorers of Greek literature in Italy. Here also they pretend to show the marble sarcophagi of the three wise men—kings they are pleased to call them—who followed the star of our Saviour from the East." An archbishop is said to have brought the bones from Asia to Milan in the fourth century; and Frederick Barbarossa, in the twelfth, seized and carried them to Cologne, where their tomb forms one of the special objects which those who *pay* may see when they visit

> 'That town of monks and bones
> And pavements fanged with murderous stones.'

"The little church of San Satyro still exhibits some of the architecture of the ninth century. It is a mere fragment, of no great interest, except as it serves to prove that the taste of that period was very much like that which we call Norman, with capitals more nearly resembling the ancient Corinthian; but I could not trace anything," adds Mr. Wood, "of the *beau tems de Rome*, which is said to characterise this edifice."

Evelyn mentions San Celso "as a church of rare architecture, built by Bramante, the carvings of the marble *faciata* by Hannibal Fontana. In a room adjoining the church is a marble Madonna like a *colosse*, of the same sculptor's work, which they will not expose to the air. There are two *sacristias*, in one of which is a fine Virgin of Leonardo da Vinci; in the other is one by Raphael d'Urbino, a piece which all the world admire. The sacristan showed us a world of rich plate, jewels, and embroidered copes, which are kept in presses." Mr. Wood speaks of the church of the Madonna di San Celso as an edifice built towards the close of the fifteenth century, and attributed to Bramante, and also to Solari, a Milanese; while the font is the design of Galeazzo Alessi, who was not born till about the year 1550. "The entrance is from a court surrounded with arcades, which has a very elegant appearance. The edifice is of marble, and both the court and the interior of the church are well proportioned, and produce a pleasing impression, though the details are bad." Mr. Forsyth briefly mentions this same church as boasting of some admirable statues: "its front, indeed, is injured by them."

Milan has been styled "the little Paris," and the appellation is not inappropriate, for it resembles that capital rather than the other Italian cities. The streets of the old town are mostly narrow and irregular, but its modern buildings are those of a gay, thriving, and prosperous population. The citizens are generally fond of what is called "good living," and its markets are abundantly supplied with every luxury. Numerous *cafés*, splendid hotels, an abundance of elegant carriages and elegantly-dressed pedestrians, all attest the habits of a luxurious capital.

But Milan is also a centre of learning; it is the residence of several of the best Italian writers, and more books are published yearly in this city than in all the rest of Italy. The annual exhibition of living artists shows that the fine arts are cultivated and patronised. The museum of Brera contains several excellent paintings of the great masters, Guercino, Raffaelle, and Guido. The Ambrosian Library is rich in manuscripts, pamphlets, and other valuable remains of ancient literature.

Raffaelle's cartoon for the School of Athens is in the second gallery of this building. It contains the figures only, without the architecture, executed with black chalk on gray paper, and is twenty-six feet nine inches wide. "It is," says Sir C. Eastlake, "one of the most interesting examples of the nature and extent of the alterations introduced in a

composition prepared for fresco. The changes are mostly additions. The figure of Epictetus, represented in the fresco sitting in the foreground on the left, leaning his head on his hand, is wanting in the cartoon. This figure was added to fill up a vacant space, and thus the change, though a considerable improvement, involved no inconvenience. Some less important alterations in the same fresco—such as covering the head of Aspasia with drapery instead of showing her flowing tresses (for thus she appears in the cartoon)—might have been made on the wall, without any change in the drawing. That this cartoon was the identical one which served for the execution of the fresco, is proved by the exact conformity of every part, except the additions above mentioned, with the painting."

The Great Hospital, one of the finest and largest in the world, has been richly endowed by numerous benefactors, whose portraits are preserved within its walls. A singular but amusing distinction has been observed in these portraits. Those benefactors, who have contributed below a certain sum, are represented standing, while those whose donations or legacies have been more considerable, are painted sitting at their ease.

Milan has also houses of refuge for poor children; two large workhouses for the unemployed poor; a savings bank; a veterinary school; a school of music; and another of the fine arts. For general education there are three royal colleges; three gymnasia; three establishments for female instruction; and several elementary schools. The manufactures of Milan consist chiefly of silks, braid, soap, leather, printed cottons, plate-glass, jewellery, and artificial flowers.

CHAPTER XLII.

TURIN—MONT CENIS—MONTE ROSA—FAREWELL TO THE ALPS.

THE first view of Turin is very imposing. No mean suburbs, no mouldering walls deform its entrance. The spacious and regular streets so intersect each other, as to leave an opening at their extremity, that everywhere admits a view of the fine background of green hills and hanging vineyards. Towards the centre, the *Piazza Reale*, formed by the palace and other public edifices, presents one of the most elegant squares in Europe; and in the principal streets, the Contrada Nuova, the Dora Grossa, and the Contrada del Po, which are from eighty to one hundred feet in width, a long and regular line of porticoes exhibits a striking succession of beautiful architecture; while the balconies above, canopied with light draperies, have a picturesque and lively appearance. The plan of the city, its rectangular streets, with the royal palace in the centre, is completely in the Spanish taste. Turin is, in fact, stated to owe much of its regularity to the alliance of a Piedmontese prince with an Infanta of Spain. An incompleteness, however, mars, in some degree, this imposing grandeur; even in façades of the handsomest architecture, the holes are still left gaping, which supported the scaffolding at the time of their erection.

Though the royal palace is not built in the rules of beauty, it is grand enough for a monarch. The palace of the Duke of Savoy, standing alone in the middle of the principal square, required four fronts equal in dignity; but three are hideous in themselves, and derive comparative ugliness from the beauty of the fourth. This last front, composed of one Corinthian peristyle, raised on a plain basement, is the noblest elevation in Turin, where it holds the post of honour. The palace of Carignano has a curvilinear front, mezzanini above mezzanini, orders that are of no order, and fantastic ornaments, threatened rather than produced, on the unplastered brick. The staircase is a difficult trick of Guarini's, who wasted his architectural wit in many attempts to frighten the world by the appearance of weight unsupported. Guarini and Juvara have profaned the churches of Turin with the same puerile conceits and ostentation of stone-cutting science. Their Carmine, Carmelitane, Consola, &c., evince wonderful talents for the crooked, the singular, and the gaudy. The Santo Sudario, a chapel common to the cathedral and the palace, is entirely composed of a slate-coloured marble. Such materials were in themselves solemn and monumental; but, falling into the freakish hands of Guarini, they have been frittered into a cupola full of triangular windows, which form the wildest lace-work that ever disgraced architecture.

At the time of the French invasion, Turin, though only three miles in circumference (the smallest royal capital in Europe), is stated to have contained not fewer than a hundred and ten churches; all splendidly endowed, and rich in marbles, pictures, and other treasures. The metropolitan church, San Giovanni Battista, was once numbered among the richest churches of Italy; but its vases of pure gold, its forty candelabras, and twenty bishops of virgin silver, its censers of precious stones, ruby crosses, and adaman-

tine hearts, have all disappeared, transmuted and perverted to profane purposes. Some have gone to stem the incursions of the Po; and some have even found their way to Paris, and have contributed to clear the noxious purlieus of the Tuileries, and to build the beautiful Rue de Rivoli, the monument of the French conquest over the royal pleasure-grounds of Turin.

The cathedral, especially its western front, has a noble aspect; the doorway is richly ornamented with well-executed basso-relievos, and supported by marble pilasters. There is also a beautiful circular font of white marble.

There is a superb chapel of St. Michael, better known by the name of its palladium, the Santo Sudario, or Santissimo Sindone; that is to say, our Saviour's winding sheet or shroud. A long history is attached to this relic; and in the time of Calvin, who was bold enough to call in question its authenticity, it was the cause of many controversial publications, some of which are still extant. It is said to have been a gift from Geoffroi, on his return from the Holy Land, to Amadeus I., and was originally deposited in a church at Chamberg, which, during a terrible conflagration, was burned to the ground; but although the silver box in which the Sindone was deposited, was on that occasion destroyed or melted, the shirt was only singed!

The chapel stands high, like a gallery, above the level of the church; opening from its centre by a handsome flight of steps, and separated only by a fine marble balustrade, which, as well as two superb columns on each side, are of black marble. The form of the chapel is circular. The cupola is supported by pillars of black marble, grouped two and two; the bases and capitals of bronze richly gilt, producing an admirable contrast to the black marble. The floor is pure white marble, studded with golden stars; the ceiling, formed of trellis-work, is whimsical; but the dark colouring and sedate ground correspond to the richness of the whole. The spaces between the columns are filled with oval medallions, painted sky-blue, and filled with votive offerings, some of a singular kind. The effect of the whole chapel is grand, solemn, and imposing, without being gloomy. In the centre stands the altar; a low railing in white marble, surrounded with little seraphim, marks the outer circle; and within, at the four corners, stand four angels, executed in a very good style. Hung round the altar are lamps which burn continually night and day. The whole is surmounted with a gilded glory, which, however, by rendering the height disproportioned, much injures the effect.

The church of Santa Theresa, attached to a convent of bare-footed friars, is distinguished by its unsuitable splendour, while its altar-piece, deemed a *chef-d'œuvre* of Guglielmo Caccia, has a most repulsive profaneness. It represents an infant Christ, as Cupid, aiming at the heart of the fair and ecstatic saint, while the Virgin Mother smiles at his efforts, and even the grave features of St. Joseph relax into a look of complacency. The statue of the same saint, by Le Gros, in the church of Santa Christina, is described as "still more expressive of the divine love which filled the tenderest of saintly hearts." For offensive representations of this nature, however, the protestant traveller must prepare himself. The excuse for them is, that they are allegorical designs. But the language of the inscriptions and prayers which he will meet with in the churches dedicated to Santa Rosolia, Santa Catharina, Santa Rosa, Santa Agatha, and other virgin saints of the Romish calendar, will not unfrequently startle him by a species of profaneness, still more palpable and inexcusable; nor will he be able easily to persuade himself that the interviews between Diana and Endymion, or Bacchus and Ariadne, are not the subject of the erratic legend.

All the churches in Turin yield, in consequence and celebrity, to *La Superga*, which crowns the steepest and least accessible eminence in the immediate vicinity, five miles from the city. This edifice was erected in fulfilment of a vow of gratitude offered up to heaven by Victor Amadeus, for the signal victory obtained over a French army under

Philip, Duke of Orleans, in 1706. On the spot chosen for its site, the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene stood, while they laid the plan of the battle. The result was, that not only were the French compelled to raise the siege of Turin, but in a few months they evacuated the whole of the North of Italy.

In front of the edifice is a portico of eight marble columns of the Corinthian order; on the sides rise two lofty campaniles; the whole being crowned with a cupola of the most majestic proportions. Marbles, pictures, bronzes, and every species of decoration have been profusely bestowed in its embellishment; but its chief beauty is derived from its striking situation.

In approaching Turin, the eye rests upon this magnificent mausoleum (for it is here that the royal family of Piedmont are sepulchred); on leaving the city you still see it; and as you travel down the valley of the Po, it is again beheld with admiration. The view from the portico is very striking, looking down upon the miniature capital, surrounded with a country richly wooded and studded with villas, in the midst of which the silvery Po is seen "writhing its stream" through the whole extent of the valley; and beyond the mountain boundaries of the plain, rise the rugged forms of the Alps, capped with perpetual snows.

The architect of this edifice was Filippo Juvara. A story is told of his being compelled by the prince, out of economy, to use a quantity of old columns in the erection; and hence, it is said, the cupola of the church is disfigured by *torsos* and ill-matched pillars; but the imputation cast upon the royal builder comes from a suspicious quarter. Dwellings are provided there for the officiating priests, and a liberal stipend is afforded by government for the maintenance of the establishment.

The royal palace of Turin contains little in the interior that is remarkable. On the grand staircase is an indifferent equestrian statue of Victor Amadeus, the king in bronze and the horse marble. The apartments of ceremony are splendidly decorated, and the walls of all the rooms are enriched with paintings, chiefly of the Dutch, Flemish, and French schools. Of the few productions of the Italian masters, "The Four Elements" of Albani, in the king's bed-chamber, is the most celebrated. The gallery of the palace has all the splendour that frescoes and gilding can bestow; and the numerous portraits by Vandyke are the most precious treasures of its collection.

The city of Turin has a municipal body, which enjoys considerable privileges, and directs the internal or civil administration of its affairs. Its manufactures are of some importance, consisting of woollens, silks, hosiery, leather, paper, china ware and carriages, arms, and there is a royal manufactory of tapestry or Gobelins. The coffee-houses are numerous, but, generally speaking, not so roomy or elegant as those of Milan or Naples. Post-coaches, called *velociferi*, run between the capital and most provincial towns of the Sardinian territories. Provisions of every sort are good and abundant, and the cooking is a medium between that of France and Italy. The manners, habits, and dress of the people are of the same blended character. The people are intelligent, steady, and sociable; and the tone of formality and etiquette maintained by the court, communicates itself to the upper classes of society. The common language among the natives is the Piedmontese dialect; but Italian is the written and official language, and educated people speak both Italian and French.

The University of Turin was founded in 1405; but the buildings, which are extensive and well arranged, are of the eighteenth century. The court is surrounded with a double tier of porticoes, under which is a valuable collection of ancient sculptures, bas-reliefs, and inscribed marbles of all ages. Many of these have been obtained from the long-neglected ruins of the ancient Roman town of Industria, situated eighteen miles below Turin, which were discovered in 1744 by some enterprising antiquaries. Excavations

being made, numerous medals, bronze figures, and other antique remains, were brought t light, and deposited in the royal collection.

The University consists of five faculties—divinity, law, medicine, surgery, and arts. To it belong a museum of natural history, a museum of anatomy, a chemical laboratory, an hydraulic apparatus, and a rich botanical garden, outside the town, near the banks of the Po. About 2,000 students attend the various courses.

The library of the University contains above 112,000 volumes, and about 2,000 manuscripts, among which are the paliumpsests, from the monastery of Bobbio, containing fragments of Cicero's orations, which have been deciphered and published by Professor Peyron. The gallery of ancient sculpture contains some remarkable objects, one of which is the Isiac Table, of massive bronze or copper, four feet in length by two feet four inches in breadth, and of considerable thickness, inlaid with hieroglyphics in silver. The cabinet of medals, one of the richest in Europe, contains 30,000 pieces. The Egyptian museum, which is in the building of the Royal Academy of Sciences, consists chiefly of the collection made by M. Drovetti, a long time consul in Egypt, which was purchased by King Charles Felix, and is extremely rich.

The Royal Academy of Sciences is divided into two classes: one of mathematical and physical; the other of moral, historical, and philological science. Many distinguished men have been, and are, members of this society. The Academy has published a great many volumes of memoirs. Turin has also an Academy of Fine Arts, a Philharmonic Society, an Agricultural Society, and a Military College. There are communal schools in each district of the town; schools for drawing, applied to the mechanical arts; and schools for the deaf, dumb, and blind. The charitable institutions are also numerous.

To quote, before we pass on, the pregnant words of a recent writer, thoroughly acquainted with his subject: "Of all the Italic capitals, the least interesting is Turin. Severe and dignified, with its long formal streets, and huge square palaces, monotonous as stone and lime can make them, the sub-alpine city sits silent and solemn on the Dora and the Po. It has no history, at least none worth remembering. It has no imperishable names to tell of; no Dorias dwelt there, as in the proud old palaces of Genoa. It has no monuments for a world to gaze at, like the *triste* and fallen Pisa. It has no literature. Even in the time of Alfieri, the very language of the peninsula was almost contraband in Turin, and the great tragedian fled from it to Florence, that he might hear the people talk Italian. Its court, gloomy and bigoted, never even sought to rival the brilliancy of the Medici, the Este, or the Gonzaga. It has no Pulci or Boccaccio to 'set the table in a roar;' no Ariosto to sing of ladye loves and belted knights; no Tasso to weep for Leonora. Its stiff and stately princes, its Amadeos and Immanuels, the very puritans of Roman Catholicism, had turned the palace into a cloister; and when we *do* hear in history of the royal Turin, it is in connexion with some new edict in favour of the Romish faith, or some new order to march against the poor Vaudois of Piedmont. Ten years ago, the Jesuits darkened every street; and friars of every hue, black, white, and gray, issued in long procession from its churches. It was a city of priests, with an army to defend them. The clerical *corps* amounted to nearly 23,000 individuals, from a population of little more than 4,000,000. Out of a state revenue of 85,000,000 francs, the clergy drew nearly 14,000,000. The church was nowhere more prosperous than in Piedmont. We cannot point to many satisfactory changes brought about by the ill-fated revolution of 1848, but this at least is certain, that a brighter day has dawned on the sub-alpine capital, and Turin is now the centre of all that is properly Italian." *

A few last words on the Alpine eminences must conclude this chapter. Murray says: "There is no scene in the Alps surpassing the appearance of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga;

* North British Review.

at least it is better seen than Mont Blanc is seen at Chamouni; from its loftiest peaks to its base, in the plains of Macugnaga, its vast masses are spread out before the observer. The highest summit is 15,158 feet above the sea level. Its deep rifts are marked by lines of snow, and glaciers which stream from its summit to the vault of ice whence issues the torrent of Ariza. The bases of the lateral mountains are clothed with dark forests of fir and larch, and the whole scene gives an impression of immensity, and excites the most sublime emotion. Monte Rosa is by no means a single summit, but a *knot* or union of two ridges or chains crossing each other at right angles."

The valley of St. Nicholas, or the Matterthal, as it is called in German (which in this part of the canton is the only language spoken), it may be well to remark, is situate between the rocky masses and glaciers that are attached to and descend from Monte Rosa and Mont Cervin, and is traversed by the torrent of the Matter. It is entered just after passing the confluence of the Matter and the Sans, which traverses the valley of the Moro. Here luxuriant forests and pastures abound, and the little village of Gränchen is seen on the left, embosomed in trees, the birth-place of Thomas Platter, the reformer and physician of Bâle. Soon after the path rises and winds along the mountain slope, often at some risk to the traveller, amid scenery which increases in wildness the further it extends, till at length the village of Zermatt is reached, near to the glacier of the same name. This spot has been much resorted to by the lovers of botany and geology, and while rich in materials for such study, affords solitude and grandeur fitted to call forth all the powers of the imagination of the dullest mind. But there is one object which of itself would repay the trouble of a *détour* from the regular route: it is the ice-bound mass of the Mont Cervin, rising directly some 4,000 feet from the glaciers by which it is surrounded, of a pyramidal form, and altogether 15,200 feet above the sea.

Between Zermatt and the summit of the pass, this mighty mass is constantly in view, and almost entirely absorbs the attention; for it is here, as elsewhere, that when one object in a landscape exceeds the rest in size and beauty, the mind, being limited in power, naturally fixes itself on that, to the exclusion of the others.

The summit of the pass which connects this valley with the valley of Aosta, is 11,000 feet above the sea, and, from its great elevation, affords an extensive view, comprising the valleys and peaks of Piedmont, Monte Rosa, and the Bernese Alps. On the other side, the path runs amid dark ravines to Châtillon, which has already been mentioned.

Another remarkable eminence situated on the high road between Turin and Lyons, is Mont Cenis, over which Buonaparte constructed one of his military ways. To adopt the language of Alison: "Louis XIV. had said, after the Family Compact was concluded, 'There are no longer any Pyrenees;' but with greater reason Napoleon might say, after the roads over the Simplon and Mont Cenis were formed, 'There are no longer any Alps.' And this marvellous achievement was gained in the first three years of his chief consulate. In the first report of the Minister of the Interior, when Napoleon met the Chambers after his return from Tilsit, one statement was, 'The roads of Mont Cenis and of the Simplon have, after six years of labour been completed: the two greatest works undertaken for centuries.'"

If, however, Hannibal and Napoleon have acquired immortal renown by leading great armies across the Alps, what shall be said of those who propose to bore through them? The project does not appear by any means impracticable. Engineers gravely examine it, and report that it may be carried into execution; and after the Crystal Palace, and the Britannia Bridge, and the Thames Tunnel, who will venture to disbelieve them?

To complete a direct line of railway communication between Boulogne, Venice, and Ancona, and consequently between London and the Adriatic, only one obstacle lies in the way. The chain of Mont Cenis and Mont Genèvre, running nearly north-east and south-west, would cross such a line, and present, with the elevation of 11,000 feet, an

insurmountable bar to any direct and continuous railway. The railway can, with some difficulty, be made to Modane, at the foot of the northern crest of the Graian and Cottian Alps; but here it must stop, unless a subterranean passage can be found through the mountains,—and a project for doing this has been for several years under consideration by the Sardinian government. Chevalier Henry Maus has devoted much study to making the examinations and calculations, and has invented a new boring machine for the purpose of carrying out the plan. He made his report early in 1849, and a commission of engineers, army officers, and geologists was appointed to examine into the feasibility of the project. The tunnel is expected to cost about £600,000, and may be finished in five years. It will measure 12,290 metres, or nearly seven miles in length. Its greatest height will be nineteen feet, and its width twenty-five, admitting, of course, of a double line of rails. Its northern entrance will be at Modane, and the southern at Bardonnèche, on the river Mardovine. This latter entrance, being the highest point of the intended line of rail, will be 4,092 feet above the level of the sea, and yet 2,000 feet

SCENE NEAR IVREA.

below the highest point of the great pass over Mont Cenis. It is intended to divide the connecting lines of rails leading to either entrance of the tunnel into eight inclined planes of about 5,000 metres, or 2½ English miles each, worked, like those at Liege, by endless cables and stationary engines, but in the present case moved by water power derived from the torrents. At one point there will be 4,850 feet of mountain, capped with eternal glaciers, overhead. Ventilation must be maintained by forcing air in and out by mechanical means.

The newly-invented machine which it is proposed to use for tunnelling, consists of two large hydraulic wheels, eighteen feet in diameter, which move two pulleys (with an endless cable passed twice round them) placed horizontally, and of thirty feet diameter. There is also an endless cable connected with the excavating machinery, to move at the rate of thirty-five feet per second, and a weight to keep the cable in a proper state of tension at the opposite end of the hydraulic wheels, and to travel on a waggon between these and a great well, sunk to receive a corresponding weight at the end of a rope.

The machine once presented to the rock, projects into it simultaneously four horizontal series of sixteen scalpels, working backward and forward, by means of springs cased in, and put in operation by the same water power. While these are at work, one vertical series on each side works simultaneously up and down, so that together they cut out four blocks on all sides, except in the rock behind, from which they are afterwards detached by hand. During the operation a pump throws a jet of water between each pair of scalpels, to prevent the heating of the tools, and to wash out the rubbish. After their complete separation, the blocks are pulled out by the help of the endless cable, and received into a waggon, to be drawn from the tunnel. The machines are only to cut a gallery thirteen feet wide and seven high, which is afterwards to be enlarged by the ordinary means to the size mentioned above. It has already been ascertained that each of the two machines, at opposite ends of the tunnel, will excavate to the extent of twenty-two feet a day, and it is thus estimated that the whole excavation will be completed in four years. The rocks which it is supposed will be met with are gypsum, limestone, and quartz in veins. Of the effects of such an undertaking, there can be but one opinion. It would form a new highway for the diffusion of moral and political

SONDRINO, ON THE ROAD FROM IVREA TO VERCEIL.

blessings all over the continent. The very fact that the idea originated in Sardinia, is a striking instance of the good that is wrought by a free government, and presents a brilliant contrast to the gloomy rule of the papacy, which totally prohibits the formation of railways in the States of the Church. We have fears for the early completion of this project, but our best wishes arise for its success.

And now let the traveller, before he proceeds on his way, pause, and take his last glimpse of the Alps—those mighty masses which, during successive weeks, have been gazed on again and again, formed the subject of our hourly conversation, enkindled emotions which no words can express, and even haunted in forms of beauty and sublimity our nightly dreams. Ye monarchs of olden Europe, though reluctance rises strongly within us, we must bid you farewell! Farewell to your snow-capped domes, your sky-piercing aiguilles, your lightning-riven crags, your smiling valleys, your spacious ice-fields, your awful ravines, your mantling clouds. Immense, indeed, are the ages that have elapsed from the first period when ye emerged, probably as an archipelago of low islands, in a tropical climate, to that epoch when the plants and animals which lived upon you indicated a Mediterranean temperature, and then to that Arctic time

in which we have gazed on your heights and your depths. What changes, too, have passed, to convert the Alps of the earliest glacial period into those which we now contemplate! With a voice the most eloquent and impressive, do ye speak of Time and of Power; and as we listen we feel that we stand in the inmost shrine of their temples. Our conceptions of the grand, the beautiful, the terrific, the enduring, have all been expanded since we first gazed upon ye. Far more wisdom might be gained by him who has been presented at your courts, and trod your spacious halls, and held communion with your mystic spirits, than by the visitant of earth's most gorgeous palaces. While puny man is struggling all around—setting up and pulling down—with a fickleness of which your own mists are a symbol, ye stand forth in all your glory unchanged. Unchanged! did we say? We recall the word. On the works of Nature herself, throughout the habitable globe, is written Mutability. Like the entire aspect of the earth, whether waste or cultivated, peopled or solitary, ye are perpetually undergoing transformation. And as "no man ever bathed twice in the same river," so, though the process is slower, no two generations of inhabitants or visitants ever behold ye in the same character, colour, and shape; and the day will doubtless come when ye, the mountains of Switzerland and Italy, shall be only things of the past!—Farewell!

CHAPTER XLIII.

ALESSANDRIA—THE FIELD OF MARENGO—GENOA—RIVIERA—NICE.

From Asti, the road lies over the rich undulating country on the left side of the Tanaro, which winds among the hills to Alessandria, distant by the road about twenty-six miles. This is a handsome city, containing about 30,000 inhabitants. It is said to derive its name from Pope Alexander III., by whom it was made an episcopal see in 1168. To this has been added the surname of *Della Paglia*,—the natives say, on account of the fertility of the country; others, that it was given to it in contempt by Frederick Barbarossa; a third explanation is, that it was customary to crown here, with a straw diadem, the emperor elect; and a fourth, that the inhabitants, for want of wood, are obliged to heat their ovens with straw! The reader may choose between these explanations.

The city has been famous for the sieges it has sustained, although it has been repeatedly taken. But the wars of other times are now forgotten in the more recent events which have given celebrity to the field of Marengo. On the bare plain of the Tanaro, Napoleon gained that decisive victory over the Austrians, which takes its name from a village about a league from the city. On the surrender of Alessandria the conqueror made it a condition, that its walls should be destroyed; and the masses of ruin which they present, show that they must once have been capable of making a stout defence. The citadel was formerly reckoned one of the strongest places in Europe.

In its general effect, one traveller tells us, "Alessandria pleases us more than any other town in this part of the country. The streets, especially that of Marengo, are spacious, airy, and well-built. Its principal square is very handsome, and planted all round with double rows of acacia, under the spreading shade of which the people lounge on benches, and the fruit and vegetable women range their stalls and baskets. The churches are handsome, though not as richly adorned as at Turin. The bridge over the Tanaro is covered, and has the effect of a fine corridor. The shops display the usual abundance of food and manufactures, but little of fancy or ornament. The people are frank and civil, and the women more studious of dress than their lively-looking neighbours of Asti. Very bright stuffs of various colours, fancifully made, large gold necklaces and ear-rings, braided hair fastened with ornamented bodkins, form the attractive costume of even the market-women."

The hotel in the *Contrada di Marengo* is highly praised by this traveller. The dining-room, with its well-painted ceiling, halls tastefully frescoed, and magnificent pier-glasses, would be thought handsome for a ball-room in England. The dinner would have "shamed an alderman's feast," comprising every luxury from every Italian state, with steaks of beef and joints of mutton to suit the taste of Milor Anglais. With this abundance were united the requisites of cleanliness, alert attendance and moderate charges. Altogether, this traveller was charmed with Alessandria and its inhabitants.

About a mile from the town the route crosses, by a neat bridge, the broad and rapid Bormido, which flows into the Tanaro; and, half a league further, reaches the *albergo* of Marengo. The obelisk erected on the spot where Desaix fell has been taken down by order of his Sardinian majesty; and no trophy of victory or trace of conflict now remains on these tranquil plains. Marengo and the neighbouring town of Toro are said to have been of some note in early times; and many ancient vestiges remained, before Alessandria drew away their population and reduced them to inconsiderable hamlets.

In the progress of the Emperor and Empress of France, in 1805, a splendid pageant took place on the fields of Marengo, where the destinies of Italy had so recently been fixed. Here thirty-four battalions and seven squadrons were assembled to imitate the manœuvres of the battle which had given it immortality; while the emperor and empress, seated on a lofty throne, which overlooked the whole field, were to behold, in mimic war, the terrible scenes which once had occurred upon it.

The day was bright and clear; the soldiers, who from daybreak had been on the ground, impatiently awaited the arrival of the hero; and shouts of acclamation rent the sky when he appeared with the empress, in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses, surrounded with all the pomp of the empire, and ascended the throne before which the manœuvres were to be performed. Many of the veterans who had been engaged in the action were present, among whom the soldiers distinguished in an especial manner Marshal Lannes, who had borne so large a portion of the brunt of the imperialist attack in that terrible strife.

After the feigned battle was over, the soldiers defiled before the emperor, upon the most distinguished of whom he conferred, amidst the loud acclamations of their comrades, the crosses and decorations of the Legion of Honour. The splendid equipments of the men, the proud bearing of the horses, the glitter of gold and steel which shone forth resplendent in the rays of the declining sun, and the interesting associations connected with the spot, produced an indelible impression on the minds of the spectators, and contributed not a little to fan the military spirit among the indolent youth of Italy, whom Napoleon was so desirous to rouse to more manly feelings prior to the great contest with Austria, which he foresaw was approaching.*

"The first sight of Genoa from the sea," remarks Mr. Simond, "is certainly very fine; and we saw it under favourable circumstances, when the last rays of the setting sun shed over it the richest golden tints of evening. Two gigantic piers project into the sea, and a lighthouse of stupendous proportions stands picturesquely on the point of a rock. An abrupt hill rises behind, bare and brown, and speckled all over with innumerable white dots, being country houses within the walls. This hill, which, in a semicircle of twelve miles, contains many times more ground than the town covers, is so completely burnt up, that its colour has been compared to that of a *crême au chocolat*. As to the celebrated amphitheatre of palaces, said to be displayed from the sea, they are scarcely visible behind the red and green buildings which surround the port, themselves hid in part by a huge wall standing between them and the water. The interior of the town consists of extremely narrow streets, mere lanes, eight or ten feet wide, between immensely high palaces. When you look up, their cornices appear almost to touch across the street, scarcely leaving a strip of blue sky between. These streets, too steep as well as too narrow for carriages, are at least clean, cool, and quiet. Many of them have in the middle a brick causeway two or three feet wide, for the convenience of mules and of porters going up loaded; for they are not practicable for carts. The sides are paved with flat stones for the convenience of the numerous walkers. Two streets are accessible to carriages. One of them, the *Strada Balbi*, is entirely formed of palaces more magnificent

* Alison.

than those of Rome, neater certainly, and less gloomy and neglected; but, when I say neater, I mean the interior, for the gates are, in the same manner, a receptacle of filth. These palaces are each built round a court, and the best apartments are on the third floor, for the benefit of light and air. The roof, being flat, is adorned with shrubs and trees, as myrtle, pomegranate, orange-trees, lemon-trees, and oleanders twenty-five feet high, growing not in boxes only, but in the open ground several feet deep, brought hither and supported on arches. Fountains of water play among these artificial groves, and keep up their verdure and shade during the heat of summer. Some of the terraces, on a level with apartments paved with the same marble, decorated with the same plants, and lighted at night, appear to be a continuation of the rooms; but, looking up, you see the stars overhead, instead of a painted ceiling.

"A plan of the city in the year 1364, still extant, is curious, from the number of fortified dwellings and high towers for the purpose of defence, during the mad period of domestic warfare between the Guelphs and Ghibelines. These structures have wholly disappeared, and a new architectural progeny has succeeded, remarkable for beauty, taste, and magnificence, but not for strength. Neither Rome nor Venice offers anything comparable with the profusion of marble columns, marble statues, marble walls, and marble stairs, of whole rows of palaces here, or with the pictures which they contain. Genoa exhibits fewer remains of ancient splendour than Venice, but more actual wealth and comfort. We read of the decline of Genoa, but we see that of Venice. The churches here appear nothing after those of Rome; yet several of them would be beautiful, if less profusely gilt and over-fine. The *Annonciata,* for instance, suggested the idea of a gold snuff-box. The walls of some of these churches, in the interior, are striped with red and white marble; but the cathedral is striped outside with red and black.

"A bridge, one hundred feet high, unites two elevated parts of the town, passing with three giant strides over houses six stories high, which do not come up to the spring of the arches. This is the work of one of the princely citizens of Genoa in the sixteenth century. The same individual, or one of the same family, the Sauli, erected at the end of the bridge a noble structure in the best taste, the church of Santa Maria Carignana; the architect was Perugino. Four colossal statues by Puget adorn the nave; but affectation and exaggeration appeared to me the most conspicuous features of these *chefs-d'œuvre.* It is certainly well worth while to go up to the cupola, for the extensive view over land and sea, mostly over the semicircular and amphitheatrical space enclosed by the walls of the town; a wide area interspersed with villas, with terraces, with meagre groves of the pale olive, and here and there a greener patch of orange-trees and vineyards. The houses stand, as Italian country-houses generally do, in conspicuous nakedness, with only a straight avenue of clipped trees, tortured into all sorts of shapes, before them. They are inhabited only in spring and autumn, three weeks or a month at each time; and it is really something in favour of the good taste of the natives, that they do not seem to like those places."

The very different impressions which Genoa makes upon different travellers, are, perhaps, sufficiently accounted for by its being sometimes visited in the way to Florence and the south, and sometimes merely touched at on the return route. Mr. Brockedon remarks, that "Genoa generally disappoints the traveller's expectation," and he thinks, that the title of *superb* has been improperly bestowed upon it. "The palaces," he says, "have the representation, rather than the reality of architectural enrichment. Columns, porticoes, pediments, and architraves, statues, and arabesques, are painted on the façades, and sometimes even upon tawdry pink and yellow grounds; and what appears to be splendour is only pretence." Mr. Forsyth, giving a different rendering to the honorary epithet by which the city was once distinguished,

says: "The palaces, I apprehend, gave to the city the name of 'Proud.' Their black and white fronts were once distinctive of the highest nobility; but most of those marble mansions have disappeared. The modern palaces are all facedwith stucco, and some are painted in fresco. The fashion of painting figures on house fronts was first reproduced at Venice, by Giorgione; but, though admired even by severe critics, to me it appears too gay for any building that affects grandeur."

The alleged disappearance of the marble mansions is not easily to be explained. Evelyn speaks of the famous *Strada Nuova* as "built wholly of polished marble." It was designed, he adds, by Rubens; and for the stateliness of the buildings, the paving, and evenness of the streets, is far superior to any in Europe for the number of houses: that of Don Carlo d'Orias is a most magnificent structure.

Addison describes the "New Street" as "a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit." But he does not confirm Evelyn's representation of their being wholly of marble; and a metaphor or hyperbole has, apparently, been mistaken for literal fact. There is all the marble in Genoa, probably, that ever adorned its palaces.

"The Duke of Doria's palace," Addison says, "has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There are, in fact, two Durazzo palaces. That which is alluded to is, probably, the one in the Strada Balbi, which is now a royal mansion, having been purchased by the King of Sardinia on his becoming the sovereign of Genoa. Its front is about 250 feet in length. It has a superb portico, ornamented with Doric columns of white marble. Its vast court is rich in architectural embellishment, with fountains and hanging terraces; and four flights of broad marble steps lead up to its immense ante-chamber; for it is the attic story, in Genoa, which forms the suite of state apartments. The lower floors, owing to the narrowness of the streets, are disagreeable and gloomy, and are often let out to tradesmen and other inferior classes." "The great fault of the interior of the Palazzo Durazzo," Lady Morgan remarks, "is its being broken up into too great a number of small rooms. The visitor is led through a long and seemingly interminable suite of apartments, with marble floors, gilded roofs, and walls hung with the productions of masters. Galleries, cabinets, terraces, rooms of various names and variously decorated, appear in endless succession; all covered with dust, touched by decay, and abandoned to solitude. Even the famous gallery in this palace (100 feet in length) is but a long, narrow slip, far too small for its splendid and curious collection of statues and sculptures, ancient and modern. The ceiling and decorations are all of the richest carving, gilding, and painting. The frescoes represent the destruction of the four great empires. Besides the historical paintings, even family portraits are of great interest. Here, in their habits of ceremony, as doges and ambassadors, range the ancient Durazzi; and here, with large, languid, dark eyes, and primitive air, bloom the Madonna Francescas, Catarinas, &c., of this distinguished house, clad in the rich velvet of the Genoese looms, with Venetian chains and foreign gems, the produce of their husbands' commerce. A portrait of Anne Boleyn, by Holbein, is extremely curious for its costume, as well as for its historic interest. Opposite is a delicious picture of St. Catherine of Sweden, by Carlo Dolci. In the same room is an excellent Albert Durer, the ceremony of confirmation in the presence of a French monarch. The Sala Paolo is so called from its containing the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, Mary Magdalene at the feet of our Saviour in the Pharisee's house. The great chapel contains a half-length figure of Christ bearing his cross, by Titian."

One of the greatest palaces here for circuit, is that of the Prince d'Orias, which reaches from the sea to the summit of the mountains. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnished within, having whole tables and bedsteads of massive silver, many of them set with agates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, turquoises,

and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this palace belong three gardens, the first being beautified with a terrace supported by pillars of marble. There is a fountain of eagles, and one of Neptune with other sea-gods, all of the purest white marble; they stand in a most ample basin of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sir Francis Bacon describes in his Essays, wherein grow trees of more than two feet diameter, besides cypresses, myrtles, lentises, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have air and space enough under their airy canopy, supported with huge ironwork, stupendous for its fabric and the charge. The other two gardens are full of orange-trees, citrons, and pomegranates, fountains, grots, and statues. One of the latter is a colossal Jupiter, under which is the sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family received of the King of Spain five hundred crowns a year during the life of that faithful animal! The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art, and so is the grotto over against it.*

The Ducal Palace, where the doges once resided, is a large modern building, having been almost entirely rebuilt in 1777, when the old palace was nearly destroyed by fire. Mr. Forsyth thought it magnificent even for Genoa, but remarks, that "two balustrades break the unity of the front and lessen its elevation." "In the doge's palace," says Addison, "are the rooms where the great and little council, with the two colleges, hold their assemblies; but, as the State of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendour and magnificence in particular persons' houses, than in those that belong to the public. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the doge's palace, with the glorious title of 'Deliverer of the Commonwealth;' and one of his family, another, that calls him its preserver." Eustace asserts, that these statues were thrown down and demolished by the French. They are now replaced, we are told, by plaster heads and drapery stuffed with straw. The present senatorial hall is magnificent in point of dimensions, 125 feet by 45, and 66 feet in height. It is ornamented with pillars and pilasters of Broccatello marble, supporting a gallery, which is occupied on public occasions by bands of music and spectators. Over the door is the iron prow of a Roman galley, which Addison mentions as the only antiquity they have to show at Genoa. "It is not above a foot long," he says, "and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of iron, fashioned at the end like a boar's head, as represented on medals, and on the *Columna Rostrata* at Rome." Another famous curiosity which used to excite the wonder of travellers, an "emerald dish," is said to have been broken in its journey either to or from Paris, during the recent political changes; but the loss can scarcely be regretted by the Genoese themselves, if the assertion of M. de la Condamine be correct, that it was nothing better than glass!

"The different uses," says Dickens† "to which some of these palaces are applied, all at once, is characteristic. For instance, the English banker (my excellent and hospitable friend) has his office in a good-sized Palazzo in the Strada Nuova. In the hall (every inch of which is elaborately painted, but which is as dirty as a police-station in London), a hook-nosed Saracen's head with an immense quantity of black hair (there is a man attached to it) sells walking-sticks. On the other side of the doorway, a lady with a showy handkerchief for head-dress (wife to the Saracen's head, I believe) sells articles of her own knitting; and sometimes flowers. A little further in, two or three blind men occasionally beg. Sometimes, they are visited by a man without legs, on a little go-cart, but who has such a fresh-coloured, lively face, and such a respectable, well-conditioned body, that he looks as if he had sunk into the ground up to his middle, or had come, but

* Evelyn. † Pictures from Italy.

partially, up a flight of cellar-steps to speak to somebody. A little further in, a few men, perhaps, lie asleep in the middle of the day; or they may be chairmen waiting for their absent freight. If so, they have brought their chairs in with them, and there they stand also. On the left of the hall is a little room: a hatter's shop. On the first floor, is the English bank. On the first floor also, is a whole house, and a good large residence too. Heaven knows what there may be above that; but when you are there, you have only just begun to go up stairs. And yet, coming down stairs again, thinking of this; and passing out at a great crazy door in the back of the hall, instead of turning the other way, to get into the street again; it bangs behind you, making the dismallest and most lonesome echoes, and you stand in a yard (the yard of the same house) which seems to have been unvisited by human foot for a hundred years. Not a sound disturbs its repose. Not a head, thrust out of any of the grim, dark, jealous windows within sight, makes the weeds in the cracked pavement faint of heart, by suggesting the possibility of there being hands to grub them up. Opposite to you, is a giant figure carved in stone, reclining, with an urn, upon a lofty piece of artificial rockwork; and out of the urn, dangles the fag end of a leaden pipe, which, once upon a time, poured a small torrent down the rocks. But the eye-sockets of the giant are not drier than this channel is now. He seems to have given his urn, which is nearly upside down, a final tilt; and after crying, like a sepulchral child, 'All gone!' to have lapsed into a stony silence."

The *Albergo de' Poveri* is an institution of great apparent utility, and, at any rate, exhibits much public munificence, the beauties of architecture being there united to perfect convenience. Fifteen or sixteen hundred individuals, orphans and old people, find shelter there, and the latter, especially, sleep single in spacious dormitories: they are not obliged to work. As to the children, they are brought up to different trades carried on in the house; and, at a proper age, they are allowed half the proceeds of their labour, with which they purchase their own clothing, and part of their food, soup and bread only being found in the house. Only forty or fifty children out of the whole number (about one thousand) could read and write when Forsyth visited it: the reason assigned was, that it would require too many masters to teach them all. Genoa has several hospitals for the sick of all nations, who are indiscriminately admitted. The principal one, founded and supported by private donations, is adorned with numerous busts and statues perpetuating the memory of its noble benefactors. It affords space and cleanliness. The sick lie single in beds four feet apart, the open space between the double row about twenty feet, and the ceilings are very high; there is not the least offensive smell, even in circumstances where it might be supposed to be scarcely avoidable.

"One of the rottenest-looking parts of the town," Dickens observes, "I think, is down by the landing-wharf: though it may be, that its being associated with a great deal of rottenness on the evening of our arrival, has stamped it deeper in my mind. Here, again, the houses are very high, and are of an infinite variety of deformed shapes, and have (as most of the houses have) something hanging out of a great many windows, and wafting its frowsy fragrance on the breeze. Sometimes, it is a curtain; sometimes, it is a carpet; sometimes, it is a bed; sometimes, a whole line-full of clothes; but there is almost always something. Before the basements of these houses, is an arcade over the pavement: very massive, dark, and low, like an old crypt. The stone, or plaster, of which it is made, has turned quite black; and against every one of these black piles, all sorts of filth and garbage seem to accumulate spontaneously. Beneath some of the arches, the sellers of maccaroni and polenta establish their stalls, which are by no means inviting. The offal of a fish-market, near at hand—that is to say, of a back lane, where people sit upon the ground and on various old bulk-heads and sheds, and sell fish when they have any to dispose of—and of a vegetable market, constructed on the same principle—are contributed to the decoration of this quarter; and as all the mercantile

business is transacted here, and it is crowded all day, it has a very decided flavour about it. The Porto Franco, or Free Port (where goods brought in from foreign countries pay no duty until they are sold and taken out, as in a bonded warehouse in England), is down here also; and two portentous officials, in cocked hats, stand at the gate to search you if they choose, and to keep out monks and ladies. For, sanctity as well as beauty has been known to yield to the temptation of smuggling, and in the same way: that is to say, by concealing the smuggled property beneath the loose folds of its dress. So sanctity and beauty may, by no means, enter.

"The streets of Genoa would be all the better for the importation of a few priests of prepossessing appearance. Every fourth or fifth man in the streets is a priest or a monk; and there is pretty sure to be at least one itinerant ecclesiastic inside or outside every hackney carriage on the neighbouring roads. I have no knowledge, elsewhere, of more repulsive countenances than are to be found among these gentry. If Nature's handwriting be at all legible, greater varieties of sloth, deceit, and intellectual torpor, could hardly be observed among any class of men in the world.

"Mr. Pepys once heard a clergyman assert in his sermon, in illustration of his respect for the priestly office, that if he could meet a priest and angel together, he would salute the priest first. I am rather of the opinion of Petrarch, who, when his pupil Boccaccio wrote to him in great tribulation, that he had been visited and admonished for his writings by a Carthusian friar who claimed to be a messenger immediately commissioned by Heaven for that purpose, replied, that for his own part, he would take the liberty of testing the reality of the commission by personal observation of the messenger's face, eyes, forehead, behaviour, and discourse. I cannot but believe myself, from similar observation, that many unaccredited celestial messengers may be seen skulking through the streets of Genoa, or droning away their lives in other Italian towns.

"Perhaps the Cappuccini, though not a learned body, are, as an order, the best friends of the people. They seem to mingle with them more immediately, as their counsellors and comforters; and to go among them more, when they are sick; and to pry less than some other orders into the secrets of families, for the purpose of establishing a baleful ascendancy over their weaker members; and to be influenced by a less fierce desire to make converts, and once made, to let them go to ruin, soul and body. They may be seen, in their coarse dress, in all parts of the town at all times, and begging in the markets early in the morning. The Jesuits, too, muster strong in the streets, and go slinking noiselessly about, in pairs, like black cats."

Genoa has long been remarkable for its silk, velvet, and gold-lace manufactures. Its exports are fruits, chiefly oranges and lemons, oil, perfumes, jewellery, and artificial flowers. Raw silk and cotton are imported from Sicily; iron and naval stores from the Baltic; linen and sail-cloth from Germany; wool from Spain; and cottons, tin, lead, and hardware from Great Britain.

A singular exhibition is presented by the street of the goldsmiths. Its glittering and rich shops are not designed for those who most frequent them in our own land. The profusion of gold and silver filigree work, clasps, rings, ear-rings, chains, combs, pearls, corals, and even of still more costly gems, are all there for the peasantry. Gold and silver ornaments glitter profusely on the persons of the women during the ordinary days of toil; but to these is added an abundance of coral and pearl on days of festivity.

Although much of the raw silk is imported, the silk-worm is reared in the neighbourhood of Genoa. About five miles up the beautiful valley of the Polcevera, is the village of San Quirico, where a large silk-mill has long been established. Many of the villages which enliven the road, are embowered in the foliage of the mulberry-tree, and sometimes it forms avenues through which the traveller may pass. The silk-worm is reared by the peasants, who dispose of their produce to the mill. The worm that yields

the white silk is regarded as especially valuable; and great care is taken by the rich cultivators and the proprietors of mills, to encourage their being separately and vigilantly reared, and brought to the highest perfection. The silk, as it comes from the insect, is of a pure and glossy whiteness. The climate of Genoa appears particularly favourable to the cultivation of silk; and to the great attention which is bestowed on the cultivation and manufacture, Genoa has owed the superiority of her beautiful fabrics.

The hills which inclose the valley of the Polcevera are rich in marbles. One kind, greatly resembling the *verd antique*, is much esteemed, and is worked at Genoa into ornaments of various forms. In the villages an extensive manufacture is carried on of maccaroni and vermicelli of every kind and shade. One of the *fine* ladies of England—a sister, perhaps, of the one who was filled with surprise at the sight of a whole cucumber, as she said she thought it always grew in *slices*—asked a gentleman in Paris, who had just arrived from Italy, "On what sort of a tree maccaroni grew." Our readers know it is made of wheaten flour; but with the process of manufacture they may not be equally acquainted.

The fact is, that the conversion of the flour—which is somewhat more coarsely ground than that which is intended for bread—into the long, round strings, called maccaroni, is effected by a very simple process. With the addition of water alone, the flour is worked up into paste, and this is kneaded, for a length of time, by a heavy, loaded block of wood, which beats into the trough where the paste is deposited. This block or piston is attached to a beam acting as a lever, whose fulcrum is near to the block, while the other extremity of the beam is some eight or ten feet from the fulcrum. One or more boys seat themselves astride at the further end of this beam, and descending with their own weight, and springing up by putting their feet to the ground, give the requisite reciprocating motion to the lever. They thus play at see-saw with the block at the shorter end of the lever; and the effect produced on the eye of a stranger by a large manufactory, where several of these machines, and a number of sturdy fellows, nearly naked, and all bobbing up and down, are at work, has something in it exceedingly ludicrous.

When the paste has been sufficiently kneaded, it is forced, by simple pressure, through a number of circular tubes, the sizes of which determine the name to be given to the substance. That of superior diameter is maccaroni, the smaller is vermicelli, and there is a size still smaller, called fedelini.

The maccaroni is hollow throughout, and many persons have been puzzled to know how it is forced into these long tubes. Nothing is more simple. Over each of the larger tubes meant for maccaroni, a small copper bridge is erected, which is sufficiently elevated to permit the paste to pass under it into the tube; from this bridge depends a copper wire which goes right through the tube, and of course leaves the paste tubular. There are some minor distinctions in the preparation of these articles which it would be tedious to enumerate; but the material and the process are the same in all. When the paste has been forced through the tubes, like wire through a wire-drawer's plate, a workman takes up the maccaroni or vermicelli, and lays it across a line to dry. From the long kneading it has received, the substance is very consistent, and dries in unbroken strings that are two or three yards in length.

The Genoese mix saffron with their paste, which gives it a yellow colour; but the best is manufactured on the coast of the Bay of Naples, about La Torre del Greco and La Torre dell' Annunziata, two towns which the traveller will pass if he visits the ruins of Pompeii and Pæstum. Here the maccaroni works appear in the fullest activity. Their productions command higher prices than any maccaroni or vermicelli manufactured in other places, and they are exported in very considerable quantities. The Neapolitans, proud of the only manufacture in which they excel, treat with great contempt the similar productions of all the rest of Italy.

As most of the villages surrounding Genoa have their peculiar costumes, the scene presented there on a market-day is highly picturesque and amusing. Here appears the handsome native of Recco, with her fanciful blue boddice trimmed with gold braiding, her rose-coloured petticoat, her large gold filigree Maltese cross, and immense bell-shaped ear-rings, ranging her elegant osiers and reed baskets, in which are neatly spread the purple and white grapes, the rich green fig, or the varied fruit of the succeeding season. The villager from the hills towards San Quirico may also be observed with her head attired after the fashion of Asti, her substantial striped stuffs, her hard-featured, tanned face, exhibiting her maccaroni of every shade and fancy, her filberts, her chesnuts, and the berries which seem equally prized by the people as fruit. There, too, are the gardeners of different villages, in smart jackets, ornamented with silver filigree buttons,—each one with his *tricoté* jelly-bag cap, whose long tasselled end hangs negligently on one shoulder, while his curly black hair adds to the humorous expression of his keen, handsome features,—as they display their vegetables, particularly their artichokes, which are in request even at Milan. The Genoese themselves, and the immediate peasantry and others, contribute meanwhile, to the effect of the animated and diversified scene.

We take another characteristic Italian scene from the vivid pencil of Dickens:—"The Theatre of Puppets, or Marionetti—a famous company from Milan—is, without any exception, the drollest exhibition I ever beheld in my life. I never saw anything so exquisitely ridiculous. They *look* between four and five feet high, but are really much smaller; for when a musician in the orchestra happens to put his hat on the stage, it becomes alarmingly gigantic, and almost blots out an actor. They usually play a comedy and a ballet. The comic man in the comedy I saw one summer night, is a waiter at an hotel. There never was such a locomotive actor, since the world began. Great pains are taken with him. He has extra joints in his legs; and a practical eye, with which he winks at the pit, in a manner that is absolutely insupportable to a stranger, but which the initiated audience, mainly composed of the common people, receive (so they do everything else) quite as a matter of course, and as if he were a man. His spirits are prodigious. He continually shakes his legs, and winks his eye. And there is a heavy father with gray hair, who sits down on the regular conventional stage-bank, and blesses his daughter in the regular conventional way, who is tremendous. No one would suppose it possible that anything short of a real man could be so tedious. It is the triumph of art.

"In the ballet an enchanter runs away with the bride in the very hour of her nuptials. He brings her to his cave, and tries to soothe her. They sit down on a sofa (the regular sofa! in the regular place, O. P. second entrance!) and a procession of musicians enter; one creature playing a drum, and knocking himself off his legs at every blow. These failing to delight her, dancers appear. Four first; then two; *the* two; the flesh-coloured two. The way in which they dance; the height to which they spring; the impossible and inhuman extent to which they pirouette; the revelation of their preposterous legs; the coming down with a pause, on the very tips of their toes, when the music requires it; the gentleman's retiring up, when it is the lady's turn; and the lady's retiring up when it is the gentleman's turn; the final passion of a pas-de-deux; and the going off with a bound!—I shall never see a real ballet with a composed countenance again.

"I went, another night, to see these puppets act a play called 'St. Helena, or the Death of Napoleon.' It began by the disclosure of Napoleon, with an immense head, seated on a sofa in his chamber at St. Helena; to whom his valet entered, with this obscure announcement:

"'Sir Yew ud se on Low!' (the *ow* as in cow).

"Sir Hudson (that you could have seen his regimentals!) was a perfect mammoth of a

man, to Napoleon; hideously ugly; with a monstrously disproportionate face, and a great clump for the lower jaw, to express his tyrannical and obdurate nature. He began his system of persecution, by calling his prisoner 'General Buonaparte;' to which the latter replied, with the deepest tragedy, 'Sir Yew ud se on Low, call me not thus. Repeat that phrase and leave me! I am Napoleon, Emperor of France!' Sir Yew ud se on, nothing daunted, proceeded to entertain him with an ordinance of the British Government, regulating the state he should preserve, and the furniture of his rooms; and limiting his attendants to four or five persons. 'Four or five for *me!*' said Napoleon. 'Me! One hundred thousand men were lately at my sole command; and this English officer talks of four or five for *me!*' Throughout the piece, Napoleon (who talked very like the real Napoleon, and was, for ever, having small soliloquies by himself) was very bitter on 'these English officers,' and 'these English soldiers:' to the great satisfaction of the audience, who were perfectly delighted to have Low bullied; and who, whenever Low said 'General Buonaparte' (which he always did—always receiving the same correction) quite execrated him. It would be hard to say why; for Italians have little cause to sympathise with Napoleon, Heaven knows.

"There was no plot at all, except that a French officer, disguised as an Englishman, came to propound a plan of escape; and being discovered, but not before Napoleon had magnanimously refused to steal his freedom, was immediately ordered off by Low to be hanged: in two very long speeches, which Low made memorable, by winding up with 'Yas!'—to show that he was English—which brought down thunders of applause. Napoleon was so affected by this catastrophe, that he fainted away on the spot, and was carried out by two other puppets. Judging from what followed, it would appear that he never recovered the shock; for the next act showed him in a clean shirt, in his bed (curtains crimson and white), where a lady, prematurely dressed in mourning, brought two little children, who kneeled down by the bed-side, while he made a decent end; the last word on his lips being 'Vaterloo.'

"It was unspeakably ludicrous. Buonaparte's boots were so wonderfully beyond control, and did such marvellous things of their own accord: doubling themselves up, and getting under tables, and dangling in the air, and sometimes skating away with him, out of all human knowledge, when he was in full speech—mischances which were not rendered the less absurd, by a settled melancholy depicted in his face. To put an end to one conference with Low, he had to go to a table and read a book: when it was the finest spectacle I ever beheld, to see his body bending over the volume, like a boot-jack, and his sentimental eyes glaring obstinately into the pit. He was prodigiously good, in bed, with an immense collar to his shirt, and his little hands outside the coverlet. So was Dr. Antommarchi, represented by a puppet with long lank hair, like Mawworm's, who, in consequence of some derangement of his wires, hovered about the couch like a vulture, and gave medical opinions in the air. He was almost as good as Low, though the latter was great at all times—a decided brute and villain, beyond all possibility of mistake. Low was especially fine at the last, when, hearing the doctor and the valet say, 'The emperor is dead!' he pulled out his watch, and wound up the piece (not the watch) by exclaiming, with characteristic brutality, 'Ha! ha! Eleven minutes to six! The general dead! and the spy hanged!' This brought the curtain down triumphantly."

The Italians give the name of Riviera to certain long strips of land extending between mountains and the sea coast. The most familiar instance is that of the coast of Genoa, which is divided into Riviera di Levante, or Eastern Riviera, which extends from the city of Genoa to the Gulf of La Spezia, and Riviera di Ponente, or Western Riviera, which extends from Genoa to Nizza, or Nice. The Western Riviera is the more fertile and populous; but in the Eastern Riviera, which is generally more rugged and barren, there are delightful spots, especially about Nervi and Chiavari.

As the road to Nervi passes mid-way round the steep rocks, there lies beneath the traveller a picturesque coast, rendered cheerful with towns, olive-grounds, and the finest groves of orange-trees, while palaces, convents, and the most richly-varied foliage, are above and around. The active, commercial, and flourishing town, which is not of great extent, is about six miles south-east of Genoa. There are many handsome houses, several palaces, and some rich convents in its immediate neighbourhood. Almonds, oranges, grapes, and figs arrive at perfection on the apparently flinty rocks, which here rise to a tremendous height above the sea. These fruits, with the olives which are not converted into oil, as they are in the valleys of the Savona, are exported in exchange for corn. Though throughout this lee-shore the swell is sometimes alarming, the surf always high, and the rocks dangerous, the port appears to be secure. Votive chapels erected on the heights are at once memorials of perils, and of the gratitude of merchants and nobles who have been delivered from the waves. The people of Nervi are a handsomer race than those of Genoa; and the dark but clear complexion, with its keen black eyes, is more prevalent than on the western coast.

Chiavari, beautifully situated in the centre of its bay, is surrounded with hills. The Genoese, appreciating its local and natural advantages from the earliest times, surrounded it with a strong wall, and gave it many privileges to encourage the resort of merchants, who came hither from far to seek its valued products. Salubrious in its climate and soil, and with inhabitants regarded as orderly and industrious, the leprosy has lingered there, after passing from the other parts of Italy. The town is flourishing, its church is handsome, and in the neighbourhood there are beautiful villas.

Nice is pleasantly situated, being bounded on the north by the maritime Alps, and open on the south to the sea. The citadel of Mont Albans, on a high and pointed rock, overhangs the town, and the Paglion, a mountain torrent, passes it on the west side, separating it from the suburbs called La Croix de Marbre, or sometimes the English Quarter, from the number of English who resort to it. In this suburb the houses are painted externally in fresco, and surrounded with gardens containing standard orange and lemon-trees. The town itself is divided into two parts: the old and the new town. The streets of the former are narrow; the latter is better laid out, and the houses are painted like those of the English Quarter. There are two squares, one of them surrounded with porticoes, and very handsome. Adjacent to the other is a raised terrace, which serves as a public walk, and for a defence of the town against the sea. On this terrace is a statue of no great skill—the Catherine Seguiran who assisted in defending Nice against the Turks. A second promenade is formed by the ramparts of the town.

The environs of Nice combine all the sublimity of mountain scenery with the beauty of the richest cultivation. The vines are here trained horizontally on low sticks, and kept very near the ground, forming a sort of medium between the short bare stems usually seen in France, and the luxuriant festoons of the Italian mode of culture. The arbutus also arrays the rocky banks with its brilliant and redundant berries, flowers, and foliage; the fig-tree spreads its broad overshadowing leaf; the pomegranate puts forth its blushing fruit, relieved by the deep shade of the orange and lemon-groves; and then the tall palm rises occasionally, adding by its tufted top an eastern air to the landscape; and the aloe throws aloft its gigantic arms. With such objects the eye of a traveller requires some time to become familiar, while if he has never before visited a southern climate, he will not fail to regard them with unusual interest, mingled, as they are, with the rich vineyards, extensive olive-groves, and the minor productions of Piedmont. The still more striking and varied sublimity of the ocean is there also to add its peculiar and transcendent charm to the scenery around Nice. For the wide waters of the tideless Mediterranean wash the base of the mountains, and stretch away along the coast, fading into the blue and aerial tints of distance; now apparent in the restless rage of a

tempestuous surge, and now reflecting, as in a mirror, the tiniest leaf, as well as the overshadowing tree that grows by its side.

Thus, then, we have accomplished our purpose, and having described the objects of greatest interest in Switzerland, have added to them those for which the traveller will do well to seek amidst the regions of Northern Italy. We now bid adieu to this deeply interesting country, with the conviction that there are strong indications of a coming change in its condition. To quote once more a writer, to whose estimate of Turin we have already been indebted: "All Italy is panting for an *avvenire*. The better part of all that deserves to be called her modern literature is occupied with the forecasting of THE FUTURE. It is but lately that we have begun, as a nation, to occupy ourselves with the thoughts and feelings, the hopes and fears, the state and prospects, of the Italian people. We were wont to say that Italy had her past and her eternity, but no present. It is not so now. We have watched the progress of an Italian revolution, begun with a Papal amnesty, and ended with the capitulation of Venice; and since the restoration of the old *régime*, we have had more than one indication of a spirit impatient of the control of pope and kaiser. Italy is looking forward to a future, and waiting with 'earnest expectation' for the development of—she knows not what. Shall it be the Mazzinian republic, one and indivisable? Or the united democratic Italy of Gioberti, with the two centres of Rome and Turin? Or, Rome of the People—the Rome of Niccolini—of Cola da Rienzi—of Arnaldo da Brescia? Or, shall a reformed pope, laying aside his triple crown, dwell apart in some sacred city, the president of a permanent kirk-session of friars, monks, and bishops, according to the programme of Tommaseo? Or, shall some monarch of the house of Savoy consolidate the kingdoms and duchies of the peninsula into one powerful empire, and raise Italy again to her old pre-eminence? The only point on which all agree is this, that the old systems are worn out, and that Italy has need of new principles." *

"The truth has sprung up in Italy, but not from the bruised seed of the Reformation. It is true, some use has been made of the memorials of other days, and by none better than the descendants of the exiles of the sixteenth century. The banished men of Lucca are returning in their children's children. The Bible that is now read is Diodati's. The lady who did so much for the truth in Tuscany, before our evangelical work had been heard of, was a Calandrini. In this way the land is receiving back its banished. But in general the influences that are at work are modern. We cannot refer to them at length, but we must specify first of all the great historic demonstration that has been given of the papacy, and given in such a way as to destroy the faith of the nation in that system of which the pope is the political head. Reforming Italy can no longer trust in a pope. The compatibility of the papacy with civil liberty was tried in the most favourable circumstances; the hour had come, and the man; and never since the days of the Lombard League had a pope arisen to such an elevation as Pius IX. When he protested against the occupation of Ferrara, and threatened to arm his subjects in defence of the papal territory, he became in popular estimation a new St. Leo, going forth to meet another Attila, or rather a new Alexander, ready to stand forth against another Barbarossa. To the papal influence in Italy the recoil has been most fatal; and on minds so prepared, the good seed of the word of God has not fallen in vain. It has taken root in Tuscany, in Piedmont, in Rome; and the cases of Count Guicciardini and the two Madiai (to name no others) show that the increase has been to the glory of God. To enter into this matter would require a volume—a volume, however," which the writer adds, as he shows that if any good is to be done, it must be without noise or note of invasion, "which had better not be written."

* North British Review.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.